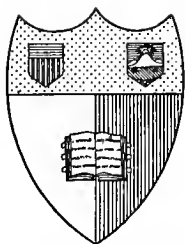




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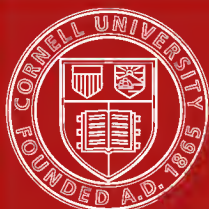
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LADY VICTORIA BUXTON

“They that say such things declare plainly that
they seek a country”



Frank W. Condon 8/9/13

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W.L. Collins Photo Co.

LADY VICTORIA BUXTON

A MEMOIR

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HER HUSBAND

BY THE RIGHT HON.
GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL

WITH PORTRAITS

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
FOURTH AVENUE & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK
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1919



NOTE

WHEN Sir Victor Buxton and his brothers and sisters kindly entrusted me with the task of writing this memoir, they retained the right to decide what material should, and what should not, be included in it. For the arrangement of the material so selected, for order and for construction, I am of course responsible; but here also I have felt bound to defer, as far as possible, to the wishes of those who have a primary interest in the matter.

I hope that, in spite of its imperfections, this book may convey to some who never had the privilege of knowing Lady Victoria Buxton a true, even if it be not an adequate, impression of her rare and beautiful character.

My dutiful acknowledgments are offered to the King for his gracious permission to print three letters written by Queen Victoria.

G. W. E. R.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY
1918

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LADY VICTORIA BUXTON

CHAPTER I

ORIGINS

“ It is a reverend thing to see an ancient castle or building not in decay, or to see a fair timber-tree sound and perfect ; how much more to behold an ancient noble family, which hath stood against the waves and weathers of time ! ”

BACON.

THE genealogists tell us that the English family of Noel may be traced to Robert of that name, who came to England with the Conqueror, and obtained a grant of large lands in Staffordshire. From him descended Andrew Noel, who, at the dissolution of the Monasteries, received property in Leicestershire, and purchased an estate in Rutland ; which county he represented in the first Parliament of Queen Mary. To this Andrew Noel succeeded another Andrew, who was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and, according to Fuller in the *Worthies of England*, was “ for person, parentage, grace, gesture, valour, and many other excellent parts, of the first rank in the Court.” A less propitious side of his character is recorded in the distich (said to have been written by the Queen) :—

The word of denial, and letter of fifty,
Are that gentleman’s name who will never be thrifty;

He was forced to part with a considerable portion of his estates, but by a marriage with the heiress of John, Lord Harington, acquired Exton in the county of Rutland, which continues to be the home of his descendants even

to this day. His son, Edward Noel, was successively knighted, created a Baronet, and raised to the peerage as Lord Noel of Ridlington. This Lord Noel married the eldest daughter and co-heir of Baptist Hicks, Viscount Campden; and, under a special remainder, succeeded to the Viscountcy conferred on his father-in-law. In the Civil War he was an adherent of the Royal cause, as was also his son, the 3rd Viscount Campden, who lived to see the Restoration of Charles II, and was made Lord-Lieutenant of Rutland. His son, Edward Noel, 4th Viscount Campden, was created in 1682 Earl of Gainsborough, and was succeeded in due course by his son, the second Earl. This second Earl having no son, his honours devolved, under a special remainder, on his cousin Baptist Noel, who thus became 3rd Earl, and was in turn succeeded by his son Baptist, as 4th Earl, and by two grandsons, Baptist and Henry, as 5th and 6th Earls. On the death of the 6th Earl, unmarried, in 1798, all his honours became extinct, and his estates passed to Gerard Edwards (son of his sister Lady Jane Edwards), who assumed the name of Noel. This Gerard Noel married Diana Middleton, and at this point we touch an interesting element in the pedigree of Lady Victoria Buxton.

Charles Middleton, Admiral of the Red, and First Lord of the Admiralty at the time of Trafalgar, was born in 1726. Of him Hannah More wrote: "What a comfort it is to have a Cabinet Minister who we know *prays* for the success of his measures." Sir Charles married Margaret Gambier, who, through the instrumentality of the Rector of Teston,¹ became keenly interested in Slavery and the Slave Trade.² She was anxious that her husband should take up the subject in Parliament; but, being

¹ Sir Charles Middleton's house, Barham Court, was situate in the parish of Teston, Kent.

² The Rector had been a Chaplain in the West Indies. His tomb in Teston Church bears the following inscription:—

"While firm integrity, unaffected zeal for the public good, steady contempt of self-interest, tender devotion to each social duty, benevo-

too busy to undertake any fresh duties, Sir Charles invited William Wilberforce to Barham Court, and introduced him to the rector, who, having lived in the West Indies, could testify at first hand to the horrors of slavery. It has been conjectured that this visit may have been one of the influences which determined Wilberforce to devote his life to the cause of Emancipation.

In 1781 Charles Middleton was created a Baronet, with remainder, failing male issue, to his son-in-law, Gerard Edwards (afterwards Noel); and in 1805 he was raised to the peerage as Lord Barham, with remainder, failing male issue, to his daughter Diana. He died in 1813, when, under these special arrangements, his son-in-law became Sir Gerard Noel, and his daughter Baroness Barham in her own right. Sir Gerard Noel died in 1838, and was succeeded in his baronetcy by his son Charles Noel, who had already succeeded his mother in the Barony of Barham. This Charles Noel, Lord Barham (who was born in 1781 and died in 1866) was created Earl of Gainsborough in 1841. He inherited from his mother an enthusiastic devotion to Evangelical religion. In

lence to the whole human race, and humble piety to God are held in estimation,

The memory of the Rev. James Ramsay

Whose remains are here deposited will claim respect, mingled with sorrow that his labours were no longer spared to the poor, the friendless and the oppressed, for each of whom of whatever clime or colour, his Christian love and generous exertions, not disappointment could exhaust, calumny slacken or persecution abate.

He died on the 20th of July, 1789, æt. 56.

Buried here, Dec. 1787, aged 36, Nestor, a black, 22 years a servant to James Ramsay. By robbers torn from his country and enslaved, he attached himself to his master; hating idle visiting he was employed constantly in his work. Being careful himself he suffered not other servants to waste his property. His neat dress, his chaste sober life, his inoffensive manner, subdued the prejudice of his colour, raised and made friends of his acquaintance. From his humble state he fixed his faith in Christ and looked up to Heaven for happiness.

Reader, use thy advantages, as this honest negro did his misfortunes, for a spur to diligence in duty, and when thy Redeemer comes to Judgement thou shalt hear pronounced, Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

1855 Lord Shaftesbury, speaking in the House of Lords on the "Religious Worship Bill," made this curious statement: "In 1820, an information was laid against Lord Barham (the present Lord Gainsborough) by Lord Romney, at West Malling, near Maidstone, under the Act of 52 George III, religious services having been held in Lord Barham's house when he was unwell, instead of in the village schoolroom. Lord Barham was fined £40—£20 for each meeting."

Lord Barham married four times, and when the children of his fourth marriage were growing up, he was past sixty and had become a chronic invalid. An unusual amount of parental responsibility therefore devolved upon his young wife; and the mother's influence, which always counts for so much in the development of a human character, was in this case redoubled. Frances, Countess of Gainsborough (to use the name by which she was longest known), was born in 1814. Her father was Robert Jocelyn (1778-1870), 3rd Earl of Roden, Grand Master of the Orange Society, "A grand-looking old man, and a rather stern old-fashioned Puritan."¹ Thus she was reared in fervent Evangelicalism, and from her earliest years she showed tokens of an enthusiastic and precocious piety. "A deep sense of unworthiness and a remarkable personal devotion to the Saviour remained through life very special characteristics of her religion." When she was barely eighteen she married Lord Barham, a man of fifty-two, who thus eulogized her: "My darling is above the common ideas of her age, or she would not have chosen and could not have loved me. May He who has joined us together make us live to His glory."

Lord Barham had families by his second and third marriages, and by his fourth he had a son and a daughter—Roden Berkeley Wriothlesley Noel (1834-1894), a true though unrecognized poet, and his sister, the subject of

¹ Lady Victoria Buxton.

this memoir. When the boy was born, his mother's aspiration for him was that he might be "a missionary to some poor benighted country." Concerning her daughter she wrote: "I asked the Lord for a husband to love her most dearly, and for one whom she could love, above all for a Christian." Citations of this type might be endlessly multiplied; but these two will suffice to indicate the spirit which watched over the home and early life of Lady Victoria Buxton.

At this point we must turn for a moment from religion to the world. Lord Barham, afterwards Lord Gainsborough, was a Whig; and on the accession of Queen Victoria (with whom she had some previous acquaintance) Lady Barham was appointed one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber, and retained the office till 1873. This appointment made a curious change in her life. She had been reared in that severe unworldliness which was one of the characteristics of the Evangelical school. Her new duties, when in attendance on the Queen, carried her into the full blaze of social life. "She had never been brought up to go to the play, and had conscientious scruples about it, so when the post of Lady-in-Waiting was offered to her, she at first refused it, on the ground that she would be unable to attend Her Majesty to the Theatre. The Queen, however, very kindly answered that she would never ask her to do anything of which her conscience disapproved; and accordingly Her Majesty always arranged for some other lady to attend her on these occasions."

Lady Barham's reflections on the appointment should be recorded: "August 12, 1837. My mind is very unsettled. I feel that what has come upon me—the Queen having made me one of her Ladies of the Bedchamber—has come upon me at a time when my heart is very cold and unprepared to meet the trials that may be awaiting me. I know that Satan will try and make everything as agreeable to me as possible, and thus will try and win me from God. O Lord, keep me as 'the apple of Thine

eye.' May I be like David of old. May I pray as he did, and not be afraid to confess God before men. Give me wisdom. I lack it very much, and strength of mind too. I am naturally so very weak that I shall want much strength from on high. But the great thing is to be always in prayer, and yet with this to have a cheerful countenance so that none may think that religion is gloomy."

Such was the beginning of life at Court, and the end befitted it. Here is an extract from the same journal:—

"January 3, 1873. My last Waiting. How solemn the thought that this work is done! and I fear there has been much unfaithfulness. Lord, forgive me. I thank Thee if in any way I have witnessed for Thee."

Never was less need for self-reproach. Throughout her official connexion with the Queen, Lady Gainsborough was even anxiously on the alert for any opportunity of saying the word in season. Once she wrote in her diary: "How often has it been whispered in my ear, 'Thou art not placed here for thy amusement, but for My glory.'" One of her fellow-courtiers, Mr. William Cowper,¹ wrote in his diary: "Lady Barham² is a contrast to many, and combines fashion and social life with a love of retirement and devotion." "Talk with Lady Barham, on the frivolity of the world being an unfitting sphere for an eternal being." "Had some interesting talk with Lady Barham. She was amiable, reproofing, and comforting." Sarah, Lady Lyttelton (governess to Queen Victoria's elder children) told her grand-daughter, Lady Frederick Cavendish, of Lady Barham's "splendid courage in rebuking Lord Melbourne for some irreverent, or otherwise objectionable, words, and how well he took the rebuke."

But this courageous woman did not confine her testimony to her co-equals. It was not easy for a young lady—she was only twenty-two when she was appointed—to exhort

¹ Afterwards Lord Mount-Temple.

² The Earldom of Gainsborough had not yet been re-created.

a Sovereign for whom she felt a romantic devotion ; but she faced the difficulty and made her convictions known. For example, she had once been in attendance on the Queen in Scotland, and the Royal party had broken the southward journey at Crewe. Here she heard that the Queen " meant to travel through the next day (Sunday) to London, and she felt that she ought to tell Her Majesty that this would not be setting a good example to her subjects, or something of this kind. Having therefore prayed on the subject, she summoned her courage to go to Her Majesty's room, and speak to this effect, late on Saturday evening. She knocked at the door, which, to her dismay, was opened by Prince Albert. She said she knew she was taking a very great liberty in coming to Her Majesty, and at that hour too, but that she felt it right to do so, etc. The Queen looked a little surprised, and perhaps not over-pleased, but the Prince turned to the Queen, saying : ' You know Lady Gainsborough means it so kindly.' In the result the Royal party arrived in London early, and in time to go to church."

On the 11th of July, 1851, she wrote in her diary : " Attended the Queen to the Opera in State, as no other lady could be found to make up the number required." The following letter written on a later occasion shows this concession converted into a precedent :—

" DEAREST FANNY,

" This is a case of positive necessity, as none of the ladies are forthcoming, I fear I must call upon you to attend me *to-night*.

" You did so once *in State* before, and as it is *not* a *matter of pleasure* but of duty, I am sure you will at once feel that you can have no scruples.

" Whenever the Mistress of the Robes does *not attend*, I *always* have three ladies as they must take their turns in standing behind me.

" Ever yours affly.,

" V.R."

That the scruples of a tender conscience in no way affected the Queen's regard for "dearest Fanny" is shown by the re-creation of the Earldom of Gainsborough with its subsidiary titles, which was effected by Letters Patent on the 16th of August, 1841. On the 6th of September the Queen wrote: "I hoped that you would be pleased at what you thank me for; you see I did *not* forget what you told me once at Windsor when we were driving, and I assure you that Lord Melbourne was most anxious to do it."¹

Five years later, Lady Gainsborough wrote in her diary:—

"Circumstances have much clouded my path, though I have great mercies to be thankful for; yet my warm and ardent affections are great trials to me, and God only knows the pain they cause me to go through. But no doubt this is necessary for me. My God, may I give these ardent affections to Thee."

Lord Gainsborough lived till 1866, when he departed in his eighty-fifth year. His widow wrote this in her journal for the 9th of June, 1866:—

"My darling died at 12.30 last night. Oh, how terrible his sufferings were! but I have an assured hope that he has joined the Redeemer, and sings the song of the Lamb."

[August 7, 1866.] "Left dear Exton. Have bid all the old servants good-bye. Probably I shall never see it again. My work done here. O my God, how have I done it? It is as the Judgment Day to me, in respect of this work. Forgive all the past. How unworthy of Thee, my Lord, has been my service! All have been kind. I thank thee for all. How tenderly hast Thou dealt with me!"

[Dec. 31, 1866.] "I now look back upon the past year,

¹ Lord Melbourne ceased to be Prime Minister after the General Election of 1841, which returned a Conservative majority.

the most remarkable and momentous of my life. My marriage—33 years ago—what a long part of my life ! All the best of it. How tenderly I loved him ; how much the Lord knows ! How happy were the first years, and indeed how one in mind we were through all ! Then my precious children—their birth, education, and marriages—the bringing-up of *his* children—my love and care for them, all the trials connected with them, their education, marriages, and children. All clasped in these 33 years ! Then my connexion with the Queen, my love for her, her kindness to me. Truly I can say the Lord has been faithful to me, but oh ! how unfaithful I have often been.

“ But for Jesus’ sake He loves me ; and now in the loneliness of widowhood may He be ever with me, to guide, support, and strengthen me, and make me faithful to the end, and allow me to work for Him.”

Lady Gainsborough lived till 1885, the centre of a loving and revering circle. Her health failed prematurely, and her benevolent activities were much circumscribed ; but her spiritual fervour only increased with years ; her quiet influence was widely felt, and she was deeply mourned. When she died, Queen Victoria wrote as follows to Lady Victoria Buxton :—

“ May 14, 1885.

“ DEAR VICTORIA,

“ I cannot find words to express my deep grief at the loss of your beloved Mother, my dear and faithful friend, whom I *dearly* loved and whose devotion to me for now fifty years I knew how to appreciate, and shall ever remember with love and affection. To you and your Brother the loss is irreparable ! She was so dear, gentle, loving, and lovable. One could not but love her ! I had so hoped to see her once more. All my children are truly grieved. I pray that God may give you strength

to support the heavy affliction. Pray say everything that is kind to your Brother from me.

"Ever your affectionate Godmother,

"VICTORIA R."

*Lady V. B. to Catherine Marsh*¹

"WOKING,

"June 4 [1885].

"MY VERY DEAR MISS MARSH,

"I am come here for two nights to stay with a favourite cousin—(who loved my darling Mother much) and to escape the Waltham Abbey Agricultural Show! I am so sorry I have not had time before to thank you for your dear kind letters—and dear Lucy for hers. Will you give her my love and thanks now? I have been, and still am, so very busy that I cannot write to all the dear ones who have written to me. But I have been so grateful for their loving sympathy.

"We have found such lovely journals of our darling Mother's—from the time she was 15 up to the birth of Victor—and all breathing the same distrust of self, longings after holiness, and intense love to the Lord Jesus, finding Him her refuge in all her many trials. And she had *very many*.

"And several such precious letters written to us her children at various periods, locked up in her desks, to be opened when she was gone.

"Edith will copy some extracts and send them to you, for I know you would like to see them.

"They are like her sweet voice from the other world, and are a comfort to us in our great sorrow.

"Not for one moment have I wished her back, I am thankful to say, into what was a very weary world to her lately. She used so often to say, 'You don't know how *intensely* tired I am, always tired.'

*Ours only are the tears
Who weep around her tomb,
The light of bygone years
And shadowing years to come.*

¹ Authoress of *Hedley Vicars*.

“ As for her, her ‘ strength is renewed ’ now, and she is ‘ with the Lord,’ which is ‘ far better.’ ”

“ But I shall miss her love and care and wise advice, and unfailing sympathy at *every turn in life*. The love of husband and children can never supply what I have lost in her. But, you will say, the Love of Jesus can. Yes, I do believe it. Yet ‘ no affliction for the present seemeth to be joyous but *grievous*,’ and this one how grievous God only knows !

“ Excuse more to-day from

“ Your *ever loving* and grateful

“ V. BUXTON.

“ *How she loved and valued your friendship !* ”

Lady Victoria compiled a short but most interesting account of her mother’s life, which concluded with the following words :—

“ And now, with the deepest and most grateful love to her to whom I owe more than words can ever express, I must add a few lines of my own to these very imperfect ‘ Memorials ’

.

“ Hers was a very tried and difficult life, and through all—at least from the year 1841—she suffered from constant ill-health and various infirmities. During many of her later years she was never without a headache, and the state of her nerves made the least noise painful to her. Latterly her sight was gradually becoming dimmer. She could not read, and could only write with difficulty, and she suffered from a feeling of intense weariness, though she would brighten up wonderfully when anything interested her. She never liked to talk about her ailments, and would sometimes playfully say : ‘ Don’t let us talk about these things,’ or ‘ I will tell you when I’m better.’ ”

“ I cannot help thinking how she would have smiled to

think of my writing about her, or of my committing to paper anything that she had written ; and yet I feel that I should hardly like to go out of this world without leaving some little record, however inadequate, of what she was, and of what I believe her children and descendants owe to her.

“ V. B., 1906.”

CHAPTER II

CHILDHOOD

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that should mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy."—WORDSWORTH.

VICTORIA NOEL, the subject of this memoir, was born at her father's house in Harley Street on the 1st of July, 1839. She was privately baptized there on the 29th of July, and was publicly "received into the congregation of Christ's flock" at Exton on the 5th of September. Queen Victoria was one of her godmothers, but did not officiate in person.

When Lady Barham went into waiting at Court, she sometimes took little Victoria with her, and the infant "used to be brought down after dinner in a lace cap and nightgown to be shown to the ladies with the Princess Royal, who was a year younger."

Her earliest years were spent partly at Barham Court,¹ near Maidstone, and partly at Exton Park, near Oakham ; and she used to accompany her parents on their repeated pilgrimages to France and Italy. In later life she wrote :—

"My parents travelled very slowly, in their own large landau on Cee-springs, the courier riding in front to order horses, and the maid and footmen sitting behind. Well do I remember these nearly annual journeys—the long poplar avenues along which we posted, and the old inns with their courtyards and open wooden galleries, where

¹ Barham Court was sold in 1845.

we slept at night ; the French postillions cracking their whips as they drove their four horses over the *pavés* of the old towns ; the fine churches at Amiens, Abbeville, Sens, Auxerre, Dijon, and other places where no English travellers would think of stopping now."

These long and frequent pilgrimages to enchanted lands,

Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathes around,

were certain to make a deep impression on a sensitive and precocious girl. The ordinary routine of the school-room was necessarily interrupted, but constant change of scene and surroundings, and free intercourse with refined and cultivated people, more than compensated for the lack of studious discipline. Her mother's influence over her was in itself an education of the highest value ; and at this point it may be well to say a word about her brother Roden Noel. The account of him shall be given in her own words :—

"An only son,¹ he was brought up with peculiar love and care by our mother, who was a rare specimen of a saint-like Evangelical of the old school, beautiful, gentle, and dignified. He was certainly 'the child of many prayers.' In his case this was no figure of speech. Our mother was devoted to him, and greatly mourned when, after early manhood, he wandered in his beliefs from the old paths in which she herself had been brought up.²

"As a boy, he hated school, and I well remember the misery that he always endured when he had to return to Harrow after the holidays. He was never strong, and therefore could not go in for games, and through life was constitutionally shy. This, with his very tender heart and love for home, may partly have accounted for the dislike of school-life.³ He made few, if any, real friend-

¹ His half-brothers were much older.

² He ultimately regained his faith.

³ Another Harrovian, W. J. Courthope, wrote : "He remained but a very short time (only six terms) at Harrow, and, at least as far as his

ships during boyhood, though many in later life. As children, I remember that he and I had many delightful games together, especially a sort of historical one, all about barons and knights and bishops. As a boy he was devoted to Walter Scott's novels. He liked cricket, and fishing in the Exton ponds was one of the chief amusements in the holidays.

"As we spent most of our winters abroad, during Roden's school and college life, he used often to come out to us for his Christmas holidays. Thus he came to Pau, to Nice, to Rome, and to Naples. I well remember our collecting bits of marble and porphyry at the baths of Caracalla. He was always extremely fond of Art, but later he became perhaps more devoted still to Nature, specially to mountains, above all to his beloved sea.

"In the summer of 1857 we accompanied our mother to the baths of Lavey in the Rhone Valley. From there he and I made the tour of Mont Blanc on mules, ascending from Martigny over the Tête Noir to Chamounix, and returning by Courmayeur, Aosta, and the St. Bernard. We also visited Sépey, and ascended one of the Diableret mountains and the Dent du Midi. He loved mountain scenery intensely, and, indeed, everything beautiful in this beautiful world. In after-life he constantly referred to this time at Lavey as almost the happiest he had ever spent in his life, 'when we three were together and all alone.'"

Thus far Roden Noel the man, the loved and sympathetic companion of his sister's youth. Now for Roden Noel the poet, as he appeared to Robert Buchanan :—

"Out of the portals of a temple of white marble, glimmering through the fogs and clouds of contemporary literature, Roden Noel stepped like a young god, with a message from the old Greek world which is ever new.

poetical education was concerned, was drawn into abstract philosophy at too early an age. . . . Noel would have learned many truths valuable to him as a poet if he had remained to become a Monitor at Harrow."

The joy of earth was with him, the sunlight of a lost Divinity clung around him, and so light was his footstep that he seemed to walk on air."

After carefully criticizing Noel's poetry, Buchanan concludes by pronouncing that it contains "several qualities not too common in English verse—deep earnestness, ever-present sympathy, and fully reasoned-out faith in the divine destiny of Man."

This is the judgment of John Addington Symonds :—

"Mr. Noel's poems are not exactly such as he who runs may read. To be appreciated they require patient study, not only because their thought is often abstruse, but also because their expression is not unfrequently perplexing. Indeed, no other poet of our age, with the exception of Mr. Robert Browning, has added so much of verbal and rhythmical difficulty to the difficulties of pregnant meaning and bold speculation. Mr. Noel is what Goethe would have called an incommensurable man ; and his work cannot be measured by any common standard or sounded by any average plummet."

His sister must be allowed to say the closing word. "As to his religion, it so pervades his writings that I need not say much. It certainly pervaded his life, and made him kind and tender and loving.

"It was for goodness and kindness to others that he cared more than for anything else. Carrying a little child in his arms along a dusty road at Exton to relieve a poor tired old grandmother of her burden ; sitting on his mother's bed tenderly ministering to her wants in a long illness ; carrying food and comforts to the cottages of the poor and sick ; kneeling with tearful eyes praying by his mother's coffin—these are a few of the pictures that I retain most distinctly in my mind of my dearest brother."

Close companionship with an only brother, at once so vivid, so tender, and so speculatively bold, could not

fail to make its impress on a girl whose nature readily responded to all good impulses, and Roden Noel's character must be reckoned among the formative influences of his sister's life.

Victoria Noel was a very lively girl. The epithet has become debased by vulgar associations, but I use it in its older sense, as describing a nature which is alive in all its parts—lively, or full of life, alike in its spiritual, its intellectual, and its social aspects. From her earliest days she was an industrious penwoman, and it is interesting to trace the development both of mind and of style in the successive journals of her travels.

She begins, in her twelfth year, with "a short journal written in France, only for the perusal of her acquaintances." The pages are carefully ruled, and the writing is laudably clear. The diarist only notes the changes of scenery, climate, and costume; remarks on public buildings, galleries, and museums; criticizes the errors of Popery and enlarges on the excellence of Protestant clergymen; thrills with sympathy for Marie Antoinette; and enjoys picnics, expeditions, and rambles with her brother Roden. At one point there is a glimpse of the ironic humour which was a marked trait in her nature.

"At one of the stations a middle-aged, *gruff* (to an extreme), *cross-looking* (*half*) gentleman eyed the carriage from top to bottom, and at last we saw him approach with an old woman dressed in black merino, with *no bonnet*, no gloves, and her hands were large and *coarse*. (I do not say a word of her *character*, she *may* have been a very good, poor person! *but* it was *evident* that neither she nor her husband were a *lady* or a gentleman!) They established and seated themselves very comfortably together, and they were BOTH taking SNUFF and altogether quite '*à son aise*.' . . . We saw a large building on a hill, and when we asked another traveller what it was, he answered 'It is a *Penitentiary*, begun by Louis Philippe,' 'Who was a TYRANT,' said our gruff friend in the corner,"

On the 21st of September, 1853, Victoria Noel records—"the 5th time of my going abroad." She is now in her fifteenth year; the pencilled lines have disappeared from the book; her writing has become regular and even ornate, and the survey of France and Italy takes a wider scope. There is still a good deal of anti-Roman fervour, mingled with lively admiration of Roman churches; the same natural delight in scenery and architecture; the same childlike relish for sight-seeing and expeditions; the same quick eye for human foibles; but with all this there is blended a deeply meditative vein, and a tendency to look below the surface of things into their real nature and significance.

"Versailles. Sept. 25, 1853. We are in a very delightful hotel, with a very civil landlady, who has had Eugénie dining in her house when she was only *Mdlle de Montijo*; she says she is 'gentile, but not belle,' and she has had an 'éducation tout à fait cavalière; elle sait bien tirer le pistolet, et monter à cheval.'

"Sept. 29. (After seeing the Emperor and Empress drive through Paris.) I could not see much, except that the Empress was like her pictures, and bowed many times; and that His Majesty was in a military dress, and wore a cocked hat and feathers. . . . There was a great concourse of people, but the cheering was by no means loud, enthusiastic, or universal. I should much like to know the feelings of Eugénie; it was said some time ago that she was almost always in tears; how curious would it be to peep into futurity and see the destiny of France and the fate of the Emperor; no doubt when he was a private gentleman 5 years ago, he had planned the *Coup d'État*—elevation to the Imperial throne, and a marriage! Who knows that he may not now have deep designs and plans, concealed no doubt from every human being?"

"Nov. 8. (When posting in France.) Oh! what a time for reflection on the past in the hour when darkness

begins. Reading is impossible, and rain is descending, and the horses' bells are clanging, and 'sabeaux' are occasionally breaking—then it is that dreams of future bliss and recollections of past enjoyments flash in quick succession through the mind."

"Nov. 21. (At Genoa.) We took the same walk as on *Saturday evening*. By the by, here one loses those delightful feelings that one has in the country in dear England at that time—no 'busy housewives' do we see abroad preparing all for the Holy Day, no village school-children with a half-holiday, etc. Would that, surrounded as these people are with the beauties of Nature, they would remember their Maker, and honour Him 'who causeth His sun to shine on the just and the unjust,' and is 'good to the untruthful' and unworthy, by sanctifying His day!"

(After watching the sunset.) "Should it not make us prepare, and look forward to that fairer land, where suns shall never set, where the sky is always glad, where pleasures shall have no alloy?"

For *there* the day's last crimson
Gives no sad memories birth,
No thoughts of dead or distant friends,
Or partings—as on earth."

"Dec. 5. (Passing Elba.) I thought as I gazed on that gigantic frowning rock rising out of the vast dreary expanse of water, how that silent crescent moon—that *very* Queen of Night that then illumined us—had looked down on Napoleon, had seen his rage and anxiety, had, as it were, coldly rebuked him and mocked at his misfortunes."

"Dec. 8. (At Rome.) *Saint Peter's!!* . . I ask its size—the size of this temple of magnificence—the size of this Deposit of all that is most exquisite in taste, in talent, in art, and in value—the size of this *wonder*—this Masterpiece of man's ingenuity. *St. Paul's can stand in*

it! . . . And now what is wanting to this church? The very thing for which it ought to be used—the *right*, the simple, the Biblical worship of Him who is a Spirit ‘and who looketh not on the outward form.’ . . . Would that Truth was preached from its pulpit—would that the *Christian* and Protestant Anglican liturgy was read in its choir—would that the song of praise, breathed from the heart, ascended to Heaven, instead of the incense now burning there, which never can penetrate beyond St. Peter’s walls!”

“Dec. 9. (After visiting the Colosseum.) Of it I need hardly say anything but a proverb which, true or untrue, will be interesting—‘While the Colosseum lasts, Rome will last; when it falls, Rome will fall; when Rome falls, the world will fall.’ And I really would not be hasty in pronouncing that prophecy nonsense!”

“Dec. 13. (‘The Dying Gladiator.’) It is true to *nature*. You do not behold a refined man, a classical head, and a Grecian face with a beautifully chiselled mouth. No; here is a youth coarse, common-looking, his hands and feet rough with labour, his face contorted in agony, the life-blood is trickling from a wound in his side; his strong muscular frame is sunk in exhaustion, his weapons have fallen from his hand, and he is vainly endeavouring to resist the hand of death, already on him.”

“Dec. 17. (After passing Appii Forum.) You begin then to *feel* the beauty of *Italy*, and the magic of that name; and yet I am *proud* to be what I am; for

What are the purple hills of Rome
To *thee*, my blessed land of home?”

“Dec. 31. (Pozzuoli.) Here St. Paul landed, and ‘met the brethren.’ How must that holy mind have seen the ‘Varied God’ in all the beauty of this now consecrated spot! How must he have *drunk in* all the beauties and similes, and illustrations which a refined and holy mind is capable of receiving and seeing in Nature! Many

others than he have gazed on the same rare prospect, but their names are unrecorded and unknown. Horace and Virgil, who wandered over these paths, they are remembered. Ah ! may not some obscure humble being, who ' was never heard of half a mile from home ' be as worthy of remembrance ? One day will declare who were worthy and who were not ! But one there was who will one day be exalted above Kings and Princes and the Wise Men of the earth, and yet the place in which his sacred feet trod is held above no other ground, or where the Ancient Poets walked ! No church raised to commemorate it ; no reverence paid to the place ; not even a wayside cross to mark the site ; the passing traveller bends not even his knee to that God Who here led His servant ; the mourner comes not here to kiss the ground and be comforted in thinking of him who sweetly said by inspiration, ' If we suffer, we shall also reign.' Ah ! ungrateful world ! "

The journey to which these extracts refer was unusually prolonged, beginning in September, 1853, and lasting for more than nine months. On the 1st of January, 1854, Lady Gainsborough recorded in her pocket-book : " Naples. My precious Victoria took the Lord's Supper for the first time in the English chapel. Oh ! may this be a day to be remembered by her, and marked in Heaven."¹

Victoria's journal may be here resumed :

" Jan. 17, 1854. (After studying a ' Holy Family ' by Raphael.) An exquisite picture it certainly is, beautiful painting particularly, but one cannot help thinking what

¹ She was confirmed by the Bishop of London (A. C. Tait) at St. George's, Hanover Square, on the 18th of June, 1857. Here is her account of the ceremony : " I was confirmed yesterday, in the quietest way imaginable, which was delightful. The Bishop of London gave such a nice charge, so solemn and so earnest. He did not say the words to each one ; only put his hands on my head and whispered ' Bless you,' and repeated the prayer at the end of the table. Therefore it was a blessing to me, and that, as he said, I may ' look back to it on my dying bed as a happy day.' I do feel, and did then, *thoroughly* desirous to dedicate myself to the Lord."

the wonderful Murillo would have done with the same subject. There is *almost* a look of Divinity in his pictures of our Saviour, for which I in vain look in the works of any other artist."

" Jan. 31. (After a visit to Pompeii.) Shocked at the manner in which we were carelessly hurrying through the ' City of the Dead,' I said to M——, ' How wonderful it is to think that this place was once inhabited ! ' The response was a gay laugh, and ' Oh ! you're beginning to philosophize, are you ? ' I saw that it would not *do*, and gave up all hopes of it, so went on talking and laughing, some people talking of the next ball, etc., others so candidly avowing their sentiments as to say they always ' ran away at the sight of an old wall.' Surrounded by such persons, Pompeii cannot be appreciated."

" June 15. (On returning to England.) The thrill of delight on seeing my native cliffs, and the bright lovely meadows, woods and rivulets of my Albion, I need not describe—they know them, who love their country and who have been absent for the fifth time for more than nine months. The pleasure of travelling is great, if there be no drawbacks, but I can *assure* all that the pleasure of a Country life, at home with people you love—or at their Homes—is infinitely greater. Go and see the loveliest scenes and the most interesting ruins and curiosities ; you will at times feel in a way positively *distressing* that you are but a *stranger*, a wanderer ; every night you decamp and have to settle yourself in a strange House, whose threshold you never entered ; the language is not your own, the habits and customs not your own, the religion not your own ; you meet with none who care for you ; and you feel that though you are not perhaps unhappy, but excitement keeps you up, *you would not like to die out there*. And what is this feeling but that of estrangement ? It is like that of a child who has gone where it ought not—perhaps into a confectioner's—and though afraid of staying lest the door



After Buckner

LADY VICTORIA NOEL AS A CHILD,
WITH HER MOTHER, THE COUNTESS OF GAINSBOROUGH

should close and he should be forced to remain, he runs breathlessly round the room to take just a look at everything he finds attracts his eye.

“ Another proof we may advance in proof of this fact is the delight with which one sees one’s own countrymen. Oh, none know the intense pleasure which one feels when looking perhaps on the remains of a Roman Villa, suddenly one hears one’s own native tongue—it reminds one of *home*, and with a sigh at least, if not a tear, you realize in a painful way that you are far far away from it ! Friends, dear relations, crowd upon your mind, and you feel the *impossibility* of seeing them should they be taken ill and die in England, or should such a thing happen to you in Italy—*then* you think of your own sweet green fields and flowers—or if the sound of the Vesper bell should just then arrest your attention, melancholy but soft recollections of the Sabbath and of your old Parish Church will rush on your mind and overwhelm you with regret that you ever said good-bye to old England ! but it is too late now, and many a weary day’s journey must it cost you to get there again.”

CHAPTER III

THE OLD HOME

"Next to the obligations of Religion are the obligations of Home. Both are sacred ; and, linked together by the hand of God, cannot be severed but at the greatest risk."—A. H. STANTON.

THE strong yearning after Home expressed in the last chapter points to another aspect of the writer's character. Like all Evangelicals of the better type, she abounded in good works ; visited the sick and poor, taught in Sunday schools, conducted classes for girls, and plied all those ministries of mercy which form a natural part of life in a country home. In everything that was good, her constant helper and counsellor was Theodosia Stuart, daughter of the Rector of Cottesmore,¹ the parish adjoining Exton. The two girls were devoted friends, and, when they were separated, they corresponded as regularly as Julia Mannering and Matilda Marchmont, though the topics of their correspondence were more edifying. What we know of Victoria Noel's unmarried life is mainly gathered from the letters of "Your loving Vic" to her "Darling Dody."

The chief interest of the correspondence is, of course, religious. Wherever Victoria Noel may be living, her heart is always at Exton. How are the schools getting on ? What is the attendance at the girl's class ? Has a troublesome girl mended her ways ? Has a good one got a situation ? Is that poor old cottager, who was so ill, still alive ? And at every turn there is some token of vivid interest in the spiritual concerns of her home. When she

¹ The Hon. and Rev. A. G. Stuart, who married a cousin of Lady Gainsborough.

is staying abroad with her parents, this industrious pen-woman sends abstracts of sermons which she has heard, with varying approbation, from English chaplains, and from Protestant Pastors such as Pressensée, and Monod. In London she reports the discourses of J. W. Reeve, H. M. Villiers, E. Bayley, H. Venn, A. W. Thorold, and W. C. Magee ; of such lay-Evangelists as Captain Trotter and Stevenson Blackwood, and of such leading Nonconformists as Newman Hall, Dr. Cumming, and C. H. Spurgeon. In different parts of the country she encounters F. Pigou, Dr. Marsh, M. Rainsford, and T. Vores ; and in Scotland, Dr. Candlish and Brownlow North. When she is spending a winter at St. Leonards, she "hopes to be useful in the Sunday school here," and tries to organize a girls' class. She attends prayer-meetings and week-day services, and listens with deep interest to expositions of prophecy, and anticipations of the Millennium.

But, amid all this fervent and even mystical piety, her penetrating and independent judgment never fails. Thus she writes of a popular preacher : "He preached on Queen Elizabeth last Thursday, which must have been intensely uninteresting, and confirms the opinion we formed of his sermons when we heard him at Paris. However, as so many people like him, I suppose there must be something *to* like."

After hearing a lady preach, she says : "I did *not* like it at first. I thought her manner was affected, and I was thinking—Is it right in a woman to speak before so many people ? But one's attention was riveted, and when one felt and knew how much God had blessed her, this went off. I still have *doubts*. . . . I never wish to come *forward* like Miss —, but it would be indeed a blessing to be so useful as she is. The only glory worth coveting, I think, is bringing souls to Jesus."

Dr. Cumming had been predicting the close of the present Dispensation in 1867, to be accompanied by the return of the Jews to Palestine, and the downfall of the

Papacy. "It was most interesting, but, of course, time alone will show if it is correct. It seems that if 1867 is NOT the end of this Dispensation, they will be entirely out, for they make so many things to end then according to Scripture." The Millennium was a subject much discussed in Evangelical circles at this period, and here is a curious view of it: "I have been out driving twice with Mrs. —, and had a good deal of talk. She is so odd in her ideas. She is not at all like us—teaching and visiting is an immense effort to her—indeed even dressing to go out to tea, or writing a letter, is rather burdensome, and she looks forward to the Millennium as a time when such toils shall cease! She would be very sorry to think that it was *not* to begin in 1867." Poor Mrs. —!

When she is staying with her parents in London, Victoria Noel reports all her doings to her friend in the country. Besides attending innumerable sermons, and prayer-meetings in private houses, she distributes tea at the workhouse, gives tea-parties at a mission-room, and attends social functions at a Cripples' Home. The year 1859 was marked by a great Revival of Religion, and her experience of it is interesting. "I went to a prayer-meeting in the City, at Crosby Hall. It was from one to two o'clock, and really it was very interesting to see so many in the very busiest part of London—the busiest part of the day too—there. It quite reminded one of what one has read of the commencement of the 'Revival' in New York, and made one hope there might be the same blessing in store for London. There were a great many more men than women, principally, I should think, men of business. Some did not stay all through the meeting, but just came in for a little while. All looked so earnest and devotional." But here again the critical instinct displays itself. Her grandfather, Lord Roden, was deeply interested in the Revival; and "it is rather difficult, when grandpapa, with a *very* solemn face, talks of people

being '*struck*,' to help smiling. Indeed I must say I think those physical symptoms most undesirable."

The Revival reaches Scotland, and here is the comment :—

" I think what makes the whole thing very remarkable is the *instruments used* being nothing very particular. Mr. R——'s address last night was rambling, though striking, and I must say I did not like some of the *out-and-out* things he said."

And yet again : " It is *cant* expressions that I revolt from, and I believe most Christians do not—such as for instance, ' We had such a *sweet* meeting for prayer ' (how often we have talked about that word '*sweet*' !), or, ' I wished to break bread with the brethren in such and such a place.' Now this is what Mrs. R—— and her set say, and it seems to me so forced and so out of place in our days, and so wishing to be peculiar, and altogether affectation. I dislike it immensely, and it almost makes me dislike the person."

But it must by no means be inferred from what has now been written that Victoria Noel's girlhood was gloomy or austere, or lacking in natural merriment. She rode, and drove her ponies, and roamed joyously through the beautiful woods of Exton ; she occupied herself indoors with music and singing and drawing ; and she was surrounded by a band of mirthful and attractive cousins,¹ in whose society she found full vent for the natural cheerfulness of wholesome girlhood. When she is with them, she writes about " orgies " of fun, and " great frivolity." " I love them very dearly, but I feel I am so foolish and gossipy when I am with them." " In the evening great romping and foolishness with the darling cousins, who were half frantic at my arrival." When she leaves them, they " miss her so awfully," regret " the delightful orgies,"

¹ Special mention should be made of Robert, Frederick, Alice, and Edith Jocelyn, children of Lady Gainsborough's eldest brother, Lord Jocelyn.

and quote the tributes of neighbours to "a very lively young lady. Can you guess who that was?" With them, she attends such discreet amusements as a performance of the "Messiah," a scientific lecture by Faraday, and a reading by Dickens; nor were more distinctively worldly entertainments lacking. Although Lady Gainsborough, like the rest of the Evangelical world, declined balls and theatre-going, she dined out in London, and occasionally went to a private concert or an evening party. Her connexion (through her sister-in-law, Lady Jocelyn) with Lord and Lady Palmerston, and (through her sister) with the famous Lady Londonderry, brought her, though occasionally, into very mundane circles; and her close attachment to the Queen necessarily enlarged her social sphere.¹ Her daughter Victoria describes one of these entertainments with characteristic humour.

"We went to old Lady Londonderry's concert yesterday. It was so beautiful, and there were quantities of people there—many we knew—so that made it agreeable. 'Frances Anne,' as Lady Londonderry is called, was all over jewels from top to toe, a ring on every finger, enormous diamond necklace all round her neck, and a belt of pearls round her waist. You may imagine how ludicrous she looked! The other night, when she gave a ball, they say she sat on a throne, and the band played 'God save the Queen' as she walked out!"

The following dates are noted:—

- "1857. Jan. 7. Dined out first, at Normanton.
- Jan. 17. Visit (first) to Burghley.
- April 4. Dined at Buckingham Palace."

On this event she writes to "Dody": "I had a very unexpected honour on Saturday, the Queen asked me to dine at the Palace, and I went with

¹ "Osborne, August 20th, 1853. Victoria came and drank tea with the Princesses."—Lady Gainsborough's Journal.

Mama, and, wonderful to say, did *not* feel particularly shy. The dear Queen was so kind, and spoke to me a good deal, and so did the Princess Royal."

On the 13th of June, 1857, Lady Gainsborough notes in her diary :—

" Presented Victoria."

At the close of this year the Queen bestowed a signal mark of her favour on her god-daughter, Victoria Noel, by appointing her one of the Bridesmaids to the Princess Royal, who on the 25th of January, 1858, was married to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, afterwards the Emperor Frederick. Just before the wedding, Victoria wrote as follows to " Dody " :—

" Last night we went to a small party at the Palace ; there was *such* pretty music, singing glees and English songs. The Queen was very kind and the dear Princess. She is so kind and dear and looks so good. Oh ! that she may be kept trusting in, and loving, that blessed Saviour who ' died that she might live,' and who, I am sure, will keep and guide her in the uncertain, dangerous path that lies before her. She is so young¹ to go out into a foreign country ; but what a mercy that she will be always close to her *Heavenly* Father . . . ! This afternoon we went (the Bridesmaids) to try on our wreaths at Lady Abercorn's."

Lady Gainsborough's station at Court necessarily brought her into contact with the Queen's guests, and among them with Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie, who paid a visit to England in April, 1855. Three years later, Lord and Lady Gainsborough found themselves in Paris, and their daughter Victoria was with them. Her account of her experiences was excellently given in letters to the ever-faithful " Dody " :—

" I think since I was born I never went through what

¹ The Princess was only just seventeen,

I did to-day—though really it was very ridiculous. We went to the Tuileries at two o'clock in morning dress and there were only Lord and Lady Euston and ourselves there—and Lord Cowley who presented us. We waited in a small drawing-room and the Emperor and Empress came in and made us sit down. There we staid, I should think, half an hour. Poor Lord Euston, being a very bad French scholar, did not get on very well with the Emperor and was consequently almost as shy (he looked so) as I was. The Emperor asked me if I had been often to the Theatre in Paris, so I had to tell him that we never went—and then a few trite questions about *my* dear Princess Royal's marriage. He is very ugly indeed—and has small green eyes, and a moustache that sticks out like two enormous black pins at the sides! She is certainly very pretty, but not near so regal or so nice as our Queen. They asked Mama some time ago to a party on Sunday, and then another Sunday was fixed for being presented, so both times we had to refuse—rather an awkward thing to do. I suppose they put these circumstances, and the never going to the Theatre, in the same box together—and then I hope found out what it meant!

“We went to an ‘Assembly’ the other night at the Duchesse de Bassano's (the Mistress of the Robes), but it was rather stupid as we know hardly any French people, particularly of the Imperialist set, and the Orleanists and Louis Philippe people never go to Court—and live quite separately. We know a few of them and are to dine with one of them (the Rochefoucaulds) to-morrow.”

“We went to a great concert at the Tuileries the other night, but, except for seeing the rooms and the Emperor and Empress, it was rather stupid, as the music was nothing particular and we knew hardly anyone. The Empress certainly looked lovely. The Emperor seems to have very little small talk, and prowls up and down, bowing and smiling, rather like an animal prowling up and down his den.”

In June Lady Gainsborough and her daughter went from Paris on a visit to the Emperor and Empress at Fontainebleau, Lord Gainsborough being too ill to accompany them. The correspondence is resumed :—

“ We returned from Fontainebleau in the middle of the night on Thursday, the Emperor sent us by a special train, very late on account of the heat. There were a great many people, and it was, of course, a very interesting visit, though one was glad when it was over. Nothing could be kinder than the Emperor and Empress both were. She is a dear, kind, lovely being (!) with such spirits and so natural and always thinking of others. We saw a great deal of them, for there is very little ceremony. We used to come down at twelve to luncheon, and afterwards the Empress brought her work out and sate with us in the drawing-room. Then we sate out on the grass in the garden nearly all day and the Emperor took Madame Walewska and I out in a boat and rowed us himself. There is a very pretty piece of water with sailing boats and a little summer-house in the middle, full of geraniums. We dined out of doors every day except one, and once in the Forest (where we drove in six char-à-bancs). It was so picturesque, the large table laid out and the cooks surrounding the wood fires on the banks. The band played, hid in the trees. Afterwards we danced on the grass and drove home by moonlight about eleven o'clock. On Friday there were some good Charades in which the Empress took great interest. The little Prince Imperial is a nice little fellow, decidedly like the pictures of his uncle, with large solemn light blue eyes. He dined with us out of doors twice and was so good. He has got a nice English nurse who calls him ‘ My precious King,’ and seems thoroughly happy and at her ease, and says he is a real *English* boy ! The Empress’s mother, the Comtesse de Montijo, was there, a nice kind old lady.

“ We went to see her yesterday and she took us over her garden and gave us some flowers,

"The Persignys were at Fontainebleau. Madame de Persigny regrets England so much and began crying one night because she was not at some party given by one of her friends in London!¹ Of course there is a great deal more to tell but I will not *write* it, when we meet it will be something to talk about."

In 1894 Lady Victoria Buxton wrote the following memories of this interesting visit :—

"It was in the summer of 1858—June 14—that my mother and I went to the Château de Fontainebleau, on a visit to the Emperor and Empress of the French, from Paris where we were staying. They used to have large parties of visitors and provided special trains for their guests, for going and returning to Paris. Our invitation was for the inside of a week, but as my father was in delicate health and was unable to go with us my mother and I only stayed three days. On our arrival the Duchesse de Bassano, at whose house in Paris we had before met the Emperor and Empress, at an evening party, received us and took us straight to our apartment, which included a beautiful large sitting-room looking into the courtyard and where tea was soon brought to us. These are the names of some of the guests I remember. The Empress's mother, Madame de Montijo, the Walewskis, de Mornys, Moquard, the Emperor's secretary, and the De Persignys who we had known in London. He was French Ambassador there. He was very kind and agreeable to me and said to my mother afterwards, 'votre fille a un petit cœur bien sérieux.'

"We breakfasted in our rooms and came down to déjeuner at twelve (just like an English luncheon). Then the ladies sate working in the drawing-room with the Empress for some hours, the windows opening on to the gardens, and the Emperor occasionally stealing in in a noiseless catlike way from his *Cabinet de travail* and talking to us. Napoleon III was a decidedly plain man,

¹ Her husband had been French Ambassador here,

with small melancholy eyes and long French moustachios ending in greasy pins. One afternoon we drove in char-à-bancs to the forest, the postillions dressed in the old French style (high glazed hats and pigtails) and the horses with knotted tails and bells. The Emperor either drove us or sate on our char-à-banc, and we stopped sometimes when he pointed out pretty views or specially fine trees. I remember one evening we dined in the forest (the weather throughout our visit was very bright and warm)—dancing afterwards on the grass—and as we sate at dinner we could see the fires and the cooks standing by them under the trees. Another evening we dined in the garden, after which there was a great ball, and I remember being struck by the difference in the Empress's looks in the early and latter part of the evening. At dinner she was in great spirits, balancing a plate on the top of her head, so that the Emperor who seemed to treat her like a child looked gravely across the table saying '*Eugénie*' in a reproving tone—and later on she came sailing magnificently into the ballroom on his arm, looking beautiful and dignified, to the tune of '*Partant pour la Syrie*,' which, if I remember rightly, was then the French National Anthem. It was composed by Queen Hortense, Napoleon III's mother. The poor little Prince Imperial (I was in Paris when he was born and heard the guns of the Invalides firing on the occasion, from my bed in our house in the Avenue Gabriel) was running about the lawn with his Irish nurse in attendance. One afternoon the Emperor rowed me about in a boat on one of the ponds with Madame Walewska and we landed on some island. We had theatricals one evening in which the Empress took part, much to M. de Persigny's horror, as he thought it undignified. He whispered to me, '*Ah, mais votre Reine ne ferait pas une chose pareille.*'

We left Fontainebleau late one warm evening and the scene is vividly impressed on my mind, the courtyard in the twilight full of char-à-bancs and the beautiful Empress standing among her guests saying good-bye—we meaning

to kiss her hand and she kissing us on the cheek—so warmly—she was very attractive then. We often saw the Emperor. I remember doing so eight times—once riding at a review on the Champs de Mars when he was only President of the Republic—then entering Paris with the Empress soon after his marriage. Again (in State) entering Paris with the Queen—again when we were presented to them one afternoon at the Palace of the Tuileries, with the Duke and Duchess of Grafton (then Lord and Lady Euston). My mother and I dined at the Tuileries too on the 8th of March, when I was sent in with the old Duc de Malakoff, a Crimean hero and a typical French Marshal with close cropped hair, who remarked facetiously as we sate down, ‘*Mademoiselle, les Maréchaux sont alliés à la Victoire.*’ ”

New Year’s Day, 1859, was spent by Victoria Noel as the Queen’s guest at Windsor, and the next three years were marked by no special event in her life, but by a progressive development of spiritual earnestness on the lines already traced. Enough has now been said to convey a clear notion of her girlhood, and of the varying influences which shaped her course. Two characteristic utterances, belonging to this time, remain to be recorded :—

“ Our life is like a parchment roll, I have often thought, unfolding slowly day by day ; and if we are the Lord’s dear children He will give us *strength* day by day to receive meekly what He sends. Time is short, we must be continually looking up to Him, and leaning on Him.

Through the love of God our Saviour,
 All will be well ;
 Free and changeless is His favour,
 All, all is well.
 Precious is the blood that healed us,
 Perfect is the grace that sealed us,
 Strong the hand outstretched to shield us,
 All *must* be well.”



From a painting by Winterhalter

LADY VICTORIA NOEL AS A GIRL

“ I wish God would give me something to do for Him while we are away from Exton. I feel so useless, and not, as Mr. Reeve says, ‘ living for a *purpose*.’ I have really *seriously* thought lately what a nice thing it would be in after years to form a kind of little society of those who love God, and settle in some large town and be devoted to doing good, out of the temptations of the world. . . . You have no idea how foolish my heart is, and how easily it forgets the ‘ one thing. ’ ”

But Providence had other designs in store for this ardent and unworldly spirit.

CHAPTER IV

MARRIAGE

"In the love of a brave and faithful man there is always a strain of maternal tenderness; he gives out again those beams of protecting fondness which were shed on him as he lay on his mother's knee."

GEORGE ELIOT.

I RELY upon the authority of Sir Bernard Burke when I say that "the family of Buxton can be traced for the last three centuries in the parish of Coggeshall, Essex." It would appear that the Buxtons were always church-people, but they intermarried with Quakers, and developed a strong affinity to the Society of Friends, especially in the direction of philanthropy and social reform. They adhered to the Evangelical section of the Church of England, but they wore their Evangelicalism with a difference. In 1782 Thomas Fowell Buxton (who derived his Christian names from his maternal grandfather) married Anna, daughter of Osgood Hanbury, partner in the great brewing firm of Truman, Hanbury, and Co. Their son, a second Thomas Fowell, born in 1786, was introduced, through the influence of his kinsfolk the Hanburys, into the firm, which subsequently became known as Truman, Hanbury, and Buxton. He was admitted to partnership in 1811. In dealing with the affairs of the brewery, he evinced remarkable powers of organization, rose to eminence in the trade, and amassed a fortune. From 1818 to 1837 he sat in Parliament for the Borough of Weymouth; he was one of the first to urge the reform of prisons; he worked with William Wilberforce for the abolition of the slave-trade

and of slavery, and, on Wilberforce's death, he became the recognized leader of the Anti-Slavery movement. Here is a contemporary description of him :—

“ Mr. F. Buxton, the Member for Weymouth, is one who takes a great interest in all questions of a religious nature. His exertions for the emancipation of the West India slaves are too well known to require any particular allusion to them. They had their origin in religious principles. His piety is decided, without being tinged with fanaticism. His voice is strong, but pleasant. There is much simplicity in his manner of speaking. He makes no pretensions to, nor efforts at, oratory. He hardly uses any gesture, except it be in the moderate movement of his right arm. He is, in person, very tall and muscular. He is full six feet two in height, and of proportional stoutness. He usually wears a blue coat. His clothes are always good, but they are never well made. His features are distinctly marked. His nose is large, and is made more prominent by its being generally surmounted by a pair of spectacles. He is, as already hinted, greatly esteemed by men of all parties in the House.”¹

In recognition of his public services, Fowell Buxton was made a Baronet (on Lord Melbourne's recommendation) in 1840. He married Hannah Gurney (who lived till the year 1872), sister of the famous Elizabeth Fry, and was the father of Sir Edward North Buxton (1812–1858). Sir Edward represented South Essex and East Norfolk in Parliament, and married his first cousin, Catherine Gurney, by whom he had twelve children. Dying in middle life, he was succeeded in his title and property by his eldest son, a third Thomas Fowell, who, though he was only just of age, became at once a father to his many brothers and sisters, and soon acquired a sort of patriarchal position, which he retained till his death. One of his sisters writes : “ In looking back to my early

¹ *Random Recollections of the House of Commons, by One of no Party*, 1836.

days, I think of him as the head of the family, and Mother's confidant in any difficulty. 'Now you may run away and play in the greenhouse, I want to talk to Fowell.' At Cromer we rode with him and walked sometimes with him shooting. When he came home, lessons always gave way if he wanted us to do anything."

Fowell Buxton—for so he was always called—was born on the 26th of January, 1837. He was educated at Harrow under Dr. Vaughan, boarding with Mr. E. H. Vaughan, the Head Master's younger brother. Records of his school-days are scanty; one of his cousins says: "He was not a typical boy at all"; and there is a tradition that his father said of him: "Fowell never was a boy." The following letter from his mother, Lady Buxton, belongs to this period:—

" Sept. 20, 1850.

" MY DEAREST FOWELL,

" Here goes my first letter to Harrow! What is it the beginning of? I hope a most happy, prosperous course of correspondence, *if* our lives are spared and our hopes are realized.

" I expect the transition will be easy to-morrow—no great effort to be made in it. Perhaps the examination that follows may feel awkward, and rather strange the introduction to the great school. I should like to have a little mesmeric 'second sight' about it, and follow thee through the first days; but it is very well that it is not so, and I can commit thee in faith and hope.

" I hope thee will not find *too* many friends at once. I am quite entertained at the number of boys that turn out to be at Harrow, whom we have some clue to or other; but I quite draw in and tell people I prefer leaving thee to make thy own friends, though a few introductions may be pleasant and desirable to begin with.

" We have a pouring wet day to-day. I hope it will not be so at Harrow to-morrow. It was so bright and sunny when we went, that I should be sorry thy first

introduction should be under a duller aspect. Thee will admire the charming view from the Churchyard.

"Well—good-bye, my darling son—with heartiest wishes and strong hopes,

"Thy tenderly loving

"MOTHER"

After three years—

"Jan. 29, 1854.

"I do so truly feel for thee in thy feeling of discouragement. I call it a real exercise of Christian patience and submission, and it is only in believing that the trial may bring forth these fruits that I can peacefully bear thy being thus kept down. I never dare ask for striking success for thee, but only such *progress* and *honour* as may form the Christian man.

"Therefore I dare not feel that my prayers for thee are *not* answered. No—I go on believing the contrary, and that all is working for thy good, dear Fowell.

"We believe thee to be following the course of *uprightness*, and in that we rejoice more than in all the honours of the school.

"I fear thy not being strong, too, is against thee. Do thee feel able to work really *and* industriously?"

"July 29, 1854.

"Here comes my last Sunday letter to Harrow! I wonder how you are feeling to-day, with that course ended. I am looking on it with great pleasure and thankfulness. There have been many points of advantage to thee, I believe. I do thank God for thy having been guarded and preserved from evil, as I believe has been the case. It is an immense blessing. Let us not cease to give thanks for preservation from evil, while we continue to ask for protection and direction. Life will now assume a different aspect. Thee leave the *boy* behind at Harrow, and enter on a course of much greater independence, and at an age of greater temptation perhaps."

Leaving Harrow, Fowell Buxton went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he matriculated in October, 1855. His career as an undergraduate was blameless ; sober and devout, but not the least austere. He rowed in moderation, and hunted regularly, not disdaining a hard-mouthed bus-horse when no better mount was available. "He began by being a very good shot, but he did not keep up his character in that respect, being distinctly inferior to his two next brothers." It is to be remarked that, unlike most men of Evangelical antecedents, he sometimes played whist, and deliberately justified the practice in after-life. "It is a pleasant way of meeting others, and it is a good training for some departments of the mind. It only becomes evil if men play for money so as to care for their gains or losses. It may be easier not to play at all than to draw a line. I did not play except a very little whist my last year, and I think my not doing so helped to break down some habits of high play that prevailed."¹

After leaving Cambridge, Fowell Buxton made his first attempt at Alpine climbing, taking one of his younger brothers with him. It is characteristic of his thoroughness that he prepared himself for his Swiss experiences by attending at the Royal Institution a course of lectures by Tyndall on the conformation and properties of glaciers. Returning to England, he established himself in London, living with his uncle, Charles Buxton ² (1822-1871), at 7, Grosvenor Crescent, and working at the brewery in Spitalfields. He had already begun to take his share in the religious and philanthropic activities with which his family had been so closely associated, and he was an enthusiastic Volunteer. The dread of French aggression had now led to a striking revival of the movement for Home Defence. Buxton held a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel in the 2nd Administrative Battalion of

¹ He took his degree in 1859. Under the regulations then prevailing, he was entitled by his rank to become M.A. without taking the B.A.

² M.P. for East Surrey, and father of the first Viscount Buxton.

the Tower Hamlets R. V., of which he eventually became Hon. Colonel, and to which he devoted much time and energy.

But in this strenuous and useful life social amusement found its proper place. The Evangelicals of that time formed a little society or community of their own; they entertained one another at dinners, mixed with prayer-meetings; and anyone who frequented these entertainments was pretty sure to find himself again and again among the same fellow-guests. Some jottings from Fowell Buxton's diary may be here inserted:—

"1862. 12th Feb. Dined with the J. Sheppards.¹ Lady Gainsborough and Lady Victoria,² George Hanbury, a young Trotter, Mr. Molyneux. Took Lady Victoria down to dinner. Stumbled stupidly into an argument with Molyneux about Macaulay and the necessity of dragging religion into everything. He very bigoted."

"14th Feb. Dined with Gainsboroughs. . . . Cyril Graham engrossed Lady V. during dinner, and Lord Dufferin after—hardly got in a word."

"3rd March. Quiet dinner with Hollands. Frank Holland and Alice Trevelyan. To Gainsboroughs' in evening. Baptist Noel, Sir C. Eardley, with whom I fraternized. Music good. Evening delightful."

"7th March. Called on Gainsboroughs—out. Dined with the Lefevres. . . . Then went to the A. Kinnairds' for a religious tea-fight—arrived as it ended. After waiting some time, as I was going, the Gainsboroughs arrived—with them for some time."

"14th March. Dined 10, Upper Grosvenor Street—Sir C. Eardley's—religious tea-party, dull and *tantalizing*."

¹ Then of 81 Eaton Place, and Campsea Ash.

² She had been described by one who met her in the previous year as "full of intelligence and sweetness."

"15th March. In evening, Lady Palmerston's—enjoyable, but found it embarrassing."

"18th March. Dined Robert Hanburys'. Lady Gainsborough and daughter, Sir C. Eardley. . . . Dinner all that could be desired. Evening, ladies established in bunches, were not to be approached. Music rather a nuisance, but after it had a most enjoyable time."

"20th March. Dined at the —'s. Very dull. Wished I had been dining at the Londonderrys', where I went in the evening, and met Duke of Marlborough, Lord Roden, Col. Jocelyn, and Noels—very charming."

"22nd March. Dined with W. E. Forster. Evening to Gainsboroughs' (rather unhandy). Ended at Lady Palmerston's."

"24th March. Went this morning to call on Lady Gainsborough, and saw *someone else*."

"25th. Called at 17, Portman Square¹ for a long hour—and wished it was more. . . . Evening to Lady Radstock's—hopeful and delightful."

Lady Gainsborough's journal contains these notes:—

"1862. March 24. 17, Portman Square. Sir F. Buxton called."

"March 27. Victoria accepted him."

At this point we must turn to Victoria Noel's correspondence with Theodosia Stuart, the "beloved Dody" of so many confidences.

"I wonder if you will be very much surprised at what I am going to tell you. I had no thought at all that it would be settled so soon, but no doubt as the whole thing had been committed to God in prayer—it was all right as it was. I am going to be married, dearest, to Sir

¹ Lord Gainsborough's house.

Fowell Buxton. I wonder what you will say when you read this? Do write to me at once. How I long to see you to tell you all about it, and how I long for you to see *him*! I know you must like him. I was showing him your photograph last night, and telling him that you were my *great* friend—and he looked at it a long time and hoped very much soon to know you.

“How grateful I ought to be to God for giving me one to love me who is all that I could desire. Our desire is, I know, to help each other on in the narrow way. He is really in earnest, though he has never made much profession, but I hope that he will.

“Darling, I cannot write any more. I feel so very weak and upset to-day, you can’t think. Not anxious I hope—for what more *could* I wish for? but pray for me, darling, that I may have more of the ‘*peace of God*’ filling my heart and mind.”

Victoria Noel to Theodosia Stuart

“I long to get your letter of congratulation, but I must write you a line to-night to tell you how *very, very happy* I am. The anxieties all gone and nothing left but unmixed *satisfaction and joy*—increasing, it seems, *more and more*! How can I ever be grateful enough to God for His mercy for having given one so unworthy *such* a blessing as *he* is—all that I ever could have desired or imagined for a husband! We have had such a delightful reading together to-night of the 17th of John.

“I could not have imagined anything so delightful on earth. I DO LONG for you to see him.”

Theodosia Stuart to Victoria Noel

“MY OWN DARLING VIC.,

“I was so glad to get your letter—I have done little else than think of you since Saturday.

“It is all so new—and come so suddenly, one hardly realizes it at once, but I do so *really* rejoice, my own

darling, in your happiness, and especially when your letter of this morning brought the assurance of it.

"I will indeed pray that God's peace may keep your heart and not let it be ruffled, but trust in Him for the future—as He has ordered all in the past and present. It is such a comfort to believe it was of His ordering, for it must so lead *to Him* as the Giver of all the blessings, and I am sure you *will* help one another upward. There is nothing in which earthly help and communion is so sweet and strengthening as in the things of God, and I'm sure it will be so with you—darling pet—and it makes me so happy to think of you in that. And *you* will be such a help to him I know, you darling. How happy he must be!

"Charley Finch¹ had heard a rumour of your marriage and wrote to ask if it was true.

"Good-bye, my darling, for to-day.

"Your very loving

"DODY."

Victoria Noel to Theodosia Stuart

"I feel more and more that there is reason for *the very deepest gratitude* in all that has happened. Oh how is it that I *can* be so cold and ungrateful for the *crowning* blessing of my life?—that one so unworthy should be made so perfectly happy, and have been given such an inestimable gift. We read Romans 8 together on Sunday evening, and he prayed much for gratitude, so no doubt *we shall have it*.

"But what can we 'render unto the Lord'?"

Roden Noel expressed his feelings about the engagement in the following letter to a friend:—

"March 28, 1862.

"There were no limits to my aspirations for her—yet it was chiefly for a perfect character that I hoped, to

¹ Charlotte, daughter of George and Lady Louisa Finch; afterwards Mrs. Waller.

secure her real happiness—as well as for the truest affection.

“ Nothing could *quite* satisfy the Brother to whom she had been first playmate and then only friend and companion almost as far back as memory can reach—so perfect as everyone allows her to be. Yet I fondly hope he is all one ought to wish for.”

Lady Buxton wrote : “ I do bless God for His gift to us in our dear Victoria. Miss Marsh calls her ‘ the pearl of pearls.’ ”

Victoria Noel was now a little out of sorts, and it was judged expedient that she should spend a few weeks with her aunt, Lady Jocelyn, at St. Leonard’s ; whence she wrote to her mother :—

“ I am much better since I came here. . . . Fowell came yesterday. We have had two walks to-day, and a great deal of talk. I hope he wrote you a nice letter. . . . I think so often of you, my precious, and feel so thankful for the month I am to have with you after I am married. And then in the winter I do trust I shall be a great deal with you. It does seem too dreadful to think of leaving you, but one must *not* think of it, my Angel Mother, but rather of the blessing of so often meeting. I don’t know how I shall pass through it (the going away from you) much as I love Fowell. But our Heavenly Father will carry us through.”

This was Fowell’s “ nice letter ” to Lady Gainsborough :—

“ I feel sure St. Leonard’s is doing our dearest one real good, and though it will prevent my seeing her this week I much hope she may be able to stay till Saturday or Monday.

“ As to our marrying, I am sure I only care for what is best for her, but the more time I am able to get before July, is so much more holiday for us.”

On the 2nd of May, 1862, the bride-elect made acquaintance with her new home, and wrote a description of it to Theodosia Stuart :—

“ We have had such a pleasant Sunday, early Communion and a Reading this evening. On Friday we went to see Warlies, my future home. So you may think what an interesting day it was to me. Happily the weather was perfect, very *cool* for dear Mama, and as we came away the sun shone out and showed the place to the best advantage. The house is small and *very ugly*, but the place really pretty—hills and fine trees and very good distant views.

“ Fowell has just built a very pretty lodge, and the school his father built on the top of the hill is very nice, too, and there are scattered cottages about the place. Lady Buxton and three of the little girls met us there and we had a very nice drive to the station through Epping Forest.”

Fowell Buxton, in his enthusiasm for Volunteering, thought that he could not devise a better entertainment for his bride-elect than a Volunteer Review in the park of Ham House, West Ham, on the 19th of May. His mother was living at Ham House (which had been her early home), and thus expressed her views of the matter :—

“ We are preparing for a great day with the Volunteers ! How excessively I do dislike it ! It is difficult—I do so heartily *disapprove* the Volunteering system, and yet as the park is the sons', and Fowell gives the dinner, my conscience must be easy. Well, I am glad there are 200 people to admire the rhododendrons, there's pleasure in that. The place is very charming, in highest perfection, with its chestnuts, May, and laburnums.

“ I hardly see Fowell, but I am duly thankful and rejoicing to watch the increasing tie. And though my Sundays are *strangely* changed, what can I feel but joy when the reason is he cannot give up what is so delightful

and helpful. I have not had him one Sunday since I came up and am only to have the last before he marries. To-morrow in London, the next at Lady Olivia Sparrow's with Victoria, and the next at Exton. But it is most satisfactory. All seems given as we want it.

"Don't think my note complaining—I think after all I a *little* bit like it—if I have an opportunity of saying *how* I *hate* swords and guns. They have a fine tent in the park, and I give a pretty cold meal and expect a good many droppers in."

After due deliberation, it was decided that the wedding should take place at Exton on the 12th of June. There were to be eight bridesmaids—Edith Noel, Alice Jocelyn, Edith Jocelyn, Ella Portman, Theodosia Stuart, Anna Buxton, Catherine Buxton, and Madeline Agnew; and the question of their dress was carefully considered.

Victoria Noel to Theodosia Stuart

"We have been talking about the bridesmaids' dresses, and have settled, I think, to have *white muslin* looped up with blue or pink ribbon—(a bow) and tulle or tarlatan bonnets, with pink or blue flowers—(3 might be in pink and 3 in blue). *Will you choose* which colour you like best for yourself and let me know. I have not chosen the flowers, but will let you know. There must be, I suppose, either white silk or muslin scarfs."

On the 11th of June Fowell Buxton arrived at Exton, his arrival being celebrated by entertainments for the villagers and school-children. Next day brought a letter from Queen Victoria to Lady Gainsborough:—

"DEAREST FANNY,

"I send with these lines my gifts for Victoria.¹ Give them to her with every wish for her happiness during a long life.

¹ An Indian shawl, and a gold bracelet set with emeralds and diamonds which Lady Victoria always wore,

"Alas ! dear Fanny, mine gets worse and worse. Time only develops more and more *all* I have lost for *ever* *here*.¹

"Ever yours affectly.,
"V. R."

The wedding is graphically described in the following letters :—

Lady Buxton to Mrs. Gurney

"June 12, 1862.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"Here we are at the end of our afternoon—such a memorable day. The dear first-born son provided for and escaped from home. I do feel it. It is so strange—to have them all 3 engrossed and gone, but most happy and I am well content. Indeed far more than that. I hope I am deeply thankful for such provision.

"It has really been an easy day. Fowell was so happy himself that I had no more to care about. Poor Victoria did not appear before the marriage and looked very nervous as she walked up the church only just before 12, but as soon as it was over, she looked at her ease again. I had a goodly show of sons—my 3 bridegroom sons all in their own wedding things,² and the 3 younger as nice. They looked very nice, I thought, and Emily very lovely. Fowell took Ed. and Emmie and Louis up to Victoria directly in the vestry, their first introduction.

"I enjoyed the hour before 'the breakfast' with Redmond and Louis, and the pleasant party besides. I sate by Lord Gainsborough, who is a most kindly agreeable old gentleman, talking easily and quoting poetry.

"I never saw such a beautiful room for a wedding breakfast, so large and wide—it was a large wide horse-shoe table, 59 at it and no crowding at all, with large open space down the middle—Lord Campden proposed the health of bride and bridegroom and Fowell answered

¹ The Prince Consort had died six months before.

² Lady Buxton's second son had been married in 1861 and her third in 1862.

well, referring to his father acceptably to me. After that we were in and out of Lady Gainsborough's boudoir—Victoria preparing all easily—and before they went off we had a little assembly for prayer conducted by Mr. Lovett which was very comforting. They went off brightly in one of their carriages and 4 brown horses, Gilham¹ and her Swiss maid.² It was strange to see him go, dear fellow. May it be rich with blessing.

“Soon after Edward and Emily went off to end their wedding journey with a gay reception at Tittleshall to-morrow. Redmond is the only son left here.

“We have been in a *perfect soak* all day—and no preparation for it—when I got to the church early I was obliged to have Anna and Catherine carried along the churchyard it was such a deep pool of water. I find Mr. Henry Noel carried them himself!

“They afterwards brought a carpet, which was but little better than nothing, when I came out again, it was so soaked. I don't know how the bride managed unless she was carried too.

“It is a very charming party here, ease and cheerfulness. Baptist Noel, and Edith as bridesmaid. Mr. Leland Noel, who is the clergyman here, an old man like Lord Gainsborough, and his *very* good son Horace Noel, a rather scrupulous young clergyman who will not read the services—and has some difficulties—also his sister, a bright charming person. In the house there seem rather distinct family parties abiding. Henry Noel and his sweet wife, who I wanted for Charles 13 years ago, a daughter of Baptist Noel, and their 3 children. This is their home entirely, and the Agnews and their children swarming, and Lady Louisa Agnew seems Lord Gainsborough's especial care-taker. Then Lady Gainsborough and Roden and Victoria have their own suite. It is curious but rather pleasant. It is a large pleasant house.

¹ The butler.

² Marie Cérez was Lady Victoria's devoted maid for thirty-five years, and was succeeded by Lena Merlach, who remained with Lady V. till within three months of her death.

" I have been a good deal with Lady Londonderry, who is very charming, and I like Lady Jocelyn too. Indeed I quite like being with them all, and think the very novelty will be good for me.

" These days have been wonderfully full of feeling. To see Gilham taking in hand the new master is strange and dream-like.

" Charles and Emily go home to-morrow morning and I on Saturday.

" Friday 13th. Another stormy day, but we have been walking out between showers, and visiting the nursery. They are very late evening and morning—nobody moved till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11. It was really discouraging after the long family reading at 10, to go back to the drawing-room. But I had got past the feeling of fatigue and *liked* the time and the people.

" Mr. Baptist Noel takes the readings, and I value hearing him, though I think he is too long. You would sit in a fidget I know ! But he is very interesting, and I feel it is a great privilege to be with him and all the party. I have seen very little of poor dear Lady Gainsborough, but we are to be together this afternoon. She has behaved perfectly, never breaking down for a moment, but I fear she has *felt* extremely.

" Fowell looked so very nice.

" Most affectionately,

" C. BUXTON.

" Victoria's dress was exquisite, she was covered with the most beautiful Brussels lace."

Louisa Araminta (" Dida ") Hoare¹ to her Mother.

" EXTON VICARAGE,

" June 13, 1862.

" DEAREST MAMA,—I hope soon to send you a full report of yesterday's proceedings in print—so you must

¹ Afterwards Mrs. Probyn.

read this as a sort of supplement. To begin with the shadows of the coming event—on Wednesday morning we were very busy decorating the church—the pillars were wreathed with ivy and guelder-roses and syringa—festoons of the same between each pillar and underneath the chancel arch—the arches of the doors and east window were just traced with ivy—and myrtles and orange-trees were placed in niches in the chancel. At 3 o’c. we went to hear toasts proposed in the old Hall where the tenants had dined—one of the children heard there was to be ‘*punch*’ in the Hall, and was so disappointed to find ‘*point de Polichinelle*.’¹

“Sir Fowell in returning thanks for himself said he expected nothing better than to be thrown out of the window as soon as he appeared. Roden returned thanks for Victoria and Henry for the ‘Noel family, root and branch,’ in a short and very amusing speech. Tom quite appreciated the punch, and Miss Muffet said, ‘*I like hurrahs,*’ which was more than others did. It was raining fast when we left the Hall, and the poor women, with umbrellas and clogs and dresses well kilted up, were hurrying to the tent, which was very prettily dressed with flags and pink calico; tea was laid out on six or seven tables, vases of flowers in front of each tray. By the evening we picked our way across the garden in cloaks and goloshes. Uncle Gainsborough took me up to see Victoria’s presents, which were arranged in the boudoir—some splendid diamonds, necklaces, locket and brooch which she wore the next day, plate and china, ornaments for the table, looking glasses in beautiful frames, clocks, jewel and writing cases, chess-men, a microscope (one of Lady Buxton’s presents), etc. etc. Prayers at 10.30, Victoria played the organ and a very nice hymn was sung. Uncle Baptist said a few words upon some verses in John xiv. and prayed.

“Next day our hearts sank when we saw the pitiless rain. . . . The bridesmaids were not all dressed alike, only

¹ It was punch the drink; not Punch the entertainment.

conforming as to colour. Some had white skirts and blue silk bodices, some had their scarfs trimmed with blue ruchings, some had bouquets, some only pocket-handkerchiefs—for which, by the by, there was not much occasion. During the service everyone kept up pretty well, poor Victoria was a little overcome at one time, but soon recovered herself, and as she passed down the aisle she left Sir Fowell for a moment to shake hands with an old man who was watching her and seemed so pleased by the kind recognition. Soon after 11, Amy and I made our way to the church with one of Sir Fowell's brothers. The rain came down heavily, but the church was crowded and it was difficult to make one's way through the dripping umbrellas and wet dresses to the vestry—where we took off cloaks and clogs and shook out crinolines.

“Presently a man made his way up the aisle with a Turkey carpet on his back, which he threw down in the chancel, making no little dust. The bridesmaids arrived in twos and threes—then Sir Fowell and his best man, and the vestry and Uncle Gainsborough's pew were soon quite full, the little Agnews and Tom and Evelyn were in the pulpit—little Alma Agnew was put snugly into the sedilia, but *un grand monsieur* just in front of her, rather spoilt her view, and when it was all over she asked, ‘*Mais quand est-ce qu'on va commencer ?*’ Victoria and Uncle Gainsborough, Aunt Fanny and Lord Campden, Lady Londonderry, Lord Powerscourt, Lady Buxton, Uncle Baptist, and the many other guests arrived in the chancel before Uncle Leland had left the vestry. He was summoned and found it difficult to make his way through the crinolines—there was a great murmuring of voices in the church which Horace tried in vain to silence at first, but afterwards they were pretty quiet. The signing took a long time. Aunt Fanny between her nervousness and having ‘Catherine Buxton’ as a copy, signed herself ‘F. Gatherin.’¹ Horace suggested ‘wool-gathering’ instead. A carpet had been spread from the

¹ Instead of “F. Gainsborough.”

door to the Churchyard gate, and a wooden canopy was carried backwards and forwards by four men and was a great comfort. Some very pretty verses of Roden's were sung as Victoria left the church—but the children, in spite of the cold water thrown upon them, so enjoyed the singing that every fresh departure was hailed with 'Take her, Bridegroom, shield her well.' Mr. Straton appeared with Miss Charnier, and as they got into the carriage the chorus burst out with fresh vigour to Edy's intense amusement. No serious injury was done to dresses and bonnets though the rain never ceased. Before the solemn entry was made into the dining-room people did their best to talk and amuse themselves—the presents were a great resource.

"After breakfast Lord Campden proposed the bride and bridegroom in a speech full of the praises of the illustrious bride and the noble host! Sir Fowell's speech in return was full of feeling—he made a beautiful allusion to his father's death, and speaking of his very happy home said he believed it could not be surpassed except by the one which was now preparing for him. Victoria looked so pretty—the wreath of orange-blossom and myrtle stood rather high on her forehead, and her rich silk was covered with exquisite Brussels lace, a diamond necklace and ornaments and a beautiful bouquet that Sir Fowell had sent expressly to London for. Uncle Gainsborough sat next to her, and I never saw him look so bright and well as he did the whole day, he talked to me a little afterwards, and though he seemed to feel that Victoria would be parted from him, yet he seemed so thoroughly happy and grateful to think of her real happiness. She disappeared after this one toast and the rest of the party were dispersed in the drawing-rooms and hall. . . .

"It was now about 4 o'clock and Victoria had to go through the last trying farewells. The servants were assembled in the outer hall and she wished them all good-bye. The old shoe was thrown and vigorously

thrown back by Sir Fowell. The four horses went cantering off and some of the men followed close to the carriage cheering and waving their hats, and soon it was out of sight and the excitement of the day over and gone. Mr. Straton's rectory near Leicester was to be their first stage—they posted all the way. To-day to Gloucester, then to Teignmouth—soon they will return here for a week before going to Switzerland for three months. . . .

"Lots were drawn for Victoria's wreath, the fortunate drawer being sure to be the first to be married. Madeline Agnew was the one to whom it fell."

Lady Victoria Buxton to Lady Gainsborough

"AYLESTONE RECTORY,

"June 12, 1862.

"MY PRECIOUS MOTHER,

"We did not arrive here till nearly 8 o'clock, the roads being heavy. So I was not able to write to you, and this will not go till 6 to-morrow. I am so grieved you will not hear of me till Saturday.

"The tenants met us near Langham, and rode with the carriage some way, and in front of the School they presented a very nice, kind address, which I long to show you when we come back. Fowell thanked them very much, and we talked to them from the carriage window. At Melton we got out and walked a little, while they were changing horses.

"This house is most comfortable, and we found tea waiting when we arrived. To-morrow morning D.V. we go to Gloucester; leave Leicester at 9.30, and get there at 4; and as there is a bad inn there we hope to go on to Ross on the Wye. I hope we shall find letters at Post Office, Teignmouth, Devon, on Saturday. How I have thought of you, my Angel Mother, all this afternoon! I do trust you were not over-tired. It is such a comfort that Aunt Bessy is with you till Monday, and dearest

Roden. I will write to him to-morrow or Saturday, if I can.

"I hope darling Papa did not get any cold.¹ Best love to him and to Roden and Aunt Bess,—and all. The weather seems clearing, and I hope it may be fine. I cannot write more, except that I am VERY happy WITH HIM.

"How unworthy I am of this crowning mercy of my life!

"*Do tell me* how your head is, precious Mother. I shall think of you constantly, and hope I may be able to write to-morrow. I am very glad that Lady Buxton is at Exton. Will you give her my very best love, also?

"Ever your most loving and dutiful child,

"VICTORIA."

The same to the same

"WINCHESTER,

"Thursday, July 3.

"MY PRECIOUS MOTHER,

"We arrived here this evening, having slept yesterday at Wells. We left Exeter in the morning and stopped at Glastonbury to see the ruins of the beautiful Abbey. . . . We went to service at Wells Cathedral this morning, and then came on to Salisbury, where we had time to see the Cathedral. In the afternoon we stopped at Romsey to see the Church . . . and then came on here. To-morrow, about 5, we shall be at Nutfield, and there, darling Mother, you will be able to imagine us. We hope to be with you about this day fortnight. . . .

"Ever your most loving child,

"VICTORIA.

"Love to papa.

"Three weeks to-day since our marriage! and this is the last day of our happy journey. We ought indeed to be most grateful to God for the *great* happiness we have had in it."

¹ "Lord Gainsborough had not been out on a rainy day for the last two years."—Mrs. Charles Buxton.

On the 19th of July the bride and bridegroom returned on a visit to Exton. Lady Gainsborough wrote in her diary :—

“ My precious child returned and dear Fowell. All so kind about her, the people decorating the village and drawing the carriage in, to the House from the Stamford end.

“ July 21. Tea to 400 children. Went off well.

“ August 7. Dinner to tenants.”

Lady Gainsborough to Lady Buxton

August 8, 1862.

“ I must write you a line to-day to tell you how warmly your dear son was received by our tenants yesterday at a dinner Lord Gainsborough gave them for the purpose of calling them together and presenting him to them—and he made them such a beautiful speech ; everyone was delighted with him, and his *very nice* and sensible speech—it was so exactly the thing he ought to say and so well suited to the occasion. I assure you I felt quite proud of my new son. I feel that the more we know him, the more we love him, and am thankful that our darling’s happiness is committed to his keeping. I feel that the Lord has indeed graciously answered the prayers of many years.

“ I also feel that he is increasingly desirous of being on the Lord’s side.

“ I write in much haste so excuse my saying more.

“ My dear husband spoke so nicely, as Fowell will I am sure tell you of him—it was altogether a very happy hour for me and all of us.”

From Exton Fowell Buxton and his wife went to stay with her cousin, Lord Powerscourt, at Powerscourt, and her grandfather, Lord Roden, at Tollymore. Thence they went to Scotland, and from Balloch Buxton wrote as follows to Lady Gainsborough :—

" MY DEAR MOTHER,

" Victoria has just reminded me that I have never performed an intention that I have almost constantly had in my mind, to write to you to say how very much I enjoyed our visit to Exton.

" I must indeed thank you for all your kindness, and can assure you how truly I appreciate the real relationship that I feel will only continue to increase between us.

" We much enjoyed our few days at Tollymore, which far surpassed my utmost expectations.

" I hope you will think Victoria pretty well. . . . I must confess I rather grudge her to you next week, but am glad for her that the opportunity arises of going again to Exton.

" Yours most lovingly,

" T. FOWELL BUXTON."

CHAPTER V

THE NEW HOME

"Happy marriages, it may be thankfully acknowledged, are rather the rule among us than the exception; but even among happy marriages this marriage was exceptional, so nearly did the union of thought, heart, and action both fulfil the ideal and bring duality near to the borders of identity."—W. E. GLADSTONE.

FOWELL BUXTON had two homes—Warlies, near Waltham Abbey, and Colne House, Cromer; and he possessed considerable estates in both districts.¹ As soon as he had chosen his partner for life, his first care was to make her new abodes exactly what he thought she would like. "I have been to Warlies," he writes, "with an architect, to see about the site for the new stables, which I intend to build as soon as possible after Victoria has approved my plans. Mr. Tollemache² has recommended a cook, an architect, and a gardener."

A full account of the alterations effected at Warlies will be found at the end of this chapter.

Fowell and his bride spent the autumn of 1862 at Cromer, whence Lady Victoria wrote as follows to her mother :—

"I enclose you a bit out of the Norfolk paper including the account of a rifle-shooting, to show you how Cromer is composed of Buxtons and Hoares.

"The Barclays and Richard Hoares dined here last

¹ These estates had been purchased mainly by his grandfather, the first Sir Fowell. Lady Buxton lived at Colne House during her widowhood.

² William Augustus Tollemache (1817-1911).

night, and Mr. Joseph Hoare, of City Missionary celebrity. To-night we dine with the Gurney Hoares, to meet the Bishop, I believe. Fowell and I walked to Cromer Hall yesterday morning ; the woods are so pretty, and there is a lovely view of the town and church and sea beyond. The house is very fine, sort of Elizabethan. It belonged you know to the Barings, and now an old man has it who never lives there. I hope it may be ours some day.

"In the afternoon I drove with Lady Buxton to Northrepps, where we saw 'the grandmother' as Hannah Lady Buxton is called. (Lady Buxton being 'the mother'.)

"I do wish very much that you and papa knew her. Imagine an old lady, rather bent, dressed *VERY* neatly in a thick black silk gown, black mittens, and a white *sort* of widow's cap ; with such a kind voice and manner, so gentle, and so sensible and interested about everything. We showed her the plans of our alterations, and she is so clever in imagining plans, etc.

"We afterwards drove to the top of the Lighthouse hills, where they were all rifle-shooting ; Gurney got the prize. It was bitterly cold up there, and Fowell left his shooting and walked with us to Overstrand Church, where we saw his grandfather's and his father's grave, and many of the family. They are just plain stone slabs with the name. The ruins, covered with ivy, look so pretty.

"Then we walked to see 'the Cottage,' near Northrepps where two old ladies, Miss Buxton and Miss Gurney, used to live together—very clever old ladies, who helped Sir Fowell very much in all his work. You often read of them in the Life.

"Fowell is busy with his agent this morning, and is going to ride with me on the sands, if it is fine. The others are all out shooting, and he will join them at luncheon-time."

On the 1st of January, 1863, Lady Victoria Buxton wrote thus to a friend :—

“I think the beginning of this year should be a very serious time for me—the first begun with him whom God in His great mercy and kindness gave me as the *crowning blessing of my life*. So many new duties too, new responsibilities, and new mercies, calling for returns of greater love and praise.”

These words, so aptly chosen, may serve as a motto for the happy half-century which followed.

While Warlies was in the hands of architects and builders, Fowell and his wife lived for a while at Nutfield, Surrey. Their first house in London was No. 44 Prince's Gate, from which they moved to 23, Upper Brook Street. On the 8th of February, 1863, Lady Gainsborough wrote in her diary : “Went to the Drawing-room with darling Victoria, to present her on her marriage. The Princess Royal in the Queen's place—so sad not to see H.M. there.” On the 2nd of July : “We drove from London to Warlies . . . so delightful to be with my darling.” This was the only time that Lord Gainsborough, a confirmed invalid, ever saw his daughter in her new home. Lady Gainsborough wrote ; “That visit to you at Warlies is a sweet thing to remember. Dear Papa talks a great deal about you, and the stairs and the drawing-room and the hedges in the grounds, and is so interested about it all.”

We turn now to Lady Victoria's journal for some jottings which illustrate her daily life.

“1864. Jan. 1. Fowell went to Norfolk. Distributed tea and sugar at the Workhouse.

“Jan. 3. Mr. Reeve twice.¹

‘Jan. 4. Shopping, etc., with my Mother. Read

¹ The Rev. J. W. Reeve, Minister of Portman Chapel.

Times articles on the Emperor, Schleswig-Holstein, and Kossuth's Revolutionary Proclamation—to my father.

"Jan. 5. Saw Woolner's studio with Roden and Alice.¹ He has a fine bust of Mr. Gladstone, and has just finished modelling statues of Lord Macaulay and Mr. Godley,² the founder of a New Zealand Colony.

"Jan. 8. Cripples' Nursing Committee.

"Jan. 12. Called on Aunt Bessy,³ and left at 3.20. Dover.

"Jan. 13. Francis⁴ joined us from London. Left Dover at 9.30. Very smooth passage. Paris at 6. Hôtel Meurice. Fine clear day. A great deal of ice and snow about."

This journey conducted Lady Victoria, her husband, and his young brother, through France and Italy, to Rome, whence they returned in the summer by way of Switzerland. At every stage her journal displays the same keen interest in art, nature, and archæology which had marked her earlier travels; and an interest even keener in religion.⁵

"They say there is much going on in the way of Evangelization, especially at Milan, where there are now 400 communicants, whereas 4 years ago there were not 10. . . . The 'Italian Church' are *not* Plymouth Brethren, but quite hope to have an organized church some day, and work harmoniously with the Vaudois."

"Mr. Mazzansella told me a great secret—that there is a Bible Reading in Rome, but he did not dare mention the name of the man in whose house it is held."

"Dr. Stewart breakfasted with us. He spoke very highly of Ricasoli and his favouring the Protestants, and says he knows on good authority that he reads the Bible every day."

¹ Alice de Brœe, wife of Roden Noel.

² John Robert Godley (1814–1861).

³ Lady Londonderry.

⁴ Francis William Buxton (1847–1911), Sir Fowell's youngest brother.

⁵ The same remark applies to all her subsequent journeys.

“ The Wesleyans are working in the North of Italy successfully. Near Chiavari there is a clan of Evangelicals, five or six families.”

The blessings of “ the man that hath his quiver full of them ” were bestowed on Fowell Buxton in rich abundance. His first child was born on the 8th of April, 1865, at 44 Prince’s Gate, and on the 8th of May was baptized by the names of Thomas Fowell Victor.¹

The birth of his son was not the only event which signalized the year 1865 for Fowell Buxton. That year saw his first entrance into active politics. The Borough of King’s Lynn, numbering some eight hundred electors, returned two Members to Parliament. At the General Election of 1857 it returned a Conservative and a Liberal without a contest, and it did the same in 1859. The Conservative Member was Lord Stanley (afterwards 15th Earl of Derby), and the Liberal, Mr. John Henry Gurney, uncle of Fowell Buxton. When the Parliament of 1859 had run its course, Mr. Gurney retired, and his nephew, Fowell Buxton, came forward in his place. Parliament was dissolved in July, 1865, and there was a contest for Lynn, Lord Stanley and Frederick Walpole standing as Conservatives, and Fowell Buxton as a Liberal. The nomination was on the 12th of July, and the polling on the 13th. Stanley polled 445 votes, Buxton 401, and Walpole 339. So Buxton was returned.

The General Election of 1865 was the last which was dominated by the remarkable personality of Lord Palmerston. For six years he had held unquestioned power, and the methods by which he retained it were severely but not untruly described by Bishop Samuel Wilberforce. “ He manages the House of Commons by

¹ The rest of the children were born in the following order : Edith Frances ; Noel Edward ; Mary Catherine ; Constance Victoria ; Victoria Alexandrina ; Charles Roden ; Mabel Frances Evelyn ; Harold Jocelyn ; Leland William Wilberforce.

debauching it, making all parties laugh at one another—the Tories at the Liberals by his defeating all Liberal measures; the Liberals at the Tories by their consciousness of getting everything that is to be got in Church and State, and all at one another by substituting low ribaldry for argument, bad jokes for principle, and an openly avowed, vainglorious, imbecile vanity as a panoply to guard himself from the attacks of all thoughtful men.” And now this domination was nearing its close. Palmerston was eighty years old. The General Election gave him a majority, thus continuing the administration which had been formed in 1859; but he had fought and won his last battle, and on the 18th of October he died. Lord Russell became Prime Minister, with Mr. Gladstone as Leader of the House of Commons, and it soon became known that the first business of the new Parliament would be to deal with the question of electoral reform. In February, 1866, Fowell Buxton took his seat in the House of Commons.

In the Speech from the Throne it was announced that the attention of Parliament would be directed to “such improvements in the laws which regulate the right of voting in the Election of Members of the House of Commons as may tend to strengthen our free institutions.” The Bill, slightly extending the franchise, was duly introduced, but was not well received. The Conservative Party was united and eager against it; the Liberals were divided. They had not been elected to support a Reform Bill, and some were angry at a proposal which, apart from its intrinsic purpose, would, if carried, involve another General Election at an early date. Those who supported the Bill thought it too mild, and were not more than lukewarm; while a compact and powerful section of Liberals organized themselves against it. The Second Reading was carried, but only by a majority of five. In Committee the Government was beaten on an amendment which would have substituted rating for rental as the basis of the franchise in Boroughs. After some delibera-

tion, Lord Russell resigned, and was succeeded by Lord Derby at the head of a Conservative administration. Buxton had loyally supported the Liberal Government in all the critical divisions on the Bill; and when, in 1867, Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli brought in a really democratic Reform Bill, he voted steadily in its favour, while exercising his own judgment on points of detail.

Early in the Session of 1868, Gladstone began his memorable attack on the Irish Church, moving a series of resolutions in favour of immediate Disestablishment, and carrying them triumphantly through the House of Commons. Buxton voted with him. Parliament was dissolved in November, 1868, and the one question submitted to the constituencies was whether the Irish Church should or should not be disestablished.

Buxton offered himself again for Lynn, where the Reform Act of the previous year had increased the Electorate to 2,444. His opponents were Lord Stanley and Robert Bourke, afterwards Lord Connemara. The following letters pertain to this contest :—

F. W. Buxton to Lady Victoria Buxton

“ I did not write yesterday as things were still *in statu quo*, but I must now give you a short account of the Nomination which came off this morning.¹ It was at 10.30, and after escorting the mother and sisters to the back of the Town Hall, I joined Fowell and his Committee in the Hall. He was very well received, though, being early, the Hall was not full. All the candidates spoke well, but most people agreed that Fowell’s was the best. He was heard *very well* indeed, while Bourke had to confine himself to reading his speech to the reporters. The people were extremely noisy with him. Fowell was proposed by F. Cresswell. On show of hands Lord Stanley got few, and I think Bourke and Fowell *both* beat him, but Fowell had an *overwhelming* majority. The whole meeting was immensely favourable to Fowell, but of

¹ Nov. 17, 1868.

course that is not everything, though I think it tells a good deal with the popular mind.

"We have been doing a little canvassing to-day for Fowell, and everything looks well, but as the time approaches, of course one feels touchy. I shall telegraph at 12, and at the close of the poll."

The nomination was on the 17th of November, and the polling on the 19th.

Sir Fowell Buxton to Lady Victoria Buxton

"We have just had a capital nomination, and now the show of hands. The Mayor gave it for Stanley and me. In fact, it was for me and Bourke. I have been very tired but managed to get through well, and they say made a good speech.

"We had a grand meeting last night. Edward made a capital speech and buttered me up a good deal. We begin polling at 8."

*The same to the same. Nov. 19, 11 a.m.*¹

"Just now we are badly behind, and our hope lies in the teetotallers voting *en masse*—150—and the dinner hour, when the workmen of hostile employers will get away and pull us up a bit.

"At the same time, our prospects are cloudy."

Alas! the clouds grew darker as the day proceeded, and when the poll closed the numbers stood thus:

Stanley, 1265.

Bourke, 1125.

Buxton, 1012.

Buxton bore his defeat with his habitual composure, and at once returned to the zealous discharge of all those domestic, social, and public duties to which from the beginning to the end of his long life he so conscientiously devoted himself.

¹ The ballot was not yet introduced, and voting was open.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF WARLIES

By Lady Victoria Buxton

“ It was a lovely day in May, 1862, when I first saw Warlies, soon after my engagement. My Mother and I, and Father, came down from London to see it, and we took a fly at Waltham. Lady Buxton and her five little girls met us at Warlies. They had driven over from Ham House, and had brought luncheon with them, which we ate in the drawing-room, the south windows of which were blocked up (to avoid the window-tax), as were some of the south windows of the sitting-room and schoolroom.

“ I will now describe how the *outside* of the house differed from what it is now. The road to the front door from the lodge followed much the course of the path by the large slate seat, and led up to the *portico* which was the entrance ; then swept round the house to the back of the garden, where were the stables on the site of the present laundry (the new stables were building in 1862. The lodge was built).

“ The staircase window was round at the top, and had rather small panes of glass. It exactly resembled many dissenting chapel windows. At the north side were 2 small low blocks of whitewashed building, containing each two rooms (on one side the gunroom with Connie's room over it, on the other side the study with Noel's). These were the only servants' apartments. There was a small orchard at the north side of the house, the sole remnant of which is now in the kitchen yard. There was not a flower about the place, but I well remember the periwinkles under the trees of the Lime Walk, then called 'Miss Banbury's Walk.' (Sir Edward North Buxton bought the place from the Banburys in 1852.)

“ Now for the *inside* of the house. The hall had a low whitewashed arch over the gallery, the rails of which were painted bright blue and gold, and there were a few plaster medallions on the walls downstairs (of classical

subjects). The staircase walls were very coarsely painted with dark coloured frescoes of the 'Rape of the Sabines,' which made the place very dark, I remember. There were also some arms (I think) painted over the staircase window, which unfortunately indeed were painted over at the same time as the others. The library was the drawing-room, and the present dining-room the library. The drawing-room was the dining-room and the meals were carried across the Hall. The gunroom was the house-keeper's room, the butler's room the kitchen, and the entrance hall the scullery. Our bedroom was bedroom *and* dressing-room, and we afterwards removed the partition between the two and made the two into one room. Both this dressing-room and the blue dressing-room were *inside the bedrooms*, and there was no separate exit out of them. The Nursery was spoilt afterwards by our having to take a passage out of it, when we altered the Entrance and built the first part of the wing at the back of the House. This was in 1863 and 1864.

"Mr. Senlon was our architect, and I remember his drawing our attention to the stone carving over the Portico door as being the only *good* piece of work about the outside of the House except the Pillars (both being of stone). He much wanted us to put an open stone parapet round the House, like the one over the Portico—the present one being so remarkably ugly.

"The drawing-room chimney-piece we had brought from Carrara, I think, through old Mr. William Chapman whom I had known in Italy. The Dining-Room chimney-piece we ordered at Penzance when we were on our wedding tour and had just visited the Lizard. Soon afterwards too we ordered the water-colour picture of Kynance in the dining-room.

"The dining-room ceiling we had put up when we first added to the house, and I took the idea from the Exton drawing-room.

"V.B.

"Sept., 1894."

CHAPTER VI

THE DAILY LIFE

“May He ‘in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life, whose service is perfect freedom’—‘*quem nosse vivere, cui servire regnare est*’—teach us the rules and laws of that eternal service, which is now beginning on the scene of time.”—R. W. CHURCH.

THE year 1869 was a landmark in the life of Lady Victoria Buxton, for it saw the beginning of those physical infirmities which crippled the long remainder of her days on earth, though they never daunted her spirit or soured her temper.

Her third child¹ was born on the 9th of January. One of her daughters writes :—

“About three weeks after her confinement she walked to Overstrand and back to Cromer. After this, she was never able to stand or walk for long, and had constantly to be lying down. It was a terrible trial never to be able to carry her babies about or lift them, or to walk with her husband and children. As a child, I always remember her, bright and smiling on the sofa, beautifully dressed, with a neat little old lace cap ; full of animation and interest in everything going on, religious, political, literary, or social.”

The spinal trouble was aggravated, as years went on, by “osteo-arthritis” ; and, towards the end of her life, her eyesight nearly, though never completely, failed. Some notion of the physical difficulties under which her life was lived may be gathered from the following account written by one of her daughters :—

“My mother’s normal position for the day was lying

¹ Noel Edward Buxton, M.P.

on a 'prone couch,' for writing, interviewing, and being read to. She got on to the sofa (always on a water-mattress) for an hour or so in the afternoon, when she expected visitors. For many years it was very painful to her to lie on her back at all. At night, she started on the water-bed. If she woke in much pain, she changed on to the 'prone couch,' always with my Father's help. For forty years her back was extraordinarily tender, and she had an air-bed long before the 'prone couch' and water-bed began."

But the life, thus physically restricted, was active and diffusive in a high degree. The best way of arriving at a view of it is to compare, even at the risk of overlapping, the accounts supplied by various members of the family.

"She had a happy life, surrounded by the 10 children. We led the old-fashioned life in nursery and school-room, going to see our mother at stated times and referring to her in everything important. As children, she saw us regularly at 8 a.m. for Prayer, at 1 for Bible-reading, and again after tea. After morning lessons and walk, the time in Mother's sitting-room was greatly enjoyed. Everything was made great fun of, and we laughed uproariously. She on the sofa would bring us to order and say: 'Now it's five minutes to luncheon-time—will you find the place?' and a short reading would follow, when we each chose a verse."

"When I left home to be married, the ages of those at home ranged from 19 to 5; so her hands were still full, and one knows by experience what it must have meant, with letters to the schoolboys, arrangements for the girls, governesses for the younger ones—not to speak of visitors, large household, and the interests of the neighbourhood, social and religious. She always saw the gardener, and planned much of the bedding-out herself. As my father was not much interested in such things, she furnished

and decorated the whole of Warlies, Grosvenor Crescent,¹ and Colne Cottage."

An essential part of this domestic picture is the part played by Sir Fowell in the daily life of his home.

"He was so utterly without fear himself that he had no understanding whatever of our nervousness. Out hunting, one had an alarming vision of his black coat-tails disappearing over a huge fence, and the certainty that he would never look round to see how we were going to get our ponies over it. He was a born leader, and he led his children *en masse*, rather than understood them individually. He used to complain on a walk that we would loiter behind him instead of walking in front, and he would call us as if we were young horses, 'Cop-cop-cop,' but it always seemed natural to follow him. We used to ride with him every morning in Rotten Row, he often with two leading-reins in his hands, and a pony on each side. While deep in conversation with his friends, he often seemed unaware of our existence. Then suddenly, with a touch to his horse, he was off at full gallop, pulling us breathless behind."

"We always rode with Father, and he was never the least disconcerted or nervous about us, if we fell off or got drenched. He was always kind and sympathetic, but never fussy. It was just what might happen, and must be taken philosophically. Fear and nervousness, even for others, never seemed to exist for him. He taught us to skate and to swim. We rode in all weathers on the most tiring and pulling of horses, and he never thought of waiting much after a meal—digestions or feelings were not to be thought of or mentioned.

"I never saw a tear in his eyes, and I think he would

¹ In 1873 Sir Fowell and Lady Victoria quitted 23 Upper Brook Street and established themselves at 14 Grosvenor Crescent. "Remember," wrote Lady Gainsborough to her daughter, "Remember, the new house is to be specially dedicated to the Lord."

have died rather than show any emotion ; but he was very affectionate, and the way he said ' Darling ' meant so much."

" No account of Father is complete without mention of his continuous and lifelong devotion to ministering to Mother's needs. It was so *himself*—such second nature to him—that no sketch can give even the most superficial account of his character and personality, without recalling it. Through life it was the call to which all others were made to subserve, the pivot on which all plans and activities turned. For many years he could only with difficulty be persuaded to leave her for a night, knowing that she would miss his helping her to move, and reading aloud her letters and the Lessons before morning prayers. However busy his morning, he came up always two or three times to her sitting-room to see how she was getting on. He always shared her reader before dinner, and, when she was carried up at night, he always ran up in front, to have her walking-sticks ready for her at her bedroom door. When he was out calling on friends, his chief conversation was of her, and his usual plea to be excused was, ' Victoria may be needing me.' When dinner-parties were given in London, his one thought was to please her by taking the right people to her sitting-room, never to let them stay long enough to tire her, and to give her constant variety. He never met an old friend, or a new and interesting one in society, without asking them to come and see her—so great was his desire to share every interest and pleasure with her."

The Buxtons' year was divided into four periods—from November to February, they lived at Warlies ; from February to May in London ; from May to September at Warlies ; and from September to November at Cromer. While they were in London they entertained constantly, having large dinner-parties, or dining out under special difficulties due to Lady Victoria's state, which compelled her to kneel or lie down in the carriage. In

later years she ceased to appear at her own dinner-parties ; and used to receive her friends in her sitting-room. When she presented her daughters at Court, it was with the utmost difficulty that she got to the Palace, but, when once there, she did her homage with conspicuous grace and dignity.¹

But, after all, social and even domestic interests played a smaller part in her life than was played by her religious activities, which began when she was a young girl and continued to the end. In the earlier parts of this narrative we have seen that she took Bible-classes for girls both at Exton and in Edinburgh (where she spent two winters). Before she married, she helped in starting the "Cripples' Nursery" in York Place. She used to visit the "Cripples' Home," and had felt the need of some such provision for crippled children. After she married, she read the Bible once a week with her maids, and, during the 'seventies and 'eighties, conducted a Mothers' Meeting at Warlies. "About the year 1880 she felt the need of more Evangelistic work at Warlies ; and she obtained permission from the Vicar to get four special preachers in Advent on week-nights in the school. These services were addressed by various clergymen she knew—Horace Noel, Edward Moore, Marcus Rainsford—and, later, by a devout layman, Edward Clifford. One winter she started a Missionary Working-party ; and she was instrumental in bringing about a 'Church Mission' that winter (1887-8) in the school. Later came her great interest in the 'Mothers' Union,' of which she was for a time 'Diocesan President' for London.²

"The Y.W.C.A. work in Waltham Abbey was started by her ; she kept it up under great difficulties, and took endless trouble in choosing the superintendents. Rescue-work she knew nothing of until 1889, when a lady who worked in the cause enlisted her sympathy. Till then she had known nothing of the dangers of the

¹ She was aided by the privilege of the *Entree*.

² For her work in Australia, see p. 170.

streets, etc., but of late years she took a keen interest in preventive work. She had always been zealous in the cause of Foreign Missions. She found great enjoyment in holding Missionary 'Salons' at Prince's Gate, and in the weekly 'Mission-Study Circles.' She had the book appointed for study read to her, and her family used to 'gasp' at her knowledge of Indian reformers and 'Mass Movements.' She had a special interest in the Melanesian Mission, and in the work at Rangoon, Carpentaria, and Uganda. Herself schooled by suffering, she had a keen sympathy with the aims of the 'Watchers and Workers,' a society for invalids. She read its magazine, and had invalids of her own to whom she wrote and sent flowers. She loved the Church Army, to which she was introduced by Edward Clifford; and she was President of the 'Time and Talents' Association for young ladies, which works among the factory-girls of Bermondsey."

Enough perhaps has now been said to show the scope and variety of the religious work which Lady Victoria was able to accomplish in spite of bodily suffering and increasing limitations. In attempting to estimate her influence over her family I rely in great part on the testimony of others, who had longer opportunities of observing it than mine. The attitude of her children towards her was the attitude of "unbounded admiration and love, combined with the reverence which one feels for a saint." And yet the reverence implied nothing of stiffness or restraint. When her sons and daughters were with her, they always felt that they could "let themselves go." The family, as they grew up, came to differ pretty widely in opinion, but they all alike felt her constraining influence. "It was just a perpetual call to seriousness—to a sense of personal responsibility; taking the form of an appeal to be like Christ, to trust Christ, to be near Christ." She cared only tepidly for some of the forms of

Social Service with which the name of Buxton is so closely associated. The "cause" for which she cared most was, as we have seen, the cause of Christian Missions, and this was an intimate part of her religious life. Religion was indeed her main concern, and she had the unusual gift of being able to hold her own convictions strongly, and at the same time to enter into the thoughts of those with whom she conversed. "To me," says one of her sons, "whom she regarded as being 'very Broad,' she was always 'Broad'—e.g. saying the Evangelical doctrine was 'essentially' true, with much emphasis on the 'essentially'; but that there was deep truth in all schools of Christian thought; while at the same time she was anxious for me not to be too 'Broad,' and therefore constantly repeated, half humorously, that I mustn't forget that *'she was an Evangelical'*, and always should be." At the same time, she learned, as life advanced, a higher conception of the Catholic Church, as the Divine Society, than that in which she had been reared; and she found her devotional instincts best satisfied by the quiet and orderly services of the Church of England. 'Christian Science,' as it is called, at one time made some appeal to her, on the ground that 'many of the things which we call evil are only so because we misapprehend the goodness and power of God'; and she had a good deal of sympathy with the Quakers' idea that silence is a condition—though she would not say the best condition—of worship. She would often say that no sermon was satisfactory which 'had not got [Christ in it,' however true it might be on other sides or aspects of faith."

Some words addressed to one of her daughters may aptly close this estimate of her religious belief. She had been speaking of a "type of piety," which she and her correspondent disliked; but she ended thus: "And after all, how little it matters! 'Grace be with *all* them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity,' St. Paul says. Glib and narrow talk is *the* objectionable thing, I think."

At this point I must turn from the religious to the secular aspect of the home, and here the Mother's influence was not less potent. Her family was numerous and widely scattered, and she was eagerly anxious to know what each member of it was doing, though she never fussed or worried or fretted. She entered fully into all their various, and even conflicting, interests, and was never the least prejudiced or hide-bound in her attitude towards them. "To me," says one of her sons, "the most unique thing about her was freedom from conventionality. Her upbringing had been, I suppose, about as discouraging to independent thought as it could well be, particularly on questions of religion and questions of social behaviour. Yet she moved with the times, and altered her opinion when over 50, on quite a number of questions which to her were important—some of them exceptionally so, because they were points on which her Mother had felt very strongly, and inculcated strict ideas. Her understanding of new conceptions in religion has been already noted. Then there was Theatre-going. Though she still thought there were many evils connected with the Theatre, there came a time when she began to countenance her children going to the play, and on a few occasions even went herself, though she limited herself, I think, to Shakespeare and Tennyson's 'Becket.' Then it was for her a distinct novelty when she accepted the idea of her daughters going about London by themselves, and of their taking to bicycling. Again, the journey to Australia, and the vigorous devotion of herself to the multifarious duties and responsibilities of a Governor's wife in a colony, also involved adopting a wholly new outlook, as well as a very extraordinary physical effort. Small things are as significant as great, and so I will record how she never raised any objection to smoking, and once said to me quite spontaneously, 'You know I should have no objection to you smoking in my bedroom!'

"Her freedom from conventionality contributed enormously, of course, to the united and happy family-life

that we led. We might very easily have drifted away from her ideas, and she from ours, but we never did."

One word should be said about her literary tastes. A son writes :—

"She greatly liked Wordsworth's meditative poems when I recited them, and Matthew Arnold's too—above all, 'Rugby Chapel,' which she was never tired of hearing. She was very fond of Whittier. Perhaps some of the old English hymns were what really appealed to her most strongly in the way of poetry—apart from Roden Noel's. With these exceptions, one cannot say that she cared very intensely for any poetry other than his."

Another son says :—

"She was an extremely good reader, and used to read aloud a great deal even in Adelaide,¹ where she must have been very busy. Her reading of Dickens was wonderful, and she had a very keen appreciation of the Dickens type of humour. She was also an excellent mimic of the voices of odd people who amused her."

¹ See p. 136.

CHAPTER VII

“ UN APOSTOLAT ÉPISTOLAIRE ”

“ Biographers varnish, they assign motives, they conjecture feelings, they interpret Lord Burleigh’s nods ; but contemporary letters are facts.”

J. H. NEWMAN.

DEBARRED from the physical activities of life, Lady Victoria Buxton exercised what has been called “ *un apostolat épistolaire* ” of far-reaching effect ; and this may best be illustrated by a selection of letters, written at widely different periods, to various members of her large and scattered family.

To her eldest son and daughter

“ MY DARLING CHILDREN,

“ You cannot think how happy it makes me to receive your beautiful presents and dear little letters, and to know how much you love me. Thank you, my darling Victor and my sweet Edith. I do look forward to seeing you on Wednesday. . . . Victor and Noel are going to sleep together in the great bed in the room next door. Will not that be amusing ? You can have some romping together in the morning !

“ Your loving MOTHER.”

“ Do you know how old I am ? 33 years old ! ”

To a Son at Harrow

“ We were shocked and grieved to hear of H. MacInnes’s sudden death in the *Times* yesterday. And so poor Renny, I hear, has left Harrow and gone to the funeral ! I wonder if you saw him after he heard of his brother’s

death. Father had a letter from Cousin Andrew this morning saying that Neil was with Harry. H. fell down a precipice and died *instantly*.

"Well, he was one who was *quite ready* for the sudden call, but we ought to pray for his poor father and mother and for all who loved him, for it must be hard indeed to lose a loved one in such a terrible and sudden way.

"It is indeed a solemn warning to us all, and especially to you and the girls who saw him so lately, to be always ready and watching.

"Do learn Luke xii. 35-40 for me, will you, darling? (when you can, I mean). I should so like to *know that we are all ready, every one of us*, if Jesus should call us, if the words were spoken, as they were to Mary, 'The Master is come, and calleth for thee.' And that we could all answer joyfully 'Come, Lord Jesus' (Rev. xxii. 20), knowing that our sins were forgiven and our hearts purified, and that we could say 'He hath made me meet to be partaker of the inheritance of the Saints in light.'

"Do not rest, dearest boy, till you can say this."

To a Son on his Confirmation

"I cannot say how sorry and disappointed I am not to be with you to-day, but I am not very well and cannot manage it, so I must be resigned and dear E. will have the pleasure.

"But I must say I *am* disappointed—as a mother well may be! How little children know *how* their mothers love them.

"Well, my darling, I can be with you in spirit, happily, and offer up my poor prayers for you, and that I do most constantly.

"May God bless you most abundantly to-day, and may the prayer be fully answered, 'Defend, O Lord, this Thy servant, that he may continue Thine for ever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more until he come unto Thy everlasting Kingdom.'

“ I was so happy, I remember, at dear Tor’s Confirmation. God is, I believe, answering that prayer for him and He will do the same for you, my precious child. Let us *trust Him entirely* and look forward without a doubt or fear to the future.

Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

“ You will think, I hope, to-day, as I do, of that blessed spirit with Jesus—who loved you so much when she dwelt on earth and so often prayed for you¹—and pray that you may follow her as she followed Christ, and one day join her in the presence of the Lord.”

To the same

“ To-morrow is your last Sunday at Harrow !

“ May it be a very happy day, and may you have much blessing from above. The distinct ending to a definite period in one’s life is always solemn. There is so much to think over, to regret, to mourn over, and to be thankful for ! We can say ‘ Goodness and Mercy have followed me,’ and also ‘ Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord,’ for all the neglect of duty, the loss of opportunities of doing good, etc.

“ But it is such a comfort to know that we have not a hard, exacting Master to deal with, but one who knows all our difficulties and is ‘ touched with a feeling of our infirmities.’ One, too, who, in spite of our deficiencies, ‘ Knows that we love Him.’

“ This is the text I send you on leaving Harrow : ‘ Forgetting the things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Jesus Christ ’ (Philipp. iii. 13-14). May you, my darling, be doing this.”

¹ Lady Gainsborough.

To a Daughter

“ I hope, my darling, that you will be thinking most seriously about what you would like to do. I am *most* anxious you should keep to doing something definite. And you could begin to study for the examination for Somerville *as soon as we get back from here in November.*

“ Don't let your desire for work evaporate in nothing, whatever happens. I should be *so sorry* if it did. There is very little to be done *for me* and, if our children are engaged, I should devote myself more to Father, which I should enjoy.”

To the same

“ ‘ Lucia di Lammermoor ’ must have been very sensational and ghastly in some parts ! I wish you had seen ‘ Siegfried ’ instead, and am sorry there was a mistake, as you so much wanted to go. I should think ‘ Lucia ’ must have been horrid and quite different to the original story. I do not think all that fictitious excitement is good. There is enough in real life, without being galvanized into unreal excitement ! Altogether I wish you may see some day that those who would live entirely for God and for others are better without Opera-going and such like things ! But no doubt the music is fascinating for those who love it very much. Now that you can judge for yourself, should you say that such things *help* or *hinder* the spiritual life ? God knows we want *nothing* to hinder it or make the feeble flame of Divine Love within us burn feebler still. I think a simple, natural life is *better* for those of us who wish to be earnest Christians, and I do not even think those ‘ narrow-minded ’ who give up these things altogether. I sympathize entirely with them, tho’ I would not condemn those who do not see with them. I should like some day to know what your own conscience tells you about these things. Remember, life is short, and we must try and make the best use of our lives, and do what is *most* pleasing to God. I cannot

express half I mean. Read Rom. xiv. 22, 23 ; but we must talk ‘thoroughly’ some day over it.”

To a Daughter

“God bless you, precious child. You are having quite new experiences now, and they will *all ‘work together for your good,’* if you love Him—as you do. That is a nice thought for you as it is for me when I think of you. *All* will work for the forming of your character and moulding of your will and strengthening of your faith and principles if you look to Jesus constantly, and *ask His blessing on every single thing you do and see and hear.* It is such a rest to know that every circumstance of our life is all arranged for the *very best.*”

To the same, after the death of Roden Noel

“You know what I have lost, such a loving tender brother, who thought so far better of me than I deserved, and who loved me, oh so much ! He had all the tenderness of a woman—with such a grand intellect. And he loved little children, and the poor, and suffering ! He was Christlike indeed in that—and tho’ he was not ‘orthodox,’ he was so reverent, and longed to know the Truth ; and he so truly loved and adored the Lord. I so often talked to him about these things, and when our mother died I remember his kneeling by her coffin and praying so earnestly, and with so much *faith* too. For him I feel it was a happy departure, for I often feared, with his weak heart, that he might have had suffering years to go through. But for Aunt Alice and his children it seems a cruel bereavement ; the circumstances are *so sad—alone—far from home,* and for his dear body to lie among strangers too ! But God knows what is best, and life is short. Pray for the poor widow. I do feel very, very anxious, for she is really going through terrible agony.”

To the same

“ As to some day becoming Head of a College, what I should be afraid *might* be in the way would be your want of *business capacity*. (But this deficiency might truly be remedied, perhaps by a ‘ course ’ of some kind, which would include housekeeping, book-keeping, etc., for though you might not have to do these things you ought to know about them and how to do them, so as to understand such things and direct those under you.) Then, as to *literary* work, I have always regretted that with all your abilities you lack the power of spelling and of expressing yourself grammatically, so that even I, ignoramus as I am, can *often* detect mistakes in, and could correct, your compositions ! But this, too, would no doubt be remedied, and C. would look your things over. You need patient deliberate care in all you do, say and write, not neglecting *little details*, so as to perfect yourself in what you do.

“ This is my impression about you, darling child, without actual knowledge, of course, of many things you are doing now, and I am almost sure I am right. I wonder if I have made myself clear. You have, I think, first-rate raw material, but it much wants finishing—perfecting, patience, deliberation, etc., painstaking, before you could use it to advantage for others, as I hope you may. How I wish my head was clear and I could write more what I think and mean. But I think you will understand (I hope so—and believe in my love). How I do hope you will be led to do the very best thing and make the best use of the gifts God has given you—I am sure this is my chief desire for you—in this life.”

To a Son at Cambridge

“ I have just got your dear letter and do *feel so grieved at your difficulties*, just starting at Cambridge too ! I am sure I fully understand them, darling, and do pray

earnestly that they may be made plain to you and that more light and love and zeal may be given you. But a faith that *trusts* and *obeys* the will of God in spite of cold feelings and in spite of *want* of feeling altogether, must, I think, please and glorify your Heavenly Father *more* than if you had plenty of warmth and feeling to carry you on !

“ It is faith, not feeling, happily, that saves the soul and glorifies Jesus. This is a comfort. But still I do pray, my precious boy, for your own dear sake, that you may have more ‘ joy and peace in believing ’ *given you* soon. Now about this Prayer-Meeting. *It certainly was hasty in you* to offer your room for it before due consideration, and so soon after your arrival too. Still it was from the very best of motives you did so, and so the whole affair—even if it was a mistake, and we ‘ live and learn,’ don’t we ?—*must* be overruled for good. *It was a mistake*, probably, for such a thing ought only to be done after calm consideration as to whether you could undertake all it involves.

“ Now, of course, *I cannot judge for you*, dearest, at a distance and not knowing all your surroundings. But I think perhaps it might be wiser *now* to try and get out of it for this Term and to say—or write—that ‘ on further consideration, and after praying for guidance, you think you had better *not* lend your room just at present for a meeting, and that you hope they will be able to find another ; ’ that you ‘ made the offer hastily,’ etc. At the same time, I know you would like to *express warmly* ‘ how much you *sympathize with the whole thing* and how you hope to attend the meeting, wherever it is held, for your own soul’s help and comfort. That at present you do not feel able to take a prominent part,’ etc. What do you think of this ? *If no other room can be got* for the purpose, then I suppose you ought to keep to what you said, it might be wrong not to do so—the object being so important. But *then* I should let them clearly understand that you can *only lend the room* and cannot promise *any other help in the matter at present*.

“ My dearest boy, I feel so helpless to give you good advice about this matter. Perhaps more light has been thrown on it since you wrote. I do hope so. You have indeed my sympathy and my prayers, for I understand your difficulty so well. Very often, too, one’s good Christian friends are so wanting in wisdom and say and do things one cannot go along with—one is not in the mood for it, as it were ; one does not see things exactly as they do ; they do not understand one ; they sometimes think one more good than one is, and sometimes judge one harshly. It must be so, for they cannot know and see the heart.

“ There is *only One* who really knows us as we are—who never judges us hardly, who never misunderstands us, who makes allowances for all our peculiar difficulties and weaknesses. The One who said to His weak, sinful disciples, ‘ *The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak !* ’ and who ‘ knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are but dust ’ (Ps. ciii. 14).

“ Now I must bring this long rigmarole to an end, for the early post will soon be going. My general advice is, Do what you think right. *Act up to your light*. And, with your Christian friends, profess yourself as one who is seeking and learning and who prizes every means of grace.

“ I should like to write this over again, but as you asked me to write by first post there is no time to do so. To God’s grace and help I commend you, my own dearest son.”

To the same

“ I feel glad that you have the burden off your mind of the *responsibility of a meeting* in your own rooms. But all the more I feel anxious that you should thoroughly cast in your lot with those who are bold to confess Christ before others and that you should make a *special point of attending these meetings regularly* and so showing how much in earnest you are, and that it was not a shrinking

from making a profession which made you rescind your resolution about lending your room.

“Think of your Confirmation sometimes, and how you said that you would ‘not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ Crucified, and *manfully to fight* under His Banner,’ whatever it might cost, and it must cost you something, no doubt.

“We are poor weak creatures, as you know and happily feel, and *cannot afford to do without any help* and means of grace which God puts in our way. What a blessing that there are so many to help you on at Cambridge.

“I am so glad to hear of Beagles and Football from your letter to C. to-day.”

To the same

“I am so glad to hear about your friend who was impressed at Miss Marsh’s meeting. It is such a delight and such an honour to be instrumental in any way in leading a soul to Jesus. May God bless him and lead him on. Mr. Moule’s¹ lectures will be a help, won’t they? and you must pray for him, my darling. It matters little what ‘your Christian friends think of you,’ but it matters a great deal what your Lord thinks, and He is not a hard Master. He who knows all things ‘knows that you love Him’ and wish to serve Him. And he knows also that ‘the *spirit is willing* though the flesh may often be weak.’ He never misjudges or misunderstands. What a comfort.”

To a Married Daughter

“How busy you must be and what happiness to feel you are leading a useful life—even if you feel it unsatisfactory in some ways.

“What a pleasure it was to hear dear old Kidd² say to me once, when I was saying how trying it was to be an invalid and able to do so little to my satisfaction, ‘*She hath done what she could.*’

¹ Rev. H. G. C. Moule, afterwards Bishop of Durham.

² Joseph Kidd, M.D.

“ I went to Church yesterday, and was nearly as bad as ever afterwards, so I fear I must be carried in henceforth. I am gradually going down the Hill—but may the ‘ inner man be renewed day by day.’

“ My angel—do not overdo, and above all do not worry—one can almost force oneself and pray oneself into the way of not doing that, I think. One can look *up* in the midst of difficulty and keep a quiet mind—at least one feels one might get into that peaceful state if only one exercised one’s will and one’s faith.

“ But it might often be said to one, ‘ Where is your faith ? ’ as if it were an unused weapon which was really at hand.”

To the same

“ A *very* happy New Year to you and G. and Baby ! I am sending my jersey for the latter, but I am afraid it is too thick and too big for him at present, besides being badly made. But it is difficult to do things nicely when one is lying down and constantly interrupted. I find I have no present for you—alas—(except Mrs. Charles’s new little book, which *seems* rather nice, I think) *only*, as ever, *untold and growing love* ! Would that it might in the coming year, and as long as I am spared to you, be a more *wise and helpful* love. I am praying that it may be. There is a nice bit for the New Year in the *Watchword* I sent you—about Our Lord *only* knowing what is before us, and all being safe in His hands. (I read it hastily, however.) And these verses of the Morning Hymn came unbidden into my mind this evening for the New Year—so I write them down for you to-morrow—

New every morning is the Love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

“ ‘ His mercies are new every morning,’ and *every year* indeed—‘ Oh ! for a heart to *praise our God.*’ ”

To a Married Daughter

“ I used to delight in F. W. Robertson (and I am sure I should now, *in a way*, if I read him again, and not feel the want of which I have been talking, *as I do now*).

“ Well, I must end my ‘ preaching,’ and know you will forgive me, my angel child. I really am writing what I feel from the very bottom of my heart. I daresay you will have no time to answer me—but think about it, and oh that we may all be guided and brought nearer to *Him* (Jesus) who in life and death should be our ‘ all in all.’ How true it is that religion is not so much belief in doctrines as attachment to a Person. I used to be very fond of Isaac Taylor’s writings, and he brings that out splendidly in his *Restoration of Belief.*”

To a Married Daughter

“ How one loves one’s old home ! I never could love a place as I did Exton, though my love for it is cold now, the place is so changed, and all the circumstances. But such is not the case with you, and never will be, happily. But I mean I do not think one ever loves one’s new home after marriage in the same way at all. I had such a treat yesterday. After having had several days of all sofa and a great deal of aching, we went to the Natural History Museum, I in a chair ; father and T. took turns in pushing me about. The birds and nests were so lovely, L.’s enthusiasm delightful. He is so intelligent, and such a delicious companion.”

To the same

“ This is the thirty-first anniversary of our wedding-day, and how extraordinary life is ! I can remember seventeen at least of those who were there who have

passed away, and numbers of others who were not born or thought of then have come since into one's heart to love, not to take their places exactly though. How grand those words are, 'Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.' He changes not."

To a Married Daughter

"If you feel you are obeying the call of Duty *it is a comfort and rest*, and you will both very likely *soon* settle down in a new home, only one hopes it will be a nice one! Then, too, the Home of one's married life is *never* like the Home of one's childhood to leave, where there were no cares or anxieties. Only, alas, one is hardly conscious, while childhood and youth last, and all one has to be thankful for and rejoice in in the joys of married life are *deeper*, tho' so mixed."

To the same

"So many thanks for your dear loving letter, which was such a pleasure—your love is such a pleasure and delight. Birthdays are milestones on one's way and make one think and remember, and thank God for such *innumerable* mercies. I have been saying the 103rd Psalm really from my heart, for if it were not for bad health, which has been very 'hindering' and crippling, I should be the happiest of women. I have had such a mother, and husband—and children! Well, I do *not* 'forget His benefits,' and only long to do just what I can—with my limitations—for my dear ones, for the time yet left to me; tho' it is only *sympathy* and love and prayer I can give them now. But then that is a great deal; it would be silly to ignore it and say it was nothing."

To a Son at Harrow

"I am so sorry for the contents of your letter to V. But, my darling, I hope you can feel that all these things

are *sent* for our good. And that every little circumstance of our lives, all our surroundings, our companions, everything, are *all exactly ordered* and arranged by our Heavenly Father just to suit our peculiar character, and to educate us for the other world and conform us to the Blessed Image of our dear Lord and Saviour. This thought has been and is a comfort to me when I am inclined to fret and be discontented with my continual ill-health—which is constantly preventing me from doing what I should like to do. I do not grow accustomed to this as I grow older. It is a continual *trial* to me, because I have a naturally active, sociable, and cheerful mind! So that to be tied to a sofa *never will* become *pleasant* to me! But it is a real help in all our trials to remember ‘This is arranged for me by God, to teach me lessons of patience and forbearance and submission to His Will—to subdue my own rebellious will—to form my character and make me like Jesus.’ Well, darling, I have preached you quite a long sermon. But I felt I must write and tell you how I sympathize with you in your difficulties and *trials* I may call them—even if they are not great ones. *Tell all to God* in prayer, and He will strengthen you and enable you to bear things cheerfully and good temperedly. I am glad there are two boys you like.”

To the same

“I was indeed delighted to hear of another prize,¹ and congratulate you again. It is a *very great pleasure* to me, and to Father, and to us all, these numerous successes, and I do thank God for them—the ‘Giver of every good and perfect gift.’

“I have accepted the invitation to the Speeches on the 7th of July, and only hope that I may be pretty well and able thoroughly to enjoy myself and to indulge my maternal pride. Well, I have much reason to be thankful for all my dearest boys, and you know, I think, my

¹ For the English poem.

highest ambition for you ; that you may serve God in the ministry of His Church—but there must be a special call to that, I know, and I should never urge it, but leave the matter entirely to your own conscience. God will guide you, dearest boy.

“ I am so glad you enjoy Phillips Brooks’s sermons ; I am very fond of them too.”

To the same at Cambridge

“ I am thinking so much about you to-day, and pray that you may have very special blessings and guidance in beginning your Cambridge life. You will *need* it, dearest boy, and if you seek for it in earnest prayer you will assuredly have it. That is such a beautiful prayer in the 143rd Psalm. I advise you to use it every day.

Cause me to hear Thy loving-kindness in the morning ;
for in Thee do I trust ;

Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk ;
for I lift up my soul unto Thee.

“ Do always *make* time for your Prayers morning and evening, darling, for nothing prospers without times of stated prayer, and God’s Saints seem always to have found it necessary. Daniel and David speak of times for stated prayer, and St. Paul says ‘ Pray without ceasing.’ I send you Bickersteth’s hymn about Prayer, which I advise you to learn. I am very fond of it. What a blessing and *rest* for the mind it is to live in prayer. What should we do without it ? But it is a *habit to be cultivated*, I am sure, and we soon get careless and prayerless if we do not at times *force ourselves to pray*. No doubt the Evil Spirit tries to prevent our praying in every sort of way, because he knows what a strength it is.

“ *Saturday*. I cannot find the hymn to-day and must send it another time. I hope you will get to hear Mr. Moule at Trinity Church on Sunday evening, after chapel. I know you would like him and find his preaching a help to you. T. says he preaches specially to Freshmen *next* Sunday.”

To the same

“We are indeed *delighted* at your success,¹ and congratulate you most heartily. We have had three telegrams—from Gordon, Dr. Butler, and Mr. Davidson! The first two arrived together and were given me in my bedroom. I flew out on to the gallery and proclaimed the news to V., Mabel, Giddie Gurney, and Lady and Miss Kirk, who were all sitting round the Hall fire. V. and Mabel were wild. The news spread like wildfire to the Library, Study, and Nursery, and we were *much* congratulated. It is indeed perfectly delightful, and I suppose the news was rather a surprise to you?”

To a Son standing for the London County Council

“I am intensely interested in hearing about your standing for the L.C.C. But as we have had no telegram about it we fear that you may have been unsuccessful. As long as the work is not too heavy (with Brewery, etc.) we are all delighted to hear about it. It will make you more known and be a good preparation for Parliament some day, I hope.

“But, of course, one cannot comment much, not knowing how the Contest ended.² How I should have loved to talk the matter over with you, my darling boy, and I know I should have encouraged you to go in for it. For I *am* ambitious for you, and know well that you are capable of a good deal more than you have yet had the opportunity of undertaking.

“But, at the same time, I like to think of *how much* good work in such a quiet and capable way *you have done already*. . . . God bless you and make you a blessing is your Mother’s earnest prayer.

“It is delightful to think, in my absence, what sympathizing, loving brothers and sisters you have! So different to many men. Edy and Connie write so *full* of the interest of the L.C.C. proposal, and so do V. and C.”

¹ A Scholarship at Trinity.

² This letter was written from Australia.

To the same

"If I have an opportunity *I will* talk to —— about politics, but I am so stupid when I differ from people, and then, you know, I am *not* a politician, though I love to read and hear about them. I know this must sound *most* conventional and idiotic to you, but it is simply true ! I *believe* I am a ' moderate Liberal,' and certainly I hate extremes. But I do feel so ignorant though I love hearing. I think my religious ' views ' are of the same nature—I see so much good on both sides and I can only feel enthusiastic and decided about the One Divine Person whom I adore, and would feign serve to the best of my ability."

To the same when standing for Parliament

"It is a great trial to be tied down to a couch on these occasions, when one's mind is young and active and eager. But I have been disciplined to it for so long that I ought to bear it better than I do—only I expected better times in my old age, and life is short.

"However this is a very old story, and I do not want to bother you with it and ought not to do so. My mind and heart are full of E. Herts and Whitby. If only I could do anything. You *must* have the waggonet and van on the Polling day.

"Keep calm, darling, and be sure all will be for the best.

"Do try the cocoa for supper when you can, as it is so absolutely digestible.

"I liked your Hertford speech so much, and do delight in your keeping so free from indulgence in personalities. Altogether I feel proud of you *both* conducting the Campaign on the splendid lines you do."

To the same

"Just a line of loving remembrance.

"If you are disappointed to-morrow (and if we *all* are !)

I know you will take it as a Christian and a philosopher, for you are both, and believe that ‘all is well,’ but oh! how we long for success, which indeed you deserve.

“In any case I shall be ready to condole or congratulate, with equal love, in the afternoon.”

To a Son who had been defeated

“I do long to see you to-morrow and to hear everything, but they have all been *so good* about writing, and your two dear letters I appreciated tremendously. Well, ‘*all is well*,’ and I am sure you feel it so, my darling boy. How little we know what is really best for us or for the causes we love. But there *is* satisfaction when we can feel we have done our best for a good cause—and yours was *indeed* and *in truth* a good one—in God’s sight. I do not agree with everything you said, of course, and we will talk a few little matters of difference over when we meet, which you will explain to me. I should so have liked to have seen all your kind friends and supporters and have given them a good shake of the hand. But it could not be, I know. One gets so intimate and fond of one’s friends and so grateful at these times! It has been a splendid fight and I envy those who helped you. Au revoir—you will want a good long rest *somewhere*.”

To a Daughter

“Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill,
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet Will.¹

And so we shall probably see, even in this world, some day about our trials. In the meanwhile what a splendid training for *character* it all is. And how far more saintly — will be than if all prospered with him and he got all his desires at once. Oh, how deficient and horrible the always prosperous people would be! And he has, we will hope, a long useful life before him. Our children

¹ F. W. Faber.

forget their father's 4 defeats in leading forlorn hopes. (— is very unlikely to have all his ambitions quenched in the same way. God preserve him from that.) 'All things work together for good,' good and evil *both*. I suppose prosperity and adversity mixed. But Parliament will be a loser, especially if the brothers both fail to get in."

To the same

"Noel seems to be doing killing sort of work now.¹ I hope he may not be the worse, and is prepared calmly to face a defeat. He will have fought a glorious fight for what he believes right, and will have made crowds of friends. How I should love to be at Whitby; my thoughts are there, but I beat my wings against my cage instead, like an old, feeble bird. I have had much of that sort of thing in life. It will be nice for you all to be together and share the joy or pain of victory or defeat."

To a Daughter

"I long to see you and talk over this glorious victory.² I am so very glad you were there; it must have been thrilling, and to me so unexpected. The servants and people here are wild with excitement; flags flying, laburnums decking the house, and I hear there is to be a Liberal demonstration in Waltham as he passes through. The tide is turning nowadays indeed. Well, he will be a God-fearing and earnest M.P. with remarkably high ideals."

To a Son contemplating Ordination

"I hope you make this subject one of daily prayer, and I will do the same. I advise you to read over frequently (on your knees perhaps) the Ordination Service—praying to be *guided*, that your mind may be led in the right

¹ Contesting Whitby.

² Noel Buxton's return for North Norfolk.

direction, and your heart set on fire with love to God—you know the prayer—

Lord, take my heart, for I cannot give it to Thee,
Keep it for Thyself, for I cannot keep it for Thee,
And save me in spite of myself.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

“ Of course my prayer will be that you may be led to give yourself to this highest and holiest of all callings, and that I may have the joy of being the Mother of ‘ a Minister and Steward of the Mysteries of God.’

“ ‘ *Who is sufficient for these things ?* ’ one asks, but then one remembers St. Paul’s words, ‘ I can do all things *thro’ Christ* which strengtheneth me,’ and one feels there need be no fear if only there is real earnestness.”

To the same

“ We know little indeed, any of us, about these Divine mysteries, and we need the Holy Spirit’s influence even to apprehend a *little bit* about them—to have a glimpse of one side and aspect of them. No one does more than that, we may be sure ! And I do feel, with you, that the Death and final Sacrifice of the Cross is made *all-important* in the Bible, and that there is real danger of neglecting that aspect of the Atonement now. I well remember a striking Sermon of Dr. Moule on the subject years ago, and how he dwelt on the ‘ Lamb that hath been *slain* ’ constantly appearing in the Book of Revelation, even ‘ *in the midst of the Throne* ’ and as the end of all things—as *the Source of Light and Blessing*.

“ There are so *many* ‘ views ’ and so many types of Christians too—representing, I suppose, different aspects of truth and different Christian virtues.

“ There was but *one* all-round and perfect Man in Doctrine and Practice, ‘ The Man Christ Jesus ’—but His followers represent certain aspects and parts of Him, and we must all pray to be His witnesses and representa-

tives in the world, in our own small imperfect ways. Only let us be *really in earnest* and always *true*.

"I have had a quiet hour to write while Father and M. have been at Church, so my pen has run on quite unusually. Well, I have said what I really mean and feel. Pray for *me* as well as for yourself, darling, for one thing that I may be a more helpful Mother to you all as long as I can. I do so want to be sympathizing and a *friend* to you grown-up ones, and often my wretched health makes me, I fear sometimes, too selfish—especially when I am particularly busy and tired, as then I ache so violently that I am horribly occupied with my aches and pains (and this, I fear, I must have seemed lately, alas !)

"I am getting a little better just now, but how long will it last ? I am in high spirits, however, for the present."

To the same

"I am afraid I find very little to say about the Epistle for Palm Sunday, though it is one of my favourite passages, and is so appropriate, I think, to the day when we begin to go down with our Blessed Lord (*in mind*) into the depths of *His Humiliation* for our sakes. He is here spoken of, not as in many places, as the Sacrifice for our sins, but as our Example in Humility. '*Let this mind be in you* which was also in Christ Jesus.' Then it speaks of how He 'emptied Himself' of His Glory, and went down as low as He could possibly do, for our sakes. First He was '*made man*,' and that was wonderful condescension. Then, second, He '*became obedient unto death*.' Third, '*Even the death of the Cross*' (which was the death of criminals). He could stoop no lower. Then comes that wonderful '*Wherefore*.' It is like the words in John xiii. 3, which I always think so wonderful, connecting His humiliation with His glory, '*Knowing that He was come from God*,' etc., '*He took a towel*,' etc. In a lower sense, too, we shall be '*exalted if we humble*

ourselves' (Luke xiv. 11). There are some wonderful verses about humility and showing how God honours and prizes it (more apparently than any other of the graces) and how *Christlike* it is and *how rare!* In the Collect we pray for it. May it be given to us in great abundance, especially during Holy Week, this rarest Christlike grace of humility.

Isa. lvii. 15.

James iv. 6.

1 Peter v. 5, 6.

Acts xx. 19.

“Then we shall be likely to receive a real blessing from God, for ‘*He that humbleth himself shall be exalted*’ (spiritually).”

To the same

“I am thinking so much of you, dearest boy, this week, and *hoping* you are not over-doing. Above all, that you are not over-anxious. You can but do your best, and anxiety would do no sort of good. But it is difficult to ‘cast our cares *away* from us,’ as — says we ought. The best way is to cast them on ‘Him who careth for us,’ and who has *given* us what powers of mind we have, and knows what we can and cannot do. I do hope you are *eating* well, for this is most important with brain-work, and get all the exercise and air you can, too. But I suppose this cannot be very much!

“... I do pray that you may be guided in every step you take. I have been so afraid lately that perhaps we are most of us too *indefinite* in our faith. We are so anxious to be ‘broad-minded’! So different to the splendid, earnest, *definite* Christians who I was brought up *with* and *by*—perhaps they were a little ‘narrow-minded,’ but, as a friend once remarked, ‘*how single-minded.*’ I am sure that what is called Evangelical religion is the sort that produces the strongest and most fruitful and useful Christians (if it is

of the true right sort, of course). I fear we are too flabby minded and milk and water sort of people, perhaps, and I do feel I would far rather see my dear children strong Evangelical, or High Church, or Broad, than at all indefinite or vague in their religion.

"But then we can only believe what we are each taught, of course, by the Holy Spirit to believe. Only we must be *faithful to our light*. May God help and teach us all, this is what we need and the spirit of earnest prayer, too.

"These were my thoughts in the night, and I thought I must just tell you, dearest boy."

To the same

"It is a great thing to feel unworthy and *low* before God, for it is then that blessing comes on us, if we seek it earnestly. 'God *resisteth* the proud and giveth grace unto the humble' (St. James iv. 6). And there is so much in the Bible about humility. It seems to be *the* grace that God especially delights in. May you never lose this feeling of personal unworthiness and unfitness for the great and holy work that you hope to undertake some day, but may it deepen day by day, accompanied by an increasing sense of the presence and power of that Holy Spirit who is promised. Do read Psalm lxx. 14, 15, and 16 again about His wonderful work and offices and promises of inspiration and help. Also do read the Gospels and the Epistles more instead of religious books. We do not read them half enough, I am persuaded, and we get our religion *second-hand* far too much. Could you not settle to have a good reading every Sunday of the Gospels (*several* chapters), or an Epistle right through from beginning to end (studying it more especially in detail perhaps some other time)? Then *if you pray* for guidance and understanding you are sure to get more and more light, and straight from the Fountain-head."

To the same

“ Do remember, my darling, to be constantly seeking for God’s guidance in all you do—‘ I will guide thee with mine eye ’ (Ps. xxxii. 8, 9).

“ What a beautiful passage that is, Ps. lxii. 5, and one cannot be so guided without *constantly looking* (praying) for the guidance, as a child looks to mother or nurse.

“ May *God* be fitting you day by day for the high and holy work before you—the highest, holiest, noblest in the world! to be a ‘ Sky Pilot ’! What wisdom and earnestness and faith are needed for it, and ‘ not of yourselves, *it is the gift of God* ’ (Ephesians ii. 8). ”

To the same on the Eve of Ordination

“ Just one line again of love. You *know* it is a trial to me not to be with you, as I had at one time hoped—but I should and *must* not dwell on that.

“ God bless you, dearest, and give you to realize *some* of the great honour and privilege and grace that will be yours to-morrow—and to *rejoice* in it, tho’ with trembling.

“ Words are poor, and the best, even of them, do not come to me.”

To the same

“ I have heard from father and Mabel about the Ordination Service, but I wish they had been able to hear the sermon.

“ I am glad you found the Retreat so helpful, but have not heard yet how much you saw of and heard the blessed holy *Bishop*. ”¹

To the same.

“ My darling, I do not quite sympathize in your great delight in the name of *Priest*—though you will doubtless say I do not understand about it! I must be honest. I prefer the name Minister! I share with you the love

¹ H. G. C. Moule, Bishop of Durham.

of order, beauty, and a certain amount of ritual—above all, the deepest reverence of manners and the giving of an honour that can hardly be exceeded to God's Ministers and Ambassadors, *but* I see no mention of Priests in the New Testament, only of God's *Ministers*. Such St. Paul called himself, and it is not a name that has *enough* honour, it seems to me, in our Church. *Yet what can be greater?* 'The Son of Man came (not to be ministered unto) *but to minister!*'

"I cannot write long on this subject, nor would there be any use in my doing so. And I am only telling you a little of my mind. My old-fashioned Protestant Evangelical (!!) soul rather rises against the idea of a Person being in any sense a Mediator between God and the soul, and having any special powers.

"Yet who can think more of the *solemnity* and *greatness* and *honour* of your office than I do, dearest son? God bless you and make you very happy and very *strong* in your work, the honoured instrument of drawing souls to Christ, of strengthening the weak-hearted, helping the doubters out of their difficulties, and comforting the sick and dying by pointing them to Him Who is all our Salvation and all our Desire. Yes, you are *indeed* blessed and honoured of God! and I thank Him that I am the mother of a 'Messenger, Watchman, Steward.' How you have been *led!* I think of your Confirmation at Adelaide and the help you gave the Scripture Union as a boy. The immense help your friend F. R. gave you at Cambridge and for ever. Your Ordination by the saintly Bishop. Your work under your good Vicar, your fellow Curate whom you like so much, etc., etc.

"*What cause have I and you for gratitude!*"

To a Son at Cambridge

"I loved your last dear letter telling me how you had been again to the Theatre, because it showed me that you *do* tell your old mother everything, and also showed what

love and sympathy there is between us. At the same time, my dearest boy, I felt *very sorry* you had gone, and disappointed, too, as you know. But I know what *difficulties* you must have had. What nice confidential talks we will have when I get home, please God ! I do look forward to them so much.

“ It will be difficult for me to know what to do when Father returns here.¹ My love for my Husband pulling me one way and love for my children another ! But I know God will guide us, so I do not trouble much about it yet.”

To the same

“ Indeed we must be true and *ourselves* in every way, as you say and give others, with whom we may not agree, the credit of being the same—and love and admire different types from our own, trying to be followers of them as far as they follow Christ. What a much better world it would be if Christians could do this, or at least tried to do it—discovering different virtues of Christ in each other !

“ We shall never be alike and shall all discover, no doubt, when we reach the better world that we have all been much mistaken in many things we have believed and thought right.

“ But we shall never be allowed to go far wrong if we, each of us in our different ways, pray to and trust in our unseen Lord and Master, and *He* will never be hard on us.”

To a Married Daughter

“ By the by Deut. xviii. 10-14 are verses I mentioned which would quite decide *me* not to meddle with Spiritualism.

“ I know some of the Laws of the Old Testament (about sacrifices and other things) are not binding on us now—but the mind of God would *not change on such matters as consulting and seeking the spirits of the Departed*, so I think this passage is quite decisive, and *I* should be

¹ Written from Australia.

afraid of having anything to do with it, lest I should be doing wrong and find I was dealing with lying (or even *evil*) spirits. I have not heard of any good coming from Spiritualism, and I *have* heard of evil several times.

“Darling, it is *so dear of* you to care so much about my wretched ailments (the less one thinks or talks of them the better !). Indeed you are a most sympathizing Child, and I *do feel it so much* and am *so grateful*. But, my angel, I daresay I shall soon be better, and I do hope I do not make too much of them. They are ‘slightly’ inconvenient and humiliating and produce great discomfort, but I can’t dignify them with the name of sufferings (generally !), and you know I am always hoping and praying to be better, and happily have good spirits, which help me through.”

To a Married Daughter

“I had a very nice visit from the Bishop of London. He was most kind, and prayed with me and blessed me before he left ; just what I liked and appreciated. He spoke of his Mission, how much encouraged he was, the stillness and apparent earnestness, and the ‘healing’ subject. He is interested, but, like me, I am almost glad to find, holds the old-fashioned view that doctors are the messengers of healing to us as much as clergy, and that we must pray for a blessing on their means which are also God’s. He approves indeed of anointing if one desires it. I went to church on Wednesday to hear Canon Robinson, but, alas, it was a very discouraging occasion, and I have not got over it yet. The chair was very uncomfortable, and I could have cried all the time. I fear it shows I must not try experiments, and that my being comfortable depends on my having every appliance and luxury just right.”

To the same

[Cambridge] “V., like you, is making me do perfect wonders, and I am actually going to King’s to hear the anthem to day. I really do not much like the idea, but

hope I shall get through it somehow. It will not be very long, or what should I do with my wretched elbows? I shall be in the dark in the antechapel. She also ‘threatens’ to take me to hear J. Ross, her favourite Scotch preacher! I am to be behind a screen. It reminds me of all your kind arrangements for me at N.B., which, alas, could not be carried out. I have had several visitors; Mrs. Sidgwick, A. B., etc., the Master of Trinity, who was most kind and agreeable and looks so venerable now. I am hardly well enough to enjoy things very much as I feel nervous and stupid, yet I do like seeing people and so like thinking of them afterwards. I have got the carriage here, and the Backs are so very beautiful with the autumn leaves.”

To a Married Daughter

“Certainly I have felt more and more lately — since I have been growing older—*how true* this is—we are such poor, miserable, helpless sinners and have absolutely nothing else to trust to but the finished work of Jesus for us. ‘Evangelicals,’ no doubt, have tried to *define* this too much, perhaps, and the whole thing is such a tremendous and solemn mystery (to be felt and trusted in—not to be defined), but after all some simple old lines my dear Grandfather used to like express one’s thoughts well on the subject.

My sins deserve eternal death
But Jesus died for me.

“*There is the one and only Hope—somehow!*

“I do so long that all my darling children should realize this more and more, and I can say so little that I feel I must write, and claim my privilege of ‘preaching’ as a Mother!

“Do you not feel that there is a *want* in Robertson’s *Sermons and Life*? There is so little mention, as far as I remember, of the Atoning Work of Our Lord, and that is such a *sad want*, I think. And yet his writings are so beautiful and wonderfully helpful in many ways, and

he was such a true saint. He was not a *happy* Christian though? He felt the sadness and mystery of life so much, with his intensely refined, sensitive, thoughtful nature. And I think he hardly seemed to see a *very* bright light shining through the mists—and hardly seemed as if he felt his feet firmly on the Rock of Ages. This was so sad for him. And his domestic circumstances and health too, I believe, all contributed to make him melancholy.”

To a Married Daughter

“I do so well understand what you say about ‘not *writing* about one’s health’—I am afraid I write a great deal too much about mine. It is a sickening subject, especially after years of what Cecy calls ‘sofa health.’ The less said the better, and *for me* I feel I wish I understood and practised St. Paul’s words more, ‘Keep under my body’! And even your *temporary* ailments, my darling, I fear you are beginning to find a tiresome subject! But *a mother likes to hear and know all*, especially if she can give a word of advice.”

To a Married Daughter

“How delicious your flowing river¹ must be—and your lovely lawn—in this heavenly weather! It is a beautiful world, and one cannot but be rather sad at seeing so little of it now. But I am a very happy woman in spite of drawbacks. Harold gave me the Holy Communion yesterday—with Annie² and Tom, which I so enjoyed.”

To a Married Daughter

“How interesting Campbell Morgan must be! I imagine him like the old Evangelical expositors of the Bible who hardly exist now. It is really sad to think

¹ The Nidd.

² Her daughter-in-law, now Lady Buxton. For nearly twenty-eight years she had taken the place of a daughter to Lady V. B., and there was a specially intimate tie between them.

how little the Bible is explained, or the general sense given. I look back with such delight to Candlish and Dean Alford and others. I hope you read the Archbishop of York's and Bp. Gore's addresses to the Pan-Anglican Congress. The first was really glorious—and exactly expressed my mind. L^y Chichester told me the Devotional Day was wonderfully solemn—5 minutes' *silence* and then short extempore prayer by Lang, and hymns between each address. Father Waggett and Moule gave the two last on Jesus, the Truth and Life. It is delightful to think of the Church so far more awake than it was, its leaders at least far more spiritual. Oh that some droppings might fall on me, even me, shut up in my rooms.

“Three friends have told me lately that I helped them, and for this I am thankful, though I feel I might and ought to ‘help’ far more. If I helped at all it must be by a cheery manner, which is natural to me, but if only one was more inspired, as one might be, what might one not do. Do pray that your mother may be of some real use. That is what one so longs for, as long as heart and brain are in good condition, and at present they are, thank God. At all events the former.

“I dragged myself to church to hear H., who preached an earnest and thoughtful sermon on the modern view of the ‘Kingdom of God’—it *may* be the right one, but one cannot be sure. The gradual triumph of righteousness seems the only thing to look forward to, and work for, and as to our own personal future (or *no* future!), that is all quite uncertain and incomprehensible. It is a very impersonal sort of creed. But it seems to inspire and satisfy many now. It is nice, however, to be thrown with dear old-fashioned Evangelicals if only they are broad and not uncharitable, and the Holy Spirit does seem to be teaching more *love* now.”

To the same

“The Mission began yesterday [at St. Thomas’s Church, Upshire;] the church was crowded in the evening. — is such a saint that one feels sure a blessing must come, though now there are things in the old-fashioned Evangelical Creed that grate on one very much, and that one feels must be untrue. But one does not wish to be critical, and one feels that mistakes and errors are pardoned, and the preaching of Christ in such earnestness must do good. I do not dare ask D. what she thinks. I get more and more reticent in my old age, I fear. All seems so mysterious and difficult, and uncertain except Christ; to Him one clings for one’s life.”

To the same

“It has been a wonderful time. Oh! I would have given much to be at that foretaste of Heaven at St. Paul’s to-day and other meetings.¹ But I had the privilege of a few minutes’ conversation with some saints in London, for which I thank God, as now I can think of and pray for them better than if I had not seen them; the Bishops of Adelaide, and Carpentaria, and Falkland Islands, and several friends too—Harmers, Crawfords, and the wonderful Christian Friar Stokes; I daresay you have read of him.”

To the same

“I heard the morning Mission sermon yesterday. There was a good deal that grated on me, but — is so saintly and intensely in earnest, there *must* be a blessing; one feels mistakes will be pardoned (as will *all* our mistakes), and the preaching of Christ will be fruitful, one trusts.”

To the same

“M. D—— is longing for the Welsh Mission to reach their parish, and is so truly in earnest, and is most

¹ Of the Pan-Anglican Congress.

affectionate to me, especially since I have been invalided. I often think of the text, ‘The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister,’ and long that it might please God to give me the joy of doing something for others instead of being so kindly waited upon and visited. It does so go ‘against the grain’ with me, and I long to be up and doing. I feel I am not old enough yet to be tied by the leg.”

To a Daughter

“The Scotts came yesterday. I hope they will enjoy the Riviera. It makes one’s mouth water to think of those lovely places, and even the journey I used to love.

“And now a very happy New Year to you, and may we all be growing in grace this coming year, forgetting the things which are behind and pressing on towards the mark. And what a fount of grace we have to draw from!”

To a Married Daughter

“This place¹ is really in perfect beauty. The foliage, the Mays, the rhododendrons and lilacs, and medlar and quince trees all are beautiful. I wish you could all have a peep at your old home just now. Noel is at Exton, which must be still more heavenly. It is curious to think that I have already seen eight more springs than dear Uncle Roden, and how he loved them! One cannot imagine that one could see anything more lovely in another world, can one? We can only trust. We must be agnostics about so much, but Jesus we know, thank God.”

To a Married Daughter

“In the afternoon we went up to Northrepps with all the children. The garden was brilliant with dahlias, Michaelmas daisies, sunflowers, etc. Yesterday we had Holy Com-

¹ Warlies.

munion in the church, and in the evening dear old Canon Hoare preached. It is touching to see him now so infirm and aged in looks. V. and I sat in the chancel, as I have a little comfortable basket-chair put there for me amongst the other chairs, and he sat just opposite to us near the entrance to the pulpit during the service. Canon H. is so bent and so blind, and looks about vacantly trying to see a little. I must try and write out a little of what he said ; it was so beautiful. He preached as vigorously and well as ever. He spoke of having been at death's door and of having ' looked almost over the border,' and how nothing but the thought of our Lord's atonement for sin sustained him in that awful hour. He asks much after you. It is a great privilege to see him and hear him, dear old saint that he is."

To the same

" We had a most delightful meeting at the school last night. Mr. Clifford spoke in the most real, solemn, impressive way on John xx. 1-16, connecting it with the verse ' This one thing I do, I press towards the mark for the Prize,' and we sang afterwards ' I am coming, Lord, coming, Lord, to Thee.' He spoke of Mary's one desire being to find Christ, how she rose up early, how she enquired of Peter (not deterred from doing so by his inconsistency and fall—those who say that they cannot believe in Christ because of the inconsistency of Christians are not truly in earnest), how she took no notice of the angels. Her one desire was to find Christ, and at last she did find Him and heard Him say, ' Mary.' ' If with all your hearts ye truly seek Him, ye shall surely find Him.' Then he spoke from his own experience of the blessedness of finding Christ."

To the same

" Altogether it seems a strange and rather sad time ; dear Mr. Clifford passing away the very day L. left, and R. going to sea yesterday for the first time. What

changes ! One feels more and more the blessing of an unchanged Saviour : ‘ Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.’ And for us all, young and old. Noel went up yesterday to see dear E. C.’s remains in his studio, looking so peaceful and handsome and refined, he said. He had had sad last few days ; it was a happy release. I shall miss the dear, kind, cheering friend in London. He sent me a lovely little picture.”

To the same

“ It was delicious having you, and parting with my children is always to me rather sad. I blame myself for so many things when these visits are over. Indeed life is very unsatisfactory, especially as one gets old, though so crowded and overflowing with mercy. It is oneself one is most dissatisfied with.

“ How lovely the wild flowers are here ;¹ poppies and cornflowers in such masses. I was never here in August before to see them.”

To a Married Daughter

“ I am wonderfully well though so crippled, and sleep well, which is *indeed* a mercy. Only I do so long *to sit*, and *to go out*, and not to lead this idle stupid life which I *so hate*. But no doubt for the present this is best for me and for everyone around me, my dear children, for instance, who are so good and kind to me. It *makes them* thoughtful and sympathizing and that is a distinct good, isn’t it ? for what incomplete, poor characters we should be if we had no exercise for our sympathy.”

To a Married Daughter

“ Pain and illness are a mystery, but *to me* one comfort is that, if the perfect and Divine Man suffered as He did and was ‘ a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,’

¹ Cromer.

is it wonderful that some of us should have to suffer in a lower sense, we who are so unworthy and imperfect ? I think not. Surely there must be some wise and loving reasons why we are allowed to do so, as we ' pass through the body ' in this short life ? "

To the same

" I have a great deal of pain just now, and shall not be very sorry to leave, as I am rather in hopes that London may suit me better, though I have liked being here¹ very much and have seen so many I care to see. People are so kind in liking to come, and I often regret that I did not get people to come and see dear Granny more than I did. She was often so lonely, and very few people came, as she never cared to ask them, and no doubt they thought she was too unwell to care for them. One cannot be too thoughtful for invalids, and I want to pass this lesson on to you all, though I am sure my dear children are so for me in a remarkable way, and I am so grateful."

To a Married Daughter

" Yesterday was a very dull Sunday to me, though I daresay it ought not to have been, but I do not find as I get older that I get any more accustomed to the sofa life. It is often a fret to me, and my poor back was so tender ; I find lying almost as bad as sitting. Then it is so difficult to have one's mind bright and fresh for the dear children coming in at different times, but I must go on asking for ' the daily strength, to none that ask denied,' to bear the yoke more cheerfully. And what a far more difficult yoke is laid on some. And you have your trials, too, as well as your great blessings. Oh ! that they may all work exactly the effect that God intends them to work in us. It would indeed be sad if they do not do this. We should regret it afterwards."

¹ At Cromer.

To a Married Daughter

“Cromer is certainly beautiful, and the view from each side here¹ is most lovely, especially north, east and west. One is so high up here, looking down on the Grove just beneath our windows (which looks most attractive in its wood from here), then Cromer beyond, and the rolling hills, and Weybourne in the far distance. To the north, close up to the windows, is the light-house, and the hills now golden with gorse, and to the east Overstrand, and curiously enough the winding road along which one knows one's funeral procession will go ! It is really very interesting, and I do not think of it a bit in a morbid way, thank God ! One can so thoroughly trust one's life and departure out of it to Him—and only pray to be kept so to the end, when the ‘night is actually falling’ on the day of life.”

¹ The Links Hotel, on the Lighthouse Hills, Cromer.

CHAPTER VIII

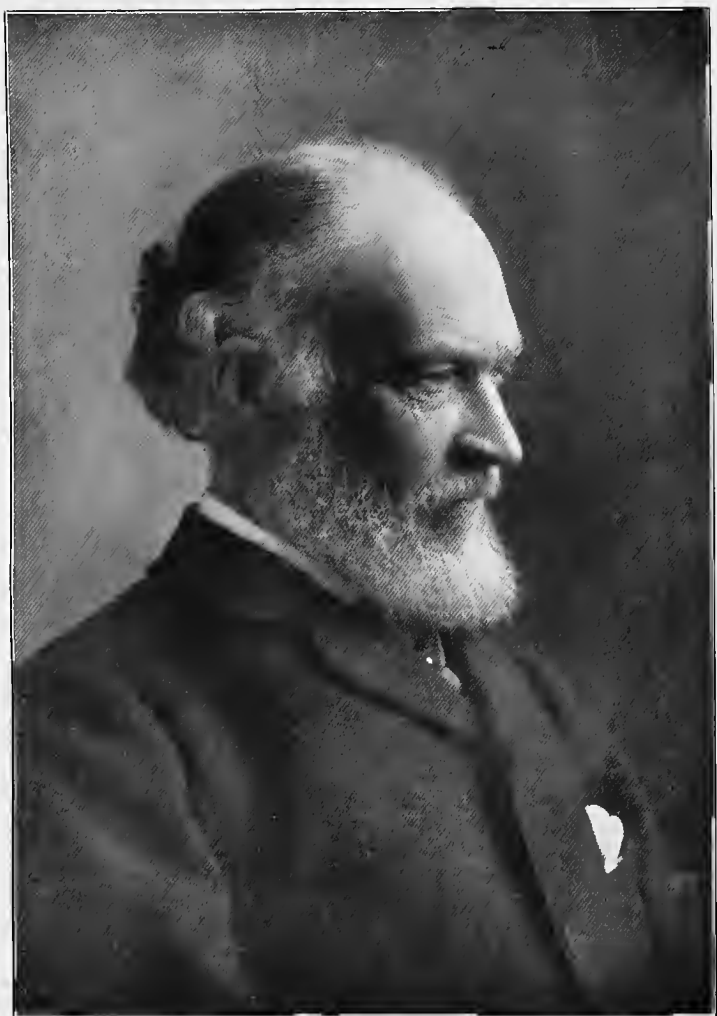
PHILANTHROPY AND POLITICS

"Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

SOMETHING has now been said—and more will be said later—about the activities which, in spite of physical drawbacks, filled the life of Lady Victoria Buxton. At this point we must turn for a moment to her husband's career, in which she took the keenest and most sympathetic interest. In all that concerns the highest good of the world, man and wife were "of one heart and of one soul."

Fowell Buxton's career illustrated the fine saying which Sir M. Grant-Duff quotes in his Diary from a Jesuit priest; "I have observed throughout life, that a man may do an immense deal of good, if he does not care who gets the credit of it." A friend writes:—"His most marked quality, inherited no doubt from his father and grandfather, was his keen sense of public duty. This took the form, not of entire devotion to one or two causes, but of multifarious activities pursued with untiring energy. In old days he would come home to Warlies tired out with the long day of public or philanthropic work, followed by a whole evening's drill with his Volunteers in the Tower Ditch or the Drill Hall at Whitechapel, and then the long ride home on horse-back from Waltham, when, as



From a photograph by Elliott and Fry, Ltd.

SIR T. FOWELL BUXTON

he used to say, it was often 'too dark to see his horse's ears,' and the floods were sometimes out on the roads.

"So also in his long and uninterrupted services for the natives of Africa, the cause bequeathed to him by his ancestors. It is largely to his initiative that we owe the development of East Equatorial Africa on lines so much less open to criticism than those too often employed elsewhere. There can hardly be another country house in England where, in a week-end party, you might meet an African potentate and his dusky retinue among the guests. The Katikiro of Uganda and the Alake of Abeokuta were on more than one occasion entertained at Warlies. It is not long since a party of 21 West African chiefs, in flowing robes and picturesque insignia of office, spent the day there, and, with the help of one of the tenant farmers, a thorough demonstration of English dairy-farming was arranged for their edification.

"Some of his most energetic work was done in connexion with the Elementary Schools, work which brought him no fame, and was unrewarded save by the confidence and content of those he served. He was for many years Chairman of the Waltham Abbey School Board, and of the Epping Bench. The Epping Petty Sessional Division includes Waltham Abbey, and in each case he received, after 25 years' Chairmanship, a Presentation which marked the appreciation of those who worked with him. He was a Deputy Lieutenant of Essex and of Norfolk. When County Councils were established, he was one of the first Councillors elected for Essex.

"He took a lifelong interest in the Church Missionary Society, and was for many years Treasurer. He warmly promoted the amalgamation of the Anti-Slavery Society and the Aborigines Protection Society. In later life he was Chairman of the Missions to Seamen, to which he gave a great deal of time and attention, as well as pecuniary support.

"With his brother, Edward North Buxton, he joined the Commons Preservation Society in its early days,

mainly with a view to stopping the Epping Forest enclosures. The working people of North and East London, who pour down in their thousands every week to Chingford or Loughton, do not realize the debt they owe to these two country gentlemen, who doggedly stuck to their self-imposed task amid the disapproval of their landlord-neighbours, contested the rights of the commoners through all the courts up to the House of Lords, won their case, and ultimately secured to the public in perpetuity the enjoyment of the famous Forest. They supplemented their efforts by themselves presenting more than one piece of forest land to the public, and they took the occasion of their golden weddings (which both occurred in 1912), to celebrate the event by a joint gift of several hundred pounds to the Commons Preservation Society.

“ He gave much time and thought to Church affairs on the practical side. To him was due the restoration of the Lady Chapel of Waltham Abbey, and the building of the church at Upshire. He held strong views on such subjects as new Bishoprics, the grouping of small parishes, the use for public worship of existing buildings, and stained glass windows, always taking the strictly practical view. He carried his ideas on such points as these to almost humorous lengths, taking every opportunity to enforce them in argument.

“ Among his ‘ neighbours and friends,’ as he loved to call all those with whom he anywhere came into contact, he will be above all remembered for his unceasing kindness and thought for others—by ‘ the little nameless unremember’d acts,’ which, in his case, were an instinctive part of ordinary life. Happy recollections centre round winter days on the ice at Warlies, where his ponds were always thrown open to the public, with the result that his own expert skating was often rudely interrupted by the crowds of skaters from the town. The keeper was sternly forbidden to turn holiday-makers out of his woods, or prevent their picking his primroses. He would invite the trippers on the green at Warlies down into the park

or garden. Up to the last he never passed a tired woman or child on the road without stopping his carriage to give them a lift.

“ His was the charity that thinketh no evil. He was often chaffed by his friends because he never could believe evil of anyone. The Bank Holiday trippers in Epping Forest were never ‘ drunk,’ only ‘ amusing themselves ’ ; the professional politician was never self-seeking, always disinterested. He could not impute motives which personally he could not understand.

“ The downtrodden and the outcast, the natives of Africa or the boys in a Reformatory, were never to him mere objects of pity, but individuals with lives and interests of their own. How familiar was his account of a morning at the Epping Bench, and the carters in the Forest, summonsed for being asleep while driving ! It was a shame to fine them, they were ‘ only so tired ’ after the long day’s work, and, after all, ‘ the horses knew the rule of the road.’

“ His acts of kindness were so incessant, so much a part of himself, that people came to expect them and were not surprised. They were bestowed alike on the evil and the good, the renowned and the obscure, the poor and the rich. He measured the gifts by the charity of his own heart, never by the gratitude of the recipient, often not even by the need. He gave lavishly, but not carelessly. The hampers of good things he sent his grandchildren at Christmas, each thoughtfully suited to their ages and fancies, were typical of his acts of kindness. He was sure a young cousin in a Sisterhood was not warmly enough dressed ; he must go himself to the Shetland warehouse. A young singer from the Colonies needed friends ; he must introduce her. The daughter of a friend was dying of consumption ; and though she was surrounded with every comfort, he must travel over half England to visit her, and find yet some new thing to please her.

“ There was innate in Fowell Buxton a love of adven-

ture and enterprise. He always acted on the principle 'When in doubt, do the enterprising thing,' whether it was a question of taking up some really difficult and ungrateful task, or of carrying through a complex plan for a cross-country ride instead of following the beaten track. He inculcated in his children a complete disregard of the weather, saying that 'they should not even look to see what it was like.' Given this adventurousness, it was natural that sport of all sorts appealed to him strongly. More serious claims forbade that sport should monopolize a large share of his energies in life, but in boldness and the spirit to which fear in any form, moral or physical, was unknown, few men can have been his equal.

"One of his great pleasures was planning short expeditions. He seemed to have a positive taste for a night in the train or a departure from the Liverpool Street hotel at 5 a.m. Ireland especially attracted him. Among many characteristic stories, it is told that when on one occasion he was visiting an Irish cabin in Connemara he took the occasion to read aloud from the Book of Joshua to the Gaelic-speaking family. The reading was interrupted by the sudden eruption of a litter of pigs from under the bed. It was this kind of situation that appealed irresistibly to his sense of humour. It broke down his ordinary seriousness completely, and overcame him with unquenchable laughter. The freedom and the little unexpected incidents of such a journey pleased him more than the conventional 'pleasures' of life. He used to say that the real advantage of wealth was not the great house, but the 'stray sixpence in the pocket.'

"The seriousness to which reference has been made—a seriousness, however, untouched by solemnity or pompousness,—was his dominant feature. It arose, perhaps, from the fact that his father's death left him, at an unusually early age, responsible for the care of a large family of young brothers and sisters. His Christian faith was strong and unwavering. Though of the Evangelical type, it had a character of its own, and a certain inde-

pendence of outlook. It was his unfailing support in every vicissitude. His common practice was to read the Bible and to pray with his children or grandchildren, not only on occasions which called for special thankfulness or anxiety, but also at ordinary times.

"He liked to begin the day with such reading and prayers in his room before breakfast, and it was at that hour that he taught the 23rd Psalm to all his children and many of his grandchildren while they were still in the nursery. He never read Family Prayers or the Lessons in Church without careful preparation beforehand. The Old Testament was unquestionably his favourite book for reading aloud, appealing very strongly to his literary as well as to his religious sense. He was, perhaps, never happier than when reading one of the narrative books of the Old Testament to his children, sitting in the large arm-chair in the Warlies library.

"Simple in character, devoid of self-consciousness, with the courtly manners and kindly attentiveness of the older generation, he was one of the few people of whom it can be said that they never disliked anyone and were never disliked by anyone. He combined these winning characteristics with the sterner qualities which make for effectiveness in life, and, above all, with the ceaseless activity which harmonized well with his family motto: 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'"

In politics, Buxton was a Whig who had marched with the times. We saw that he supported Gladstone's policy with regard to the Irish Church in 1868, and we shall see that he supported him again in the Eastern Question of 1876-1880. One of his daughters records this instance of hereditary hero-worship: "On one occasion my father went to see Mr. W. E. Forster at the House of Commons, and, while waiting for him in the passage, I (being about 11) peeped into Mr. Gladstone's room, and, seeing no one

there, rushed in and stole a hair from his brush. This was kept as a sacred relic, pasted on black paper, with other precious things, my dead bird's wing and my dog's hair."

Buxton was in an unusual degree devoid of secular ambition; and, as long as he knew that he was doing his duty towards his country, he felt little concern about personal issues. In this spirit he repeatedly acceded to the requests of the Liberal Whips, who urged him to fight difficult seats and lead forlorn hopes. Thus at the General Election of 1874 he contested Westminster, which had rejected John Stuart Mill five years before. It was the moment of triumphant Toryism, and he was beaten by nearly five thousand votes. He would have been less than human if he had not felt depressed by the result of this attempt to return to Parliamentary life; and his wife's letter on the occasion is worthy of reproduction.

"MY DARLING,—I know what a *great* disappointment it is to you to be kept out of Parliament, but I cannot at all agree with you that therefore your life is 'in vain.' In the first place, you are *all in all* to me and the children, and then think of the Brewery, the School Board, the many good things you have worked for, and the many more you can and will work for in the future. No doubt in God's good time you will come into Parliament. In the meantime, you are pleasing Him, and your will is being brought into harmony with *His* holy will, by patiently acquiescing in your disappointments about Parliament. Darling, I am sure *I* am no example; I feel it deeply. And yet I have found this thought a comfort myself under the trial of my weak health. (For you know I have an active disposition, and it *is* a trial to me to be tied so much to the sofa, and to be so good for nothing altogether.) When one can realize it, it soothes one to feel that all that happens is part of the discipline of life and is intended to mould us more into the Image of Him who 'pleased not Himself.'

"Now, darling, good night."

An agreeable distraction from political worries now offered itself in a suggestion by Mr. W. E. Forster,¹ that Buxton should accompany him on a tour to the United States, where he purposed to examine the working of public education.

When this plan was broached, Lady Victoria wrote as follows :—

“ I certainly shall not stand in the way of your going to America, though it will, of course, be a *most* unpleasantly long separation, and an anxiety to me. But I am sure, darling, you will enjoy it (except the passage, I fear), and, as you say, it may really be a great advantage to your political education. It will be *most educating*, in that way, as travelling in Italy is in an artistic and historical way, and therefore, as such a good opportunity offers, I quite think it would be foolish not to take advantage of it, and we might regret it very much afterwards. Then going with Mr. Forster will be a real advantage in many ways, as you will see all the chief people, and I shall feel that he will to a certain extent look after you, though I should have preferred a younger and more cheerful companion for you ! For you are not an old man yet, and you are too old for your age ! ”

The travellers sailed on the 10th of September, 1874, and Buxton returned to England just in time for Christmas. The extracts from Forster's letters to his wife may be here inserted.

[*After a dinner of the “ Historical Society,” Philadelphia.*]

“ Fowell followed me in a most excellent little speech, in the best of taste—more of a success than mine. I wish you would tell his wife how good his speeches have been, always successful, but no ways *flattering*.”

“ Fowell left me this morning. [Dec. 11, 1874.]

“ We were very sorry to part. He has been the best and

¹ W. E. Forster and Fowell Buxton were cousins.

most helpful of companions, and we have become true and warm friends, and I am very grateful to him for putting up with me, when sometimes I must have tried his patience."

The year 1875 passed uneventfully, but early in 1876 a vacancy in the representation of North Norfolk was caused by the death of the Conservative Member. The division had returned two Conservatives at the General Election of 1868. In 1874 a Conservative and a Liberal were returned without a contest, by agreement between the two parties. The prospect for a Liberal standing in opposition to a Conservative was therefore not very bright; but the sense of duty as usual prevailed with Buxton; he stood, and was defeated by a little over a hundred votes. Again an agreeable distraction from politics was presented, by a Conference on Central African affairs, which Leopold, King of the Belgians, convened at Brussels. On hereditary as well as personal grounds, it was obvious to choose Buxton as one of the English delegates, and he joined the Conference in September, 1876. Two of his letters to his eldest son, just going to his first school, may be inserted here.

"PALAIS DE BRUXELLES,

"Sept. 13, 1876.

". . . It is time to dress for dinner, but I must write you a letter to tell you how much I think of you on this your first day at school, and how I should like to pay you a visit. I shall hope to have a note from you before I leave Brussels, which I suppose will be on Saturday.

"Yesterday I saw a light phaeton with 4 bay ponies rather bigger than 'High Sheriff.' I was told they were the Queen's, which she drives, and that they were Austrian. In the evening, she talked to most of us for a few minutes. When she came to me I told her that I had seen them, and she said she had 50 of those ponies. I think 50 'High Sheriffs' would be rather too many.

"Nothing can be kinder than the King. He sits at the Conference all the morning, and then we meet him again at dinner and in the evening. If he does all this in order to do some good in Africa, it ought to be an example to us all to exert ourselves.

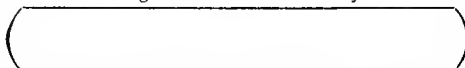
"This morning I gave him the Life of your great-grandfather."

"Sept. 14, 1876.

". . . I send you a rough plan of the room where we are now sitting, and the table. We are about 35, and

Germans. The King. An Italian. Sir H. Verney. Sir R. Alcock.

A Frenchman.



Sir John Kennaway.

Austrians. The Secretary. Sir B. Frere. T. F. B.

grouped according to our nationalities. We talk a deal too much, especially these Foreigners, and I for one am anxious to have some lunch and to get out.

"We shall come to a resolution saying that certain things ought to be done for the good of Africa,¹ but I expect that the Missionary Societies are the people to do it. Everybody feels the importance of having roads and stations at certain places, where travellers could get help.

"Some of our party are going to see Waterloo, but I

¹ BRUSSELS, *January 9th*, 1890.

DEAR SIR FOWELL,

Many thanks for your very kind letter and for the sympathy you express on the occasion of the destruction by fire of our Laken home.

I am glad you have kept a good recollection of your former visits to Brussels. For my part I shall never forget the most valuable assistance I then received from you, from Sir B. Frere, and from Sir W. Mackinnon, who is never weary of helping me. I hope you and also your friends will continue to sympathize with my endeavours in Central Africa.

To put down slavery in Central Africa the introduction of arms and spirits must be either forbidden or very much restricted. The Congo State, to be able thoroughly to take in hand its share in the good work, ought to be allowed to recruit annually a few hundred men in the British Empire.

With best regards and homages to Lady Buxton, believe me always,
Yours very faithfully,

LEOPOLD.

cannot go as I expect someone to call on me, and also I hope we (you and I) shall some day read the account and go over the field together. This is a cheerful little town. I wish we were all here to amuse ourselves with the sights."

The autumn of 1876 was signalized by the outbreak of what soon came to be popularly known as "The Eastern Question." There had been an insurrection in Bulgaria in 1875, and the Turkish Government despatched a large force to repress it. This was soon done, and repression was followed by a hideous orgy of massacre and outrage. A rumour of these horrors reached England in 1876, and public indignation spontaneously awoke. Gladstone, who in 1875 had resigned the Liberal leadership, rushed from his retirement, and flung himself into the agitation against Turkey. The conflict waxed fast and furious. Russia, championing the Christian subjects of the Porte, declared war against Turkey in April, 1877; it soon became evident that a considerable section of the British public wished to see England intervene on behalf of Turkey; Lord Beaconsfield gave signs of favouring this policy; and, as Dr. Liddon said, "it seemed possible that this country might be committed to a war in defence of the Mahommedan Power, which for centuries has been the persecutor of the worshippers of Christ in the East of Europe."

Buxton's views on the subject are given in a letter to his eldest son, then at a private school.

"I hope you hold your own about the Turks and Russians. I think there is no doubt that the majority everywhere are in favour of the Turks. It is because in the Crimean War they were our Allies, and the Russians our enemies. We then fought for them, saved them from destruction, and gave them a chance. We now know they have made no use of their chance, but have governed very badly, and we ought not to fight for them any more.

"That is how I look at it."

The peril of this intervention, which would have been a second and less justifiable Crimea, was averted mainly by Gladstone's efforts; and it was not only in Eastern Europe that his saving influence was felt. In Africa, and India, and wherever British arms were exercised and British honour was involved, he was the resolute and unsparing enemy of the odious system of bluster and swagger and might against right, on which the Prime Minister and his colleagues bestowed the tawdry nickname of Imperialism. In his own phrase, he devoted himself to "counterworking the purpose of Lord Beaconsfield." His success was astonishing. As the General Election approached, one and only one question seemed to interest the electors—"Do you approve or condemn Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy?" Buxton was one of those who condemned it; and in January, 1879, another vacancy in the representation of North Norfolk gave him the opportunity of expressing his condemnation by again coming forward as a Liberal candidate. But feeling now ran much higher than it had run in April, 1876, and he was beaten by nearly 500 votes.

The end of Lord Beaconsfield's reign was now nigh at hand. Parliament was dissolved in March, 1880, and Buxton came forward yet once more, as Liberal candidate for West Essex. The division had returned two Conservatives without opposition in 1868 and 1874; so the prospect was about as hopeless as could be. A friend, who is now universally honoured as Lord Bryce, wrote as follows:—

"One line to wish you most heartily success in your gallant contest in W. Essex, which must at any rate make our victory certain there as soon as the County Franchise is extended, and which is one of the finest proofs of devotion to the Liberal Cause that has been given anywhere."

Buxton polled 1772 votes, as against 2664 and 2397 polled respectively by his opponents; and, in spite of the

extension of the County Franchise, West Essex still returns a Conservative.

Though Buxton was unsuccessful, the Liberal cause triumphed. The General Election of 1880 drove Lord Beaconsfield finally from office; Gladstone became Prime Minister for the second time, and he recognized Buxton's merits and services by offering him a peerage. The honour Buxton declined, much to the regret of his friends, who thought the House of Lords exactly the sphere of usefulness which would have suited him best. His reason for declining it seems to have been twofold. He was proud of the style which he had inherited from his grandfather, because of the circumstances under which it had been conferred; and with regard to himself he said, with characteristic modesty, that he had done nothing to deserve the proffered honour.

During the early years of the new Parliament, he continued to support the Liberal administration. In the bitter controversy which arose about Bradlaugh's exclusion from the House of Commons, he stood firm to the principle of religious liberty, as the following letter, addressed to his eldest son at Harrow, clearly shows:—

“I am very glad you have been carefully thinking out the Affirmation Question. It is a difficult and most disagreeable one. There are two questions. Is it right in itself, and secondly, is this the proper time for introducing it?

“We must remember that the oath never was required as a test to prove that a man was a Christian. It was an act designed to elicit truth—and has been altered by law in the case of Quakers and Jews. Can we rightly use it now as a weapon to exclude unbelievers?

“The law does exclude from Parliament some classes, viz. women, children, clergymen, bankrupts; but there is nothing to exclude unbelievers. Is it therefore right to use for this purpose the oath which was meant for something else?

"I do not think it is, and I feel that we ought to allow all Members to *affirm* instead of *swear*, as the law now allows Quakers and Jews.

"Then as to the proper time. The objection to this time is that it makes it appear as if the present were chosen because of the Bradlaugh incident and in order to admit him. As to that, if the change is right we ought not to refuse it because it appears to have a reference to one individual, and it cannot be denied that the Northampton election has shown more decisively the inconsistency of the present law. The oath would be defensible if we could say that it excluded either infidels or rebels, but as a matter of fact it excluded neither the one nor the other. It is notorious that many of both are in the House of Commons.

"It cannot be urged therefore that it answers any useful purpose."

But trouble of another kind was now nigh at hand. The bombardment of Alexandria in 1882, and the subsequent expedition, were profoundly distasteful to the great bulk of Liberals. All through 1883 and 1884 it became increasingly difficult to defend the self-contradictions of the Egyptian policy, or to justify the aimless loss of life which they involved. Buxton was one of those whom those events profoundly disturbed, and he made his feeling shown in the following letter to the Chief Whip of the Liberal Party, Lord Richard Grosvenor.¹

"March 14, 1884.

"DEAR GROSVENOR,

"I do not think I have ever intruded my views upon you, but the news from Suakin leaves me no choice but to do so.

"I can only regard this fighting as a perfectly unjustifiable attack on tribes with whom we have no ground of quarrel. There has never been a shadow of excuse for calling them Rebels.

¹ Afterwards Lord Stalbridge.

"An effort appears now to be made to urge the Government into prolonging the war until we annex a large part of the Soudan. I hold that nothing that has been urged by Gordon or others could justify this course.

"I cannot conceal from myself that these opinions so opposed to the policy adopted, and probably about to be adopted, by Her Majesty's Government, would seriously embarrass me were I asked to become a Liberal Candidate within a very short period.

"I think it right to put this before you, and will ask you to mention it to Mr. Gladstone.

"Yours very truly,

"T. FOWELL BUXTON."

"*March 17, 1884.*

"DEAR BUXTON,

"I am sorry to hear that you do not altogether approve of the policy of the Government in Egypt; every step has been a logical sequence of the last, and it all takes its root in Salisbury's scheme of a dual control.

"As Mr. Gladstone is not well just now, I have not mentioned your views to him, but when he is all right again, I will do so.

"Yours truly,

"RICHD. GROSVENOR."

All through the Parliament of 1880, questions connected with Ireland occupied a great deal of attention. There were hot fits and cold fits; Land Bills, Arrears Bill, Coercion Bills; traffickings with disaffection, concessions to clamour. On the 24th of November, 1884, Lord Shaftesbury wrote in his diary: "In a year or so we shall have Home Rule disposed of (at all hazards) to save us from daily and hourly bores." On the 8th of June, 1885, Gladstone's Government was beaten on an amendment to the Budget; and then Lord Shaftesbury wrote: "I have just seen the defeat of Government by Conservatives and Parnellites combined; an act of folly amounting

to wickedness. God is not in all their thoughts, nor the country either. All seek their own, and their own is Party spirit, momentary triumph, political hatred, and the indulgence of low, personal, and unpatriotic passion."

Characteristically strong words, but true. Gladstone resigned, and was succeeded by Lord Salisbury. The General Election took place in November, and the result was a tie. When the Election was over, the Liberal Party was just short of the numerical strength which was requisite to defeat a combination of Tories and Parnellites. Lord Salisbury therefore continued in office, but the life of his administration hung on a thread. On the 17th of December the world was astonished by an anonymous statement in a newspaper that, if Gladstone were returned to power, he was prepared to deal in a liberal spirit with the demand for Home Rule. When the new Parliament assembled, in January, 1886, Gladstone, supported by the bulk of the Liberals and all the Parnellites, defeated the Government. Lord Salisbury resigned, and Gladstone became Prime Minister for the third time, at the head of an administration pledged to Home Rule.

"When Gladstone runs down a steep place, his immense majority, like the pigs in Scripture but hoping for a better issue, will go after him, roaring in grunts of exultation." This was part of Lord Shaftesbury's prophecy in 1884; but it was based on an assumption which proved erroneous. It took for granted the unalterable docility of the Liberal Party. That docility had now been stretched to breaking-point; and Buxton was one of those who felt themselves constrained to sever their connexion with the Liberal Party. The severance cost many a pang, as may be gathered from the words of a member of Gladstone's Government, who, when the Home Rule Bill was produced, retired from office, and wrote thus to Buxton: "I am much obliged by your good wishes and sympathy, and in turn I sympathize with *your* difficulties, which are those of most honest men."

Parliament was dissolved in June, 1886. Buxton was

urged to stand as a Liberal Unionist for Darlington, but after full consideration declined. In the winter of 1887-8, accompanied by his eldest son, he made a tour in India, busying himself much with the problems of missionary work. During his absence his mother wrote as follows:—

“ Jan. 11, 1888.

“ It is pleasant to sit down to write to you from this charming home.¹ . . . Certainly it is remarkable what Victoria has effected with her delicacy—such perfect command with such gentle influences; and *no little* springs from your loving power and unwavering thoughtfulness.

“ I do feel very thankful for it all. I am sorry to miss Noel, who is one of the large party at Colne House. I am going to Brighton to-morrow till we settle in London.

“ I have very much enjoyed my visit and have seen so much of Victoria. She has been so very thoughtful and kind and loving. I am indeed well off with children and children-in-law!

“ We have enjoyed your letters from Allahabad and Benares. I am glad you have been with Lord Dufferin. I wish you had more of him and his public interests. I am rather jealous of your being given too much to C.M.S. objects. I think your strength should be given first to refreshment and the advantage to mind and character of quite new circumstances. I believe it would be more for general good than being after the schools, etc. Your journey was for recreation and I hope you will feel the real importance of this.

“ I hope you are *well*—I am sorry the voyage gave you headaches. Do have doctor's advice for the return and take it more quietly. I think this is a positive duty towards your family. Let it be all as much as possible rest and refreshment. My dear love to Victor, he writes very good letters. I hope you will see more of Native society.

“ I have not acknowledged your note to me from

¹ Warlies.

Benares. I can understand a measure of discouragement over missionary work—with masses of the opposite around ; but our course is clear, to preach the word.

“ Your very loving Mother,

“ C. BUXTON.”

Some notion of Fowell Buxton's religious and philanthropic activities may be gathered from the following Resolutions passed after his death by the Committees of various Societies with which he was connected :

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY

“ The Committee receive with deep concern the announcement of the death of their much honoured friend, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart., G.C.M.G., Vice-President of the Society, and its Treasurer from 1886–1895. Sir Fowell was the third baronet of his name to render whole-hearted service to the cause of proclaiming the Gospel to all nations through the agency of the Church Missionary Society. His grandfather, the first Sir Fowell, liberator of the slave and leader in the work of opening up Africa, was a speaker at four C.M.S. Anniversaries, the first of them in 1822. His father, Sir Edward North Buxton, was Henry Venn's ally in many schemes for the regeneration of the Dark Continent. The late Sir Fowell, who succeeded to the title as far back as 1858, took the deepest interest all through his life in every effort for the good of Africa, and was the personal friend and often hospitable host of very many engaged in such efforts. He was in his right place as President of the Anti-Slavery Society ; while the world-wide range of his sympathies was illustrated by his Presidency also of the Missions to Seamen. Of the C.M.S. he was the true and devoted friend and supporter. He was a Vice-President for more than half a century, and during the nine years of his Treasurership—an office only resigned on his appointment to the Governorship of South Australia—he was in

especially frequent attendance at Salisbury Square. While the Committee mourn the loss of so faithful a friend, they rejoice to think how fully the succession of the family interest and co-operation in their work has now for many years been maintained by his eldest son, their dear and highly-esteemed colleague Thomas Fowell Victor Buxton, to whom they offer affectionate good wishes on his succession to the baronetcy.

"The Committee desire also to express their respectful sympathy with Lady Victoria Buxton, an Honorary Life Member, in the loss of her honoured husband, while they gratefully recall the many kindnesses she has shown to the Society's missionaries and other workers, and more especially the keen and prayerful interest which she has for half a century taken in so many branches of the work."

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY

"Sir Fowell Buxton's association with the Bible Society dated from his earliest days. His grandfather, the friend of William Wilberforce and Charles Grant, and the brother-in-law of Elizabeth Fry, thus linked with the Gurneys, was one of the Society's early pioneers, and was a regular attendant at the Bible party meeting at Earlham, the picture of which has been so charmingly preserved for us in the *Gurneys of Earlham*. The grandfather's outlook upon the Bible Society is perhaps summed up in his own phrase: 'It is the Bible and the plough that must regenerate Africa.'

"All these traditions the grandson worthily maintained. He himself succeeded his father as President of the Cromer Auxiliary, a position which he filled up to his death. He was ever a generous supporter of the Society's cause, and was in whole-hearted sympathy with its spirit and methods. He believed with all his heart that to lift up the sons of men the one indispensable requirement was that the Son of Man Himself must be lifted up before their eyes. He was a Christian humanitarian in whom

the passion for the salvation of men's souls and bodies was none the less ardent because it burned quietly with a steady flame.

"In person he was courtly and dignified, giving the impression of weighed counsels and quiet strength.

"He sleeps with his fathers, having dwelt all the day-time of his life in the same spiritual household.

"God, in His goodness, raises up such men and such families equally for the days of quiet growth and the moment of stern action: these are they who 'dwell in the House of the Lord for ever.'

"To the members of his family the Committee tender their tribute of loving appreciation and sympathy, and to God they give praise for another illustrious example of the glories of His Grace."

THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY

"To name the dates which connect Sir Fowell Buxton with our Society is easy, but it is very difficult to give an adequate idea of his devoted and ungrudging lifelong service to the cause of Native races, and impossible to compute its value. Sir Fowell first became a member of the Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society in 1883, but before this date he had been connected with the Committee of the Aborigines Protection Society and a Vice-President, and apart from his official connexion with the Societies, the records both of the Aborigines Protection Society and the Anti-Slavery Society show that Sir Fowell was in constant request and ever ready to help the Native cause by presiding and speaking at meetings, joining in deputations to ministers, and other similar functions, public and private, which were arranged by one or other Society. In this he followed the example of his father, Sir Edward North Buxton, who himself followed that of his well-known father, the first Baronet, in being at once a member of both the Societies and a constant advocate of the anti-slavery cause both in and

out of Parliament, as was also Charles Buxton, M.P., uncle of our late President (and father of the present Viscount Buxton), who wrote his father's life.

"In 1895, after the death of Mr. Edmund Sturge, Sir Fowell Buxton was appointed Vice-President of the Anti-Slavery Society about the time of his acceptance of the Governorship of South Australia. On his return in 1899 he was offered and accepted the Presidency in succession to Mr. Arthur Pease, M.P. There have been only four Presidents of our Society from its foundation in 1839, the first two being Thomas Clarkson and Samuel Gurney, M.P. (the latter an uncle of our late President), and it is interesting to notice that the period during which the last two Presidents have occupied the post has been almost exactly the same, namely, sixteen years.

"Among Sir Fowell's many activities on behalf of native races, we may mention the prominent part which he took, in association with his kinsman W. E. Forster, Dr. Hodgkin, and the Society of Friends, in organizing relief for the freed people in the United States at the close of the Civil War; his deep practical interest in the British East Africa Company and its efforts to open up East Africa to legitimate commerce; and his constant support of the Home for Freed Women Slaves in Cairo, in the days when the slave trade in Egypt was a living issue.

"When the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society was amalgamated with the Aborigines Protection Society, Sir Fowell Buxton continued as President of the new organization. During the last five years our Society has been confronted with some of the gravest problems in its history, and in all these the President's controlling hand has been evident. The Society has taken a large share in the exposure of the abuses of the Congo, Putumayo, and Portuguese Slavery, and its part has been carried out under his personal guidance and direction. His wise and cautious judgment has been of the greatest value to the Committee, which has to exercise constant vigilance and at the same time discrimination in dealing with complaints of abuses

and injustice from all parts of the world. Only those who know his work in this connexion intimately can fully appreciate how lavish he was of time and trouble in the interests of native races, to say nothing of his ready and generous financial help.

“The chief characteristic of our President which struck all who met him and have written about him was his high sense of public duty. This was shown in every department of his life.

“Some mention should be made of other public work with which Sir Fowell was closely connected. For more than half a century he was a Vice-President of the Church Missionary Society and for nine years its Treasurer. The resolution of that Society passed on his death recalls the fact that his father was Henry Venn’s ally in many schemes for the regeneration of Africa, and that Sir Fowell was a personal friend and often the hospitable host of very many engaged in efforts for the good of Africa, both in London and at his residences in Essex and Norfolk. He had also been for many years Chairman of the Mission to Seamen. Sir Fowell Buxton made one of the most gracious of hosts. His social interests were largely developed and his large family circle claimed and received a large portion of his time and thought. Native visitors to this country were not infrequently his guests, such as the Alake of Abeokuta and other West African chiefs, King Khama, and others, and the other well-known American negro leader whose death has just been chronicled, Booker Washington.

“The following resolution was passed by the Committee at the meeting following on the death of the President :—

“ ‘The Committee of the Society has learned with deep sorrow of the death of its President, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, which will be felt as a heavy loss by every member.

“ ‘Sir Fowell has always been a whole-hearted supporter of the cause of Native Races for which the Anti-Slavery

and Aborigines Protection Societies have stood. He became connected with the Anti-Slavery Society first as a member of its Committee in 1883, and afterwards as Vice-President. In 1899, on his return from South Australia, where he served a term of office as Governor, Sir Fowell was offered and accepted the Presidency of that Society on the death of Mr. Arthur Pease, M.P.

“ ‘Since then he has maintained the closest interest in the Society’s work, being most regular in his attendance at the monthly Committee meetings, and sparing neither time nor trouble in consideration of the matters which have come before them. His wise and cautious judgment in presiding over the Committee meetings has been especially valuable in the handling of the important questions which have occupied the Committee since the almagamation of the two Societies in 1909, and his gracious presence and influence at all gatherings of the Society will be greatly missed. Sir Fowell has also been a generous supporter of the Society’s funds.

“ ‘The Committee begs to express to Lady Victoria Buxton and the family, its deep sympathy with them in their great sorrow.’ ”

THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN¹

“Sir Fowell Buxton’s interest in the Society came through the Rev. H. W. L. O’Rorke, whose sister married the present Sir Victor Buxton, and who was formerly one of The Missions to Seamen Chaplains on the Mersey and at San Francisco.

“Sir Fowell presided at the Annual Meeting of our Society in 1899, and in 1901 became Chairman of the Committee, an office which he held until his death in 1915. He took the greatest possible interest in all the work of the Society, and went for several tours of inspection to the Mission Stations, both at home and on the Continent. His visits were always greatly appreciated

¹ Contributed by the Secretary, Mr. Stuart A. Knox.

by all the Staff, with whom he was invariably most sympathetic.

"He liked to be kept informed of all the doings of the Society, and whenever he was in London, he liked me to breakfast with him on the mornings of the days on which the Committee Meetings were held, so that I could tell him of all that was to be discussed. He was regular in his attendance at Committees, attending, on an average, about once a month; the Meetings are held twice a month.

"He was always *exceedingly* generous to the Society, giving an Annual subscription of £200, besides various other gifts for special needs. He gave very quietly and unostentatiously. On one occasion, owing to a subsidence in our Institute at Tilbury, causing damage to a neighbouring building, the Society had to pay £700, as damages to the owners of the property. Sir Fowell insisted on paying this himself on the plea that, as Chairman, he ought to have gone more carefully into the plans of our building before it was erected. When a request came up at the Committee for a compassionate grant, for a Lay Reader or his wife, Sir Fowell nearly always opposed such a grant being made. If the Committee decided *not* to make the grant, he generally passed me a note to say that *he* would give the sum asked for himself.

"He was most hospitable, frequently entertaining large parties of Merchant Seamen at Warlies on Bank Holidays, etc.

"My wife and I spent several very happy week-ends with him and Lady Victoria at Warlies, and always so much appreciated the courteous hospitality and the beautiful Christian atmosphere of the home.

"I should call him a typical English Christian gentleman, and I feel it a great privilege to have possessed his friendship and to have been associated with him in this work for Sailors.

CHAPTER IX

AUSTRALIA

“Roding (that names eight churches)—
Banks with the paigles¹ dight—
Chelmer, whose mill and willows
Keep one red tower in sight—
Under the Southern Cross run
Beside the ship to-night.”—A. S. CRIPPS.

I N March, 1895, a Liberal Government was in office. Lord Rosebery had become Prime Minister in the previous year, and Lord Ripon was Secretary of State for the Colonies. Lord Kintore had been Governor and Commander-in-Chief of South Australia, and his term of office had now expired. Very much to the surprise of all concerned, the Prime Minister and the Secretary of State looked for a successor outside the ranks of Gladstonian Liberalism, and offered the vacant post to Sir Fowell Buxton. It was a perplexing honour. Even for an unencumbered man to sever himself from home and its interests for a term of years is a step which requires grave consideration; and in Buxton's case there were unusual difficulties. He had the responsibilities of property and business; a multiplicity of religious, philanthropic, and social avocations; a wife to whom physical exertion was an impossibility; and a large family of children mostly young. But his main characteristic was a self-sacrificing devotion to duty; and, after careful and prayerful reflection, he came to the conclusion that he could not rightly decline the proffered task.

Here I quote from Lady Victoria's journal:—

“1895. *April 5.* Fowell decided to accept Governor-

¹ Essex cowslips.

ship of South Australia. Church Army meeting in drawing-room.

“ April 6. Called on Lady Kintore.

“ April 9. Official appointment to Governorship came.”

The following letters refer to the appointment :—

Lady V. B. to a Married Daughter.

“ April 6, 1895.

“ You will have heard by now of the great change that is to come into our lives. One trusts and believes that it may be a very good one for dear Father, and that he will have a large sphere of usefulness. May health and strength and wisdom be given to *him* specially, out there, and to us all. The thoughts of leaving so many of our precious children (more precious than ever now!) is, *at times*, to me, really quite appalling and overwhelming—I can use no truer words. But I do desire to live in prayer and believe that God will help me through one difficulty after another. One must first ‘do the next thing’ and strength and wisdom will be given. I am glad that I have no dear Mother to leave, and I should like to have done more for my dear Roden’s work before I left England.¹ He is not here, happily, to miss one.

I hope, too, that my physical weaknesses and infirmities will be no hindrance to Father. I am so afraid they may be. I shall certainly give some amusement to the Colonists with my couches and Bath chairs and water-beds ! ”

Lady V. B. to a Married Daughter.

“ April 6, 1895.

“ Well we must believe that the Lord will bless us, for *in this case, at least*, we have all tried to act unselfishly, and made no small sacrifice.

¹ She was arranging for the publication of her brother’s poems.

"Father is quite happy now, I think, and that is the great thing.

"I had a long talk with Lady Kintore this afternoon and she told me a great deal which rather discouraged *me*. But God will help us, as difficulties arise, and we must hope the time will pass quickly, and we must try and make ourselves really useful out there and not think too much about the precious ones at Home, who we can only help by prayer. But—

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of."

Sir F. B. to a Married Daughter.

"April 7, 1895.

"I am sure you can sympathize in all the spell of perplexity and vacillation that we have gone through, and can understand how difficult it has been to determine on which side the balance of duty lay. . . .

"I think we have decided aright and believe we may rely on the needful grace and protection being granted to us—though the very first business of uprooting seems appalling—even before we approach the preparation for the future.

"You married daughters must bear a large share in the responsibility. It has been splendid how you both and those at home have overlooked your own interests and have considered only what was good and right for us.

"You do not fail to remember us in prayer. We need it much."

Lady V. B. to a Married Daughter.

"April 7, 1895.

"I hardly know how to write about this—you are praying for us, I know. It is an *appalling* prospect to me, sometimes—the separation from so many precious children, above all, and the terrible voyage to begin and to end with! But one must look at it simply. It is a

good thing for Father, and his wife and children must follow, of course. And we must hope and pray that, when the dreadful uprooting is over, the time will pass quickly out there and that we may all make ourselves useful in some way or other.

"I wonder if *I* shall ever see anything or any other place besides Adelaide! If pretty well I must try and get to Melbourne before I come home. . . . Oh, how I wish Noel could go with us. I hardly know what I shall do without him, he is so self-reliant and so loving too. . . .

"I had a long talk with Lady Kintore yesterday and must have another. She told me a good deal and I consulted her about servants and furniture, etc., and she told me about their entertainments and 'society' there, etc. She says we shall give great offence if we do not go to the Theatre—it would be 'most unpopular.' Whatever shall we do? She says one can make *no* friends there! Only be 'friendly'—for fear of creating jealousies. Of course it is a small place and everything one says or does is observed. Uncle Ted and Francis and Uncle Strange came to-day, but one can *do nothing and say nothing* until it is officially announced, which it will be this week, I suppose.

"We must take out a number of servants (if they will go with us) I hear. We shall probably take the three girls, and Harold and Leland and a Tutor. Besides an aide-de-camp and a secretary. Would that *you* all could come with us. That *would* be delightful indeed, precious child.

"I must go to Lady Kintore again with heaps of questions and there are innumerable things to settle, but it is awkward till one can speak about it, which *one must not do* till after the official announcement is made.

". . . Pray much for us (and perhaps especially for poor me!)"

Edward Clifford to Sir F. B.

" April 10, 1895.

" Please accept mingled congratulations and regrets from me. I cannot deny that my selfish sorrow predominates, for I shall miss you all exceedingly—so much that I cannot find it in my heart to be as glad as I want to be, that this great and important piece of national service has fallen into your hands. Nevertheless, I do truly rejoice. Your character and that of your family will be a Godsend wherever you go, and even your great name will appeal to the people and make them proud of your presence. It is a great adventure, but I think you all love adventures, and I am sure that God's presence and blessing will be continually with you. We at home shall be great losers. Please give my affectionate regards to Lady Victoria. She is very brave."

Lady Buxton to Lady V. B.

" April 20, 1895.

" I do admire your letter and yourself !

" I am in full sympathy on every point, but do believe in much good from the climate for both of you when there.

" I hope you will avoid great heat anywhere, and that you will go when you have the best and largest ships.

" I should like to go too ! I fancy good to you on the voyage at the best time of year, and when there what good you will do ! You cannot go without an important influence shedding from you, even if kept on your sofa. I am sure of this.

" I am interested in reading of Lord Lawrence's Vice-Royalty—and how he took his own line in everything, as the Christian man professed, with the needed independence. You go out so beautifully acknowledged *in the papers* as ' Christian Philanthropists,' and did ever ' Christian Philanthropists ' go forth with greater natural charms of courteousness and grace than you and Fowell ? "

*Address from the "Mothers' Meeting" at Upshire
to Lady V. B.*

"DEAR LADY VICTORIA,

"Please accept the accompanying photograph of us—the members of the Copt Hall Green Mothers' Meeting as a small token of our affectionate regard. We feel that words cannot express our gratitude for the warm interest you have for so many years taken in ourselves and in our families.

"We would rather make it our aim that our lives should bear a silent witness to the success of your efforts.

"We ask you to accept our little gift, and we assure you that this picture will never be nearer to your eyes than the thought of yourself will be to our hearts.

"We are, dear Lady Victoria,

"Ever affectionately yours,

"THE MEMBERS OF THE MOTHERS' MEETING.

"THE READING ROOM,

"August 26th, 1895."

From Lady V. B.'s Journal.

"1895. Sept. 15. 14th Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion, all together, in Waltham Abbey.

"Sept. 20. Left home at 7.30. Lovely autumn morning. Sailed at 1 p.m. in *Austral*.¹

"Sept. 21. Plymouth at 10. Off again about 5. Lovely sunset. Quite calm.

"Sept. 22. Sunday. Morning service in saloon. Hymns after tea. Evening Service for steerage passengers. Quite smooth. Lovely sunset again. Could hardly believe we were in the Bay all day.

"October 2. Port Said. Picturesque Eastern scenes. Suez Canal.

"Oct. 5. In the Red Sea.

"Oct. 29. Arrived at Adelaide. *Very hot* indeed."

¹ The party consisted of Sir F. and Lady V. B., their daughters Constance and Victoria, and their sons Harold and Leland.

Letters from Lady V. B. to her family and friends :—

“ Nov. 1, 1895.

“ I hope the others are writing journal letters. I can only write a few impressions, etc., especially as I have been very unwell ever since I landed. But it is nothing of consequence and I am sure I shall be all right in a few days.

“ I did not mind the voyage at all and never was ill, and until I became unwell in other ways never even felt ill, I think, to matter.

“ But I felt the heat in the Red Sea very much and was so ridiculously weak that I felt as if I could not put one leg before the other. Then I suppose *afterwards* I got a chill (I was lying on deck all day) and got my liver disordered and sore throat and ‘all overish’ and never have recovered it. The Ship’s Doctor treated me, but said he could hardly get me right, with the perpetual rolling going on. And I was very little on deck crossing the Bight, as the wind from the South Pole was *icy*. I lived a rather uncomfortable life those days, as one cannot keep out of draughts on board Ship and one dreaded going to one’s cabin, it was so smelly and stuffy.

“ Well, I revived wonderfully on Tuesday, happily when we landed and though very giddy (I thought I should have fallen over the platform at the ‘swearing in’ which was a grand sight), I got through well and quite enjoyed it. The people were so *surprisingly* kind and enthusiastic and evidently so *pleased* to see us, which was so pleasant. I smiled and waved my handkerchief to the nice-looking women and children in the crowd who waved to me ! but, of course, no one but Father *bowed* ! Father went through everything in such a perfect and dignified way and spoke of himself always so distinctly as the Queen’s Representative only, and did not talk of ‘my people’ as —— did in his opening Speech (though no doubt this was a slip of the tongue !)

“ Father’s Levee was yesterday, and I watched the

carriages driving up. Mrs. Harmer¹ has been to see me, and we all adore her. The girls have gone there this morning. Father and C. rode yesterday afternoon, and V. and I pottered about the garden, with the chair. I have a dear little Shetland pony for it. The garden is very good for a town one, and the lawn is kept well watered and green.

"*God bless you all*, dearest. It is rather a trial being so helpless in body and mind just now, but I must be patient and it is nothing to matter, only tiresome for myself."

"*Dec. 23, 1895.*

"This is the most changeable climate I ever saw. One may shiver with cold in a sharp south wind one hour and be *very hot* the next! *literally*. And now we have lovely hot weather again. But the house² with its wide veranda is never *too* hot. Oh, how we long for you here. The evenings especially are lovely and the lights and shadows on the hills—as we sit in the Veranda, the blue sea on one side (Largs Bay and the Port River where we entered in the launch). (I must say I sometimes look rather wistfully at the sea and do long for the day when I shall embark on it again and go Home! D.V.)"

"*Jan. 20, 1896.*

"I must write you a line by this mail though there is not much time, as we are all off in an hour to the River Murray for a week's trip. The Government is sending us and making all arrangements for Fowell to visit the Village Settlements there, so *we* have no trouble. We are rather dreading the heat and the mosquitoes, but are going well armed for both! with veils, powders, mosquito nets, etc.

"Last night, Sunday, I was reading a number of your old letters, which I had put away for many years and

¹ Wife of the Bishop of Adelaide.

² Marble Hill.

brought out here with others, to look over, and they recalled so many events and so many loved ones to me, now passed away from earth, and also so much, dearest Marny, of your *constant love and sympathy* and consoling faith and trust, that I felt I must as soon as possible write and *thank you* and tell you what a help and blessing you have been to me since I was a girl—I have told you this before, I think.”¹

“ Jan. 26 1896.

“ I had written so far and then we had to start on our expedition to the Murray before I could finish. We returned last night, having much enjoyed it, except two days of really terrible heat. But we are now none the worse, and a boat, you know, suits me. I was longing for some of your books to give to the people, and am asking Victor to send me a few. I gave a few of Lady Portman’s and we also gave a good many Testaments away.

“ Happily there is a good Clergyman who visits occasionally—calling in his boat—and the Secretary of the Village Settlements, is an earnest Christian and much liked by the people. So they do hear of the Saviour sometimes. They are nice people and seemed pleased to see their Governor and his family. He made a little speech in some of the villages and they gave us two concerts! The *Treasurer* who accompanied us, is a good man. It is delicious to get back to this cool place² in the hills now.”

“ Jan. 26, 1896.

“ We have just returned from our expedition up the Murray and have travelled 450 miles on it. This day last week we were doubting (Cons. and I) whether we could go. We both had colds and had been warned by so many that the heat would be *intolerable* and that it was very unwise and ‘extraordinary’ and ‘risky’ for us to go. However, we ventured and I am very glad we did. Happily and really

¹ This letter was addressed to Catherine Marsh.

² Marble Hill.

mercifully we are none the worse for Thursday when the heat was really appalling. It was the day we reached Renmark, our furthest point. And the thermometer in the shade was actually 120 ! I never felt such heat (it was from there that we wired to you, as it really was a most remarkable experience and we were all so *well* in it and told you so, that we thought it was worth while letting you know what we were in when you were probably shivering with cold !) The journal letter will tell you about the six days and how they were spent. The start on Monday, the 20th, getting hotter and hotter as we drove down from here into the plains and to the station, where Kingston¹ and other people met us (coming into our saloon to bid us good-bye). Then the *terrible* heat of the railway journey to Morgan, over desolate burnt-up plains and then over sort of heaths—but covered with the Mallee scrub (a small eucalyptus) and the salt bush, a low, round flowering bush with a ghastly bluish white flower, then arriving at Morgan and going on board the *Nellie*, which looked like a House-Boat on the Thames with a flat bottom. We started at about 6 p.m. on our voyage up the river and soon stopped at a 'Settlement' where all the people were assembled on the shore, as they were everywhere. Father and the girls walked up to see some of their houses with lanterns, and then before we steamed away they sang to us. It was a pretty sight that evening with the moon shining.

"Well, I must not go on describing. . . . There was something rather touching to me in steaming away from each of these places, sometimes by day and sometimes by moonlight, leaving the little crowd on the banks, cheering father and the women waving their handkerchiefs to us. Sometimes they sang songs ('Australia' among them—oh, you should hear V. and the boys singing it !). Sometimes Sankey's, sometimes 'God Save the Queen'—and *often* 'God be with you till we meet again.' They were generally such particularly

¹ The Right-Hon. C. C. Kingston, Premier of South Australia.

nice-looking and pleasant people, the women so pleased to see us and squeezing our hands, and the men had such good manners and were apparently far more intelligent than our average working-man. But then their wits have been sharpened by all they have had, and have still, to do.

“ V. will tell you about our two evening drives (*in carts* !) about the Settlements, and meeting Mr. Bussell, the Anglican River Murray Missioner, in the *Etona*, and the Baptism on board our ship. I felt *thankful* that the people have this good man to visit them regularly. . . . And the people seem fond of him and spoke with such pleasure of his visits. He lives on board his boat and seldom takes any holiday. We came across him twice, the last time when we were both sticking on a sandbank, and then he dined with us and the *Nellie* towed the little *Etona* to Morgan. He is much wanting a boat that draws less water, poor man, for when the river is low he is constantly on sandbanks and wastes so much time.

“ We also met an extraordinary young Wesleyan Preacher, who began as a Socialist and who told wonderful and impossible stories of his adventures with snakes, etc. The people seemed to like him too ! The Minister (Treasurer) who accompanied us, Mr. Holder, is a very nice good man, a Wesleyan preacher also ! Mrs. H. most excellent and most amusing. She told Mr. Conybeare she liked us very much—so much that she had to put a restraint upon herself lest she should become too familiar ! Mr. Smeaton, the Scotchman, was really charming and seems to be adored by the ‘ Settlers ’—a little like A. Fraser in appearance. He, too, is a very devout, good man and has much to do with the Y.M.C.A. He seems to be a very practical sensible Christian, and highly disapproves of the Salvation Army, and the ‘ Christian Endeavour Society ’ out here, because they talk too much about their feelings and the young people run a risk of getting ‘ priggish.’ He has a large Men’s Bible Class—and has been studying the life of Our Lord

with them for five years, getting help from Geikie and Farrar and all the books he can. Also from *Renan*, because he thinks an Atheist's view of the beauty of the Lord's human character so valuable. We gave away many little Testaments and some of Lady Portman's tracts, but I did *long* for more books, especially some of dear Miss Marsh's. Do send me some. We hope to send a parcel of books to each Settlement soon, through Mr. S.

"We will soon send you a box of dried Apricots from Renmark, which, if cooked according to the directions inside, are quite excellent and finer than American ones. We saw them in the great packing shed there, and had to walk through such a furnace to reach it! The wind was quite fiery as if it came from a great furnace. Some nice ladies from the hospital came on board at Renmark and gave us baskets of delicious fruit (muscat grapes, figs, passion-fruit, peaches, and almonds), decorated with lovely blue and white plumbagos. There are such lovely bushes of plumbago here, tell Clarke. By the by, do make borders to the beds of variegated thyme, and rosemary, and 'fairy rose' (a little red rose), and get bushes of veronica, if it will grow. We have all these here.

"I think the Murray is a noble river. From Murray Bridge to Morgan it is very pretty with 'billabongs' swarming with birds, at the sides, just like the Norfolk Broads, and magnificent willow trees, and green marshy ground covered with cattle—such a contrast to the yellow burnt-up hills beyond. After Morgan the banks are monotonous, but very pretty. Sometimes red cliffs on one side, full of holes where the cockatoos have their nests, but gums (some very fine ones) on either side.

"I like the gum trees so much and do not think I should like any other tree as well for the banks of a river. The shapes are so varied and sometimes so picturesque, and the green is so light and fresh-looking. V. told you, no doubt, of the crowds of birds, specially of the lovely flocks of white cockatoos, and the little white and black

Australian magpies, the ducks and black swans, pelicans and emus.

"It is so nice to get back to this lovely cool retreat in the Hills. We have had a very idle day, reading all your *delicious* accounts of Christmas together, and the newspaper accounts of our trip on the Murray. I could not land anywhere and "climb up cliffs" to the Settlements! and the accounts are not very accurate.

"Poor Father has a bad cold, but he is better. He and V. are just going one of their exploring rides, and C. and I with the chair to see the sunset from the 'Sunset Path' as it is called.

"Oh how we did laugh over the splendid mumming you had!¹ Would that we had been there to see. What fun we will have when we get home!"

"April 10, 1896.

"V. and I have been here² nearly a fortnight since father and C. left for Sydney. Conny *never* writes, so we know very little about their doings at present. I suppose she has written home, however.

"I think I wrote about Easter? Since then we have had the great treat of hearing three splendid lectures by Haskett Smith, two on Egypt and one on Armenia and Constantinople. One evening we had Miss Harmer to supper, and took her with us, and another time Mr. and Mrs. Tower came. The picture from Photos of some of the Egyptian temples were splendid. What wonderful people they were! and to think of all they knew—about the One God and immortality and the resurrection, and their legends of the Fall, and foreshadowings of the Incarnation—is all too marvellous and interesting. Egyptology must be a fascinating study indeed. He lectures on Palestine the week we go to Melbourne which is too

¹ "Mumming," in which the chief incidents of the year were humorously treated, always formed part of the Christmas festivities at Warlies.

² Government House, Adelaide.

sad. But we shall, I hope, be at one or two of the lectures on the 27th and 28th. We go the 29th. On the first day, 27th, I have a Mothers' Union meeting at the Cathedral Hall, and we leave Marble Hill for good on that day.

"We have seen Mr. Scott, too, your Blantyre friend, which was most interesting. We went to hear him at a Presbyterian Church and he came to breakfast with us before sailing. What a charming man he is and how clever and full of enthusiasm (rather a mystic, I think, too). It is *very* sad for him having lost his wife, poor dear man. I suppose you will soon see him. He spoke enthusiastically of *you*, my darling, which rejoiced me greatly. Unfortunately we had a very short talk, as the weather was too rough for him to land when he was expected, so he only had one night in Adelaide instead of two.

"I have been having interviews with the Government man about matting, beds, cretonne, china, etc. ! I wish they had given me a sum of money as they did to Lady Kintore, instead of getting things themselves for us."

" May 4, 1896.

"We came here¹ on Thursday, as I have been telling Mary, and had a delightful visit to the *Sunbeam* on Saturday. We crossed the great harbour in a steam-launch (and it was quite rough and delicious) and lunched on board the *Sunbeam* (father and I and V., Lord Brassey, Lord Richard Nevill, and a nice little Miss Ryan who is staying here, sister of Lady Charles Scott, your friend).

"Lord Brassey took us into all the cabins, so snug and comfortable, the walls covered with photos and pretty water-colour pictures. . . . A great sheet of plate glass hangs over the bed suspended by chains, so that the skylight may always be open above it in the roughest weather, and the sea splashes

¹ Government House, Melbourne, where Lord Brassey was then Governor.

on the glass and falls *away* from their bed. After lunch Lord Brassey showed us his charts and told us all about their voyage out. They had some *awful* storms which the captain thought the yacht could hardly live through. The nurse was so ill that they left her and the dear little girl Helen (something like yours with a curly head) at the Cape, to come on by a large steamer here. Then we were to have had a cruise, but there was a boat race to see, an account of which I enclose. It was very exciting and Adelaide won, the poor Melbourne boat *sank*, most ignominiously, and the poor crew walked all dripping to the bank; they happened to be close to it.

"Yesterday we went to the cathedral, which is a fine building, much larger than Adelaide, but the service is not nearly as well done, the preacher rather *dull* Evangelical.

"Our Chief Justice Way is staying here and very agreeable. Yesterday some University Professors came to tea, and also Mr. and Mrs. Cornish, my cousins. She is a regular Baptist Noel. She is very pleasant and nice and a very good amateur actress. She is coming here in a few days to act in a little play they are having here, as a sort of inauguration entertainment of the 'Reading Circles,' which exist in Adelaide, too, and in all the great Australian towns. People meet at different houses once a month and have to read up some subject and write papers on it or something of the sort. The centre is at Sydney, and from there you hear of subjects and books. We shall know more about this soon, as we shall have to do with it at Adelaide soon. I am to be President there this year (the Chief Justice coaching me if I ever have anything to say).

"Last night we played a word-game and had music. Two of the 'Staff' sing well.

"To-day, Monday, the 'Time and Talents' Secretary is coming to see Lady Brassey and me. Our meeting is to-morrow in the ballroom.

"*Later.* I have had a talk with Miss Guthrie. There

are about 200 members here, and they seem to be doing very good work, visiting and singing at hospitals, making and mending hospital linen, etc. Perhaps it is not quite so openly a religious thing as at home, but the basis is distinctly Christian, and Mrs. Goe, the Bishop's wife, has interesting Bible-readings for the girls.

" Well, I must tell you about the people here. Lord Brassey is most kind and thoughtful—he is so really good and tells one so much that is interesting about everything out here. He seems to be a really religious-minded man, though very broad, and he has such quiet humour. Then *she* is very kind, living (as he does) to do her very best here in every way, taking an interest in all good works, tremendously busy, and very friendly in her manner to everybody.

" Mr. and Mrs. Freeman-Thomas (Lord B.'s daughter and son-in-law) are very pleasant. He sings well, and both he and Lord Shaftesbury sit down in the evenings and sing whenever they are asked—playing their own accompaniments, which is *most* convenient. Lord Shaftesbury has a splendid voice—tenor. Then there is Captain Wallington, who has been here for years with several Governors in succession, and Lord Richard Nevill, whose sister married Lord Brassey's son.

" They are all pleasant and seem to be a very comfortable party, almost a family one, you see.

" Oh, how delicious if you and W. lived with *us* and the dear children. They certainly are much better off than we are here, and now Lady B.'s brother is coming out in place of Captain Wallington.

" This place stands on a hill above the town and is like a small Osborne. V. is enjoying herself thoroughly—bicycles and rides with Lord B. and gets on with everybody. This afternoon some University girls are invited to meet her. Lady Brassey is so thoughtful—hearing that V. had been going to Newnham, she thought she would like to know about the Ladies' College here, and asked them on purpose.

"We go back to Adelaide on the 6th and then *what joy* to see Noel and M. about the 12th !

"I have been 'very full of pain,' as the poor people say, but when I happen to lose it for a few hours I am in the highest spirits and 'what can't be cured must be endured.' . . .

"I brought my mattress, and drove lying down to the harbour. What a sight ! The Governor's wife sprawling on a sofa. I am told I am very brave, and all are kind."

Memorandum by Lady V. B. [1896].

Adelaide and Adelaide Society

"Before leaving England (having been *thrust*¹ out by our children in our old age ! I, at least, utterly unfit to be a Governor's helpmeet, lolling on sofas), before leaving England a gentleman at a London dinner party, who had seen much of the world and acted as A.D.C. in one of our Colonies, told me that we should 'find Colonial Society intolerably dull, in fact very similar to the Society to be found in England in a second- or third-rate country town.' Now I have found this so untrue during the past year that I am encouraged to note down a few of my impressions of Adelaide and Adelaide society. No doubt my intercourse has been chiefly with the older people, the younger 'Australians' may be very inferior to their elders.

"When we landed here in October, 1895, we were pleased and *surprised* at the very cordial reception we met with. There is much true loyalty out here, though one greatly fears that there may be much less, possibly, in a few years. Of course, there are many still left in the Colony who remember the great old country from which they came, and who speak of it to their children, but before long the generation who 'know not England' will have grown up and may probably join the 'Australia for

¹ A family joke.

the Australians' party, which I suppose is a large and increasing one.

"To set against this, however, communication between the two countries is becoming increasingly easy, and more people every year will be able to visit England and to keep in touch with her. *A propos* of this it strikes me how very important it is that Australians should be warmly welcomed and made much of when they come, and treated entirely as fellow-countrymen—and that one should not resemble a gentleman I know, who happening to sit next a beautiful and charming Melbourne lady at dinner (married to the son of an English Peer) and, thinking that she was English, told her that he had that night been invited to meet 'a lot of beastly Australians,' but that he had been rewarded for refusing that invitation by this pleasant meeting and conversation with her. She answered, much amused, 'But *I* am an Australian!' . . . A judge who dined with us at Government House told me that he and his family had not been treated with too much courtesy in England; in fact, he said, 'Not like fellow-countrymen, but just as if we were Americans.' Let us hope that such conduct is the exception. For our part *we* shall certainly have learnt to be careful how we behave to Colonists when we get home! By the way, it is pleasant to hear people constantly talk of going 'Home'; one wonders for how long they will do so. Not for very long, I fear. I have spoken of the considerable amount of loyalty which still apparently exists in the Colony. I will mention two or three other things that strike me. One is astonished at the rapid progress these people have made in every sort of way, and all they have done in the short period of fifty years; it is *marvellous*, and in many ways Adelaide, and the life there, is so like Home that happily one seldom realizes how far away from Home and kindred one is. The roads are perfect—far smoother than those in Essex; the houses are comfortable, and a few of the *new* ones exceedingly well built and provided with modern luxuries. The

gardens, which are beautiful in their wild way, are full of pepper-trees, willows, grevillias (a pretty feathery-branched tree with yellow flowers), lagunarias (with a blossom like the apple) 'white cedars' (with very pale lilac flowers), oranges and lemons and occasionally a palm and a yucca. Then there are pomegranate bushes, in summer covered with flowers and in winter with magnificent scarlet fruit, oleanders, white, pink, and red, and a *wealth* of roses, which fall in torrents over the walls and verandahs, and are sent to us in great big laundry-baskets to decorate the rooms at Government House Balls—bougainvillias, pink geraniums, begonias, and tecomas of all colours grow luxuriantly as creepers. These people are cultivating their minds, too, and there are University Extension lectures, concerts and orchestras, musical societies and reading circles. As to the society being specially uninteresting, I do not think it is; the early Colonists must have been men of enterprise, 'pluck, resource, and perseverance, and it is only natural that they and their children should have had their wits sharpened by exercise and their minds specially developed. The men's conversation is often very interesting, far more so than that of the ordinary English country squire, who has seen nothing and has had nothing special to call out his powers. This should be called the 'Land of Cakes' by the way; the young ladies are remarkably good cake-and-scone-makers and take much part in household work. There are cake-stalls at all the numerous sales and strawberry fêtes.

"The Australian loves the land of his adoption, and is proud to make it, by his own efforts, resemble the Old Country as far as he can. There is a dignified independence of manner and an air of self-respect about the people of all classes one meets, and yet they are generally really friendly. One very seldom meets vulgar or purse-proud people, at least they are not so in manner or looks. We were much touched by the sympathy shown us at the time of C.'s engagement and wedding. . . . Nothing could

exceed their warmth and friendliness, and beautiful presents came pouring in to her. I cannot say much of the climate, of which they are so proud. There is so little variety in the seasons, and one sadly misses the burst of spring, the gradually increasing wealth of flowers and fruit in summer and the lovely foliage and dying glories of autumn which we get in England. When 'the heavens are as brass' for many months together and the thermometer in one's bedroom over 80, one longs for a little English rain and cloudiness.

"It is extraordinarily changeable, too, and consumption and rheumatism and influenza seem almost as common as in England. As the President of the Legislative Council said to me, with a sigh, 'This will *never* be a great country on account of the want of water.'

"Well, one may do *something*, I do believe, here, to keep up and foster the love of, and pride in, the traditions of the Old Country. One may encourage cultivation of the mind, and one may set an example at Government House of pure family life and right conduct. 'I do not know if I *like* being here,' said the Head Master of St. Peter's College to me, in answer to my question, 'but I certainly know that I am far more *wanted* here than I am at Home.'

"I, for one, feel that this is true, and am well contented to be here for a while—and to help, if ever so little, in the settlement of a new country. The inhabitants are kind and seem glad of one's presence and co-operation."

The Memorandum just cited refers to the fact that the Buxtons' third daughter—Constance Victoria—became engaged to Bertram Hawker, and the marriage took place in the Cathedral of Adelaide on the 23rd of July, 1896. The Governor thus described it in a letter to his eldest son:—

"*July 28, 1896.*

"It is very difficult to know where to add to the accounts of the Wedding contained in the papers, of which

we are sending home well over one hundred of each. I feel no doubt it has given a great deal of wholesome pleasure and excitement to a great number. . . .

"Our start was curiously characteristic—we could not get away from the family habit of changing plans at the last moment. The boys were to have gone early, so that the carriage could return for us, but at the last wanted, or were wanted, to go with ourselves. Hence a confusion which caused the Cornishes from Melbourne (she is a granddaughter of Baptist Noel) to be severed from ourselves and to be lost in a crowded corner out of sight. This was the only serious mishap, for all else went fairly smoothly.

"It was rather awkward that we could not receive and welcome all the guests, but that was made impossible first by the tiresome photographing—and then by the dense crowding of all our rooms, in which we got rather lost, to the detriment of our Vice-Regal dignity, but that mattered less, as they were all so warm and cordial and ready with congratulations and good wishes.

"We certainly had a most grand display of presents, so numerous and in such good taste. I fear the crowd was such and threw so much of shadow they could see them but badly, but we appreciate them much as a token of their very warm-hearted good-will. It is certainly most striking how much has been shown in every way.

"It was a good thing the afternoon turned out so well, so the bride and all of us could return in open carriages—to the delight of the great crowd by the Cathedral and near our gates."

Lady V. B. to a Married Daughter

"Sept. 4, 1896.

"I am so glad your deafness is a little better, for I know *what* a trial it must be to you, and you are so good

and cheerful about it—precious child. Oh, how I wish it would get better still.

“ I often lie awake in the night thinking of you all and then one gets melancholy sometimes. In the day one has plenty to do. I often think with such pleasure and thanksgiving of all the good you are doing. Your children are so wonderfully pretty and picturesque, too. Everyone here so admires their photos. . . . How delightful your great Missionary Meeting must have been. Father and I were so interested in all you have told us, and in the blue pamphlet you sent us with Professor Charteris's paper. I shall show it to the Bishop when I have an opportunity. Now they (the H.'s) are on the Murray and in a few days they go to Sydney for the Church Synod. We do not see much of *him*. How many interesting books there are now—Bishop French, Sir S. Blackwood, Zola's *Rome*, and G. Romanes's *Memoir*. I have lent that to several people and mean to lend it to an Agnostic. As Mr. Crawford¹ says, there is one good thing about the doubts and religious difficulties of the present age (many of which seem clearing away now, it is said, however) that one is thrown more entirely on the *Person of Christ*, and whatever else may fail *He* is the Rock of Ages always.

“ I am reading Ian Maclaren's *Mind of the Master* with Noel. It is interesting, if unorthodox, and certainly in these days, happily, the 'unsound' people do seem to worship *Christ* and so one feels that the mistake they may make will not really signify much. Do you feel this? Yet I think one should cling for dear life to the Apostles' Creed, and I repeat it every Sunday with such growing delight. You miss that in the Scotch Church—the grand weekly expression of one's faith.

“ Monday, Sept. 7. Yesterday we had two excellent sermons in the Cathedral from a Mr. Allnutt (Delhi Cambridge Mission) who is staying with the Chief Justice and who father and Noel met at his house on Saturday even-

¹ The Rev. L. P. Crawford, afterwards Bishop of Stafford.

ing—and from Mr. Marsh, one of the few Evangelical clergymen here. He preached an earnest, simple Gospel sermon. He is a splendid worker they say, a great Y.M.C.A. man from Melbourne.

“ Captain Wallington is installed here now. He is most civil and courtier-like in his manners and very easy to get on with. But he will think us terribly Democratic, I should think. . . . We had a delicious River Expedition on Saturday with the Cresswells, and landed at a pretty place where we had tea. I picked lovely marigolds, and even some chrysanthemums.”

Lady V. B. to her Eldest Son

“ Feb. 1, 1897.

“ I think I must write a few lines about Tasmania and some of our doings before the recollection fades too much from my treacherous memory.

“ You know we left this on January 1st and were kept till the 5th in Melbourne by the Ship’s Engineers’ strike. We saw Eleanor Cornish and the Bishop and Mrs. Goe there twice and heard a very good Scotch preacher, Mr. Marshall, preach on Sunday at one of the largest churches there. A very smart fashionable congregation. The sermon was good and all about Our Lord.

“ At last we got off to Tasmania on the 5th and had a considerable tossing on our 1000-ton boat, and I stayed on my couch all night, lashed to the ventilator and protected from rain and wind by a sail the captain had kindly stretched across the deck for me. Gazing up into the stars and by daylight at the lovely seagulls was so enjoyable.

“ Most of the family succumbed downstairs, and I should possibly have done the same if I had not had the advantage of fresh air and a comfortable couch !

“ We got into the river Tamar in the early morning on the 6th, and steamed up for about three hours to Launceston. The first view of Tasmania was most attractive, pretty hills and valleys on both sides of the river and English-looking houses and farms here and

there, looked so homelike. Some officials came on board when we arrived to welcome Father, and there were 'three cheers for the Governor of South Australia' from the crew of an Adelaide ship alongside of us when we disembarked. We put up at a very nice, clean inn, the *ditto* of an English one, in the principal street, and in the evening took a boat and went up a rocky gorge out of the harbour, with lovely waterfalls called 'the Cascades.' We had delicious raspberries and strawberries and cream for every meal! Fruit and cream seem to abound there. Tasmania is a great raspberry country, and they export great barrels full of jam to Australia and, *it is said*, to England. The following morning we left by special train for Hobart, and had a lovely journey, winding in and out among the hills and passing delicious little homesteads and streams and orchards. Government House¹ stands beautifully, overlooking the lovely harbour and Mt. Wellington towering up behind the town. The men-of-war made the harbour particularly attractive while we were there. There is a beautiful *English* kitchen garden in walls, with fruit and flowers mixed.

"The House is much more regal (a castellated building) than ours. Altogether I admired Hobart immensely and all the extraordinarily indented coast south of it. It is far more beautiful than Naples, but then, of course, has not the Italian sky *or* the associations that Naples has. Such as there are are so sad and shameful! (Port Arthur, of course, especially.)

"You ought to read that terrible but wonderfully powerful book about the Convicts, *For the Term of his Natural Life*, by M. Clarke.

"The two Sundays we were in Hobart we went to the Cathedral, which is a fine building with a good congregation, and the Bishop,² who I hope you will see, is a most attractive, manly, delightful man. He preached a beautiful sermon on 'Christ the *Light* of men,' and on

¹ At Hobart, where Lord Gormanston was Governor.

² H. H. Montgomery, Bishop of Tasmania.

how many things He had thrown light—on prayer and forgiveness, the future, etc., but on how many other things we were still left in the dark—which was *good* for us. ‘We, who are believers, can thank God that we do not know more, and that the full meaning of sin and holiness (for instance) are *not* more fully revealed to us.’

“I am sending you his book on the Melanesian Mission, which do read, with a map. *That and New Guinea* are the Missions Australians should devote their energies to, and so for the present I think we ought to try and help them and not the C.M.S.

“Mrs. Montgomery says there are people now in Hobart who were greatly helped by Mr. Grubb when he was out here, in spite of his peculiarities.

“New Norfolk, on the River Derwent, is a very pretty place, and the Bush Inn where we stayed is just like one of the inns we stayed at together on the Thames, with a garden sloping down to the river and great hawthorn hedges. Hop-gardens and orchards abound, with lovely blue hills in the background. You can’t forget you are in Australia, though, because of the gum-covered hills. We boated daily at N.N. and the rest of the family did many other things you have heard of. Then we proceeded by steamer (through Hobart) to Geeveston at the entrance to the Huon River, and had a lovely cruise along the south coast of the island to get to it—chiefly in calm water sheltered by Bruni’s Island. We stayed at a nice, clean boarding-house belonging to one of the numerous Mr. Geeves who inhabit the township. The Geeves family emigrated from Cambridge about fifty years ago, and they now have formed a little town and have a great saw-mill between them. They have made a wooden tramway four miles and a half into the Bush (and *such* a lovely Bush), up which father, V. and H. and I went, and where we spent the day. I went lying on my couch and the others sitting before and behind me on a trolly! a conveyance with very low, strong iron wheels on which they convey the great logs of trees down

to their mill. It *was* an enjoyable day among the lovely tree-ferns and giant trees. We are sending you a Photo of some of them, and perhaps Aunt Kitty would like it for her book some day? The rest of the party went to Port Arthur and have only just returned.

"I am so delighted to hear that you are riding more. I am sure you will keep better for it."

Lady V. B. to a Married Daughter

"March 3, 1897.

"We have been down in Adelaide for the Bishop of Melanesia's Meetings, which were so interesting. He preached in a church about eight miles from here on Sunday, and Mabel with her sailor-boy friend, Leonard Garbett, who was with us, went over to hear him. V. went down to Bishop's Court in the evening and heard him in the Cathedral and I enclose her note. The next morning *they*, V. and M., started off on their riding expedition with Major Guise, which had unfortunately been fixed for this week (the Bishop's visit being unexpected).

"Father and I drove down in the Monday afternoon to Government House, and the Bishop and Mr. Crawford came to tea with us there (also the Chief Justice).

"The meeting in the evening, of which I send you an account, was in a schoolroom. Our Bishop presided and father spoke at the end of the lecture which was very interesting. The lantern pictures *beautiful*. On Tuesday I attended a meeting of *ladies*, where the Bishop spoke again about the work among women and girls (at Mrs. Farr's, widow of Archdeacon Farr, whose daughter is a missionary in Norfolk Island). Then yesterday we had the Bishop to luncheon here and had much talk with him. To-day he is off to England for his holiday and he looks as if he needed it. His special object is to get money for a new *Southern Cross* (the Missionary Ship), which is much needed. I hope you will all have an opportunity of hearing him, as he is a splendid missionary and has a

most interesting story to tell. He is much saddened by Bishop Selwyn's death, as he was so looking forward to telling him all about Melanesia and getting his advice on many points. He is a most *attractive* missionary and would interest many in Foreign Missions who would not naturally be interested, I think. He has done wonders for the Mission at Sydney. He talked a good deal about the Church Missionary Society here, and nicely, too; though, *very naturally*, the Melanesian Mission is a little sore at the C.M.S. getting so far more support than they do (in Australia), no doubt owing to Eugene Stock's fervours of eloquence and persuasion! They wish they had such a man to plead for them! The C.M.S. gets £2000 annually from Melbourne alone and the Mel. Mission not so much from all Australia. (*I think* these figures are right.) He was curate to the Bishop of Newcastle (Jacob) at Southsea before he came out, and loves him. The High Church Missionaries are as nice as ours, I think, but different somehow. They certainly do not dwell *enough*, I think, on the spiritual work in their speeches and magazines, but it is on principle, Bishop Wilson says. They do not tell 'interesting anecdotes' about their converts (they are afraid of their getting hold of them)."

Sir Edward Wallington, K.C.V.O., writes as follows :—

"I joined Sir Fowell Buxton's staff as Private Secretary in September, 1896.

"Sir Fowell and Lady Victoria entertained a great deal, giving garden-parties, balls, and many dinners to the officials and members of leading S. Australian Society.

"Among the many institutions in which Sir Fowell took an interest the Young Men's Christian Association stood out as the object of his special favour, and he was deservedly popular with its members.

"On the 2nd of March, 1897, the meeting of the

National Australian Convention was held in the Parliament House, Adelaide, when ten Delegates from the States of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, and Tasmania were present ; and sat continuously till the 23rd of April. Sir Fowell attended nearly every meeting, and took the greatest interest in the debates. The Delegates were entertained at dinner by the Governor, and invited to Marble Hill, the Governor's country residence.¹

"In 1897 the Diamond Jubilee was observed in Adelaide with every demonstration of loyalty. On Sunday, the 20th of June, the Governor attended a military service at the Cathedral. On Monday, the 21st, he inspected the troops at a large military review, and was present at special military sports in the afternoon, and with Lady Victoria drove through the streets in the evening to inspect the illuminations.

"On Tuesday, the 22nd, the Governor was presented, at the Queen's statue, with loyal addresses from the Corporation and the Local Government Association, and afterwards witnessed the Children's Demonstration at Montefiore Hill.

"In the evening he was present at a service held by the 'Council of Churches,' after which a reception of invited guests was held at Government House, and many other public entertainments were given."

¹ This Convention was held to consider the Federation of Australia. So far back as 1883 a preliminary meeting of Delegates from all the colonies of Australasia, including New Zealand, took place to discuss the question of federation in Sydney, where a Federal Australasian Council was created. In 1891 a further meeting was held in Sydney, which resulted in the framing of the Commonwealth Bill. In 1896 elections were held in N. S. W., Victoria, S. and Western Australia, and Tasmania, to decide as to a federal constitution being enacted, and as the result was in favour of the enactment, the Convention was held in Adelaide. The Delegates from Western Australia arrived in Adelaide after the commencement of the debates. The Convention sat again in Sydney towards the latter end of 1897, and in Melbourne in January 1898. The Federal Constitution Bill received the assent of the Imperial Government in July, 1900, and Lord Hopetoun was appointed first Governor-General of Australia.—E.W.W.

Sir F. B. to his Eldest Son

" April 6, 1897.

" We are now getting well embarked on the work of the Convention. The West Australian Delegates have come. Those (being elected by the voters direct called Representatives) for the other four Colonies began work on March 22nd, and what with our Garden Party that day, the dinner on the 25th, the party on the 3rd April at Marble Hill, and other entertainments, have had every opportunity of getting to know each other—and to all appearances have been friendly and happy together.

" It is certainly the case that the opposing opinions have been expressed with clearness and some asperity.

" Some are disappointed at this, and think it augurs badly for success. I cannot say I feel it so bad, or as showing that some settlement is hopeless.

" Holder, who stood up forcibly for State rights, said, 'The time for compromise has not yet come.' I take it to mean that such a time will come. If so they may not mean quite all they say—when they make demands in the supposed interests of the smaller Colonies.

" The questions that seem to excite them most are : First, the demand of each of the smaller States to have power in the Federation equal to any one of the larger, or as equal as may be.

" The method they aim at is to have a Senate—like that of the United States of America, each State being represented equally.

" And further, that on all subjects, especially taxation, etc., it should have as much authority as the Lower House, representing the people as a whole.

" The debate has been admirable, and though it has taken from March the 22nd to the 31st I cannot consider it altogether thrown away. The speeches of Messrs. Reid, McMillan, and Trenwith have raised the tone of the debate, and brought before the members and the

Colony a high ideal of a Government for all Australia, which will go far to clear the way.

"The effect of the debate on me has been to make me believe that the only possible course is to follow the example of the British Constitution, and to reject that of the United States of America and Switzerland.

"It follows that the Government must be responsible to one House and not to two, and therefore that the Senate, if a difference arises, must be less powerful than the popular House.

"I rather gather that that is the line in which opinion is tending.

"I had sent a telegram to the Queen to announce the opening of the Conference, and got a reply early on the 25th of March. I sent a copy in good time to Mr. Kingston, as President. It so happened that he passed me in my seat before the business began, and I happened to ask if it had reached him. It had not. However, Wallington was able to say that it had gone to his room in Parliament House twenty minutes before. So it was found, and the proceedings began by his saying he had a message to read from the Queen. At once Delegates, visitors, and all stood up, and he read it and proposed three cheers. It was all according to the precedents of the Convention of 1891.

"Our party on Saturday, April the 3rd, was helped with a perfect day and passed off well, though I now fear that some friction was caused by my taking the wrong lady to tea. We had not contemplated any form on beginning it, and it was a mere accident that I made any form of it at all.

"In the debate it has been generally assumed that Federation must include inter-colonial free-trade. This will mean a loss of Revenue of about a million to all Australia—but a great addition to general prosperity.

"I am told by one of the Labour Members of the House of Assembly that the artisans fear inter-colonial free-trade, and think that it will have the effect of concen-

trating manufactures in the large towns, to the injury of Adelaide.

“They dread the idea of having to change their residence, because a large majority own houses, with more or less debt upon them, and cannot feel any confidence that if a change became necessary, they would recover the outlay that they have made upon these premises. That is, their objection arises more from their position as owners of land and houses, than as mechanics.”

The same to the same

“May 19, 1897.

“The great incident was the earthquake on the 10th. My own experience was that I was sitting on a tussock of grass (like pampas grass with no head) near the water and looking out for ducks. I quickly realized what it was and set myself to watch the effect on the water. It showed no sign at all. Those who were standing up noticed these grasses waving above, and Harold¹ was tumbled into one (?) near him.

“The greatest damage was done at Robe and to the hotel we had left that morning. But accounts will reach you in the papers.

“There was a certain amount of rumbling sound and some detected a queer smell. On leaving camp on 13th for Kingston we saw many cracks across the road, and one near it on the hill from which a stream of water had brought up and down the hill a lot of sand inches deep at the roadside. Our little roadside Inn was a miserable ruin, the walls shattered and the ceilings hanging like rags. The woman had been warming her feet and was badly bruised. They said their whole resources were lost, but they were very cheerful and thankful they were spared.”

¹ His fourth son.

Lady V. B. to two Schoolboy sons, returning to England

[August, 1897.]

"I must just send a line of love to you both. I lay awake a long time last night thinking of you and imagining you asleep in your berths and rushing through the desert away from us all!

"And then I thought of all the happy times we have had together since we left England (those in which *I* have been able to share), Marble Hill Veranda and tea, and Bull's Hill. Port Elliott rocks and the Christmas there—and the three *Murray* expeditions and Tasmania. And all our nice readings.

"Now I shall think of you very, very often on your interesting journey home, and be looking forward to our *joyful meeting again* in the dear Old Country!

"It is a comfort that we are all exactly where God would have us be and where it is best for us. And we must each of us pray to do our duty there 'with all our might.' "

Lady V. B. to a Married Daughter

"Dec. 30, 1897.

"We have come here¹ for 'a cool holiday,' and for boating, but on account of the great and exceptional heat we are boxed up in a small low cottage with a galvanized iron verandah, "a trap to catch a Sunbeam," with a vengeance, with the thermometer close upon 90 in the Parlour where I write, till 4 p.m. every day."

And now another change was at hand.

Lady Victoria's delicate health, which had so far stood the strain of Vice-regal life better than could have been expected, began to show signs of further impairment, and her husband decided that she could not fulfil the five years to which his appointment extended. He

¹ Port Lincoln.

therefore arranged for a quiet departure from Adelaide in the autumn of 1898, intending to take his wife to England, and then to return to Australia for the remainder of his official term. Lady Victoria's journal thus describes the departure :—

“ 1898. *Thursday, 29th September.*

“ We drove to the station all together, where there was a Guard of Honour and a band. There was a large crowd at the door. The National Anthem was played, and I said good-bye to Major Guise in the carriage.

“ Fowell and I walked down arm in arm, accompanied by Capt. Wallington in uniform, and found a crowd of friends on the platform with whom we shook hands. During our short journey to Larg's Bay I lay down. . . . Then we embarked, and stood waving our handkerchiefs to the crowd on the little pier and at the station—kind, friendly faces—as we left these hospitable shores. The Fort guns fired a salute for the departing Governor, who stood bare-headed on the deck, and soon we reached our ship, (P. and O.) the *Himalaya*. Soon the bell rang, and the launch with our kind friends must return to Adelaide. A long kiss for my dear, sweet Mrs. Harmer, a ‘ God bless you ’ from the good Bishop, a cheery, jocose farewell with the Chief Justice, a sad, affectionate shake-hands with my dear Canon Andrews. Then they all went down into the launch, a parting cheer from them and mutual waving of handkerchiefs, and then, as we leaned over the bulwarks, we saw our dear friends disappearing, and leaving us to pursue our long homeward voyage of 12,000 miles. We felt sad indeed as we thought of the three happy years that were gone, and the many kind, warm-hearted friends we were leaving behind—many of them certainly for ever. *God bless them, one and all.*”

Sir Fowell had fully intended to return and complete his term of office, but the serious condition of his wife's

health made it impossible for him to leave her ; and the fact that his mother had now attained the age of 85 weighed with him in his decision to resign.

At Christmas, 1898, the Bishop of Adelaide¹ wrote to him as follows :—

“ It is indeed sad news which is announced to-day in the papers that you have resigned your office as Governor. Yet it was not altogether unexpected, after the letters to my wife which arrived from yourself and Lady Victoria by Monday’s mail. Still it does not break the force of the blow to feel that it is coming ; and your resignation is a sad, sad blow to us all.

“ I have been laid up for the last day or two, and only went out this morning to hold an Ordination (Mr. Robson, Priest, Mr. Crozier, Deacon) ; thus I have not had much opportunity of hearing public opinion—apart from the Press ; but everyone to whom I have spoken is universal and unanimous in expressing deep regret ; and yet each and all feel that it is only right and natural that if Lady Victoria’s health requires her to remain in England, and if Lady Buxton’s great age causes you anxiety, you should feel the claims of Home greater than those of this Colony. At the same time the *Advertiser* only voices the opinion of the community that, had it been anticipated that your Excellency was not coming back, there would have been a deeper and fuller demonstration on the part of the public of South Australia of the esteem in which you and yours are held—when you left last Michaelmas.

“ Your work and character and example have deeply impressed the community as a whole, and especially that part of the community which feels deeply without being vocal. . . .

“ You will be sadly missed, one and all : and Dorothy feels that she is only slowly grasping what an immense gap lies before her. To have Lady Victoria’s countenance and experience in the philanthropic objects in which they

¹ J. R. Harmer, afterwards Bishop of Rochester.

were associated was a support, the measure of which can only be arrived at on the withdrawal of it. But we must hope and trust that the memory of her example, and the good foundations on which these societies, as the Mothers' Union were laid, will be a constant support to them."

Mrs. Harmer contributes the following :—

"Recollections of Lady Victoria's Life in Australia"

"My first three years in Adelaide gave me a unique opportunity of realizing something of her personality. It is difficult for those who have not lived in Australia to understand the peculiar opportunity for influence which such a position carries with it, but it is certain that Lady Victoria made the fullest use of it.

"We must always be thankful for her influence in the community which was so dear to us, for the privilege of close association with her during those three years, and for the exceptional personal kindness of herself and her dear family.

"I suppose that we who helped to receive her when she came out to Adelaide in 1895 were able to understand in a peculiar way one of her special characteristics: the extraordinary power she had of adaptability. It would, I think, be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than her surroundings at home and those in Australia. Her life in England had been a very full one. The centre of a very large family circle, with wide and varied interests and far-reaching influence, her home one of boundless hospitalities, she was a recognized leader, and carried out in a remarkable way the best traditions of English home and social life. Although she entered with great eagerness into the new thoughts and movements of the day, there was a dignity and repose about her in complete harmony with the old-world atmosphere of her beautiful home life. She was suddenly transplanted from these surroundings to the other side of the world as the wife of the Governor of a democratic State in a completely new *milieu*, finding

herself at once the centre of the social and philanthropic life of a new country, and so coming into close contact with many classes with whom she would not naturally have been in touch at home.

"Lady Victoria at once threw herself into all the fresh interests with an eagerness which would have been remarkable in one much younger and more robust. Possibly in the stress of social life in England the frailty of her health may have prevented her from taking that full leadership in general society to which her position and special gifts entitled her, but this was certainly not the case in Adelaide. She was there at Government House with her ever ready and understanding sympathy and her charming personality, and we all gathered round her for counsel and inspiration. She became to us in a sense both Queen and mother, throwing herself into the whole life of the Community, and, during many a quiet hour, when, had she been stronger, she would have been entering into the very active and often very adventurous life of her family, her eager brain was working for us.

"The atmosphere of English home life which the Buxtons brought with them in a remarkable degree seemed to permeate all their more official life. Perhaps this fact was appreciated more by those of us who had recently come out to the new country, and who, in spite of the warm welcome were still feeling rather homesick. I well remember the first time I called at Government House how intensely the English touches appealed to me.

"From the first, Lady Victoria recognized the importance of the Social side of her new life, and at all the receptions we always looked for her gracious, welcoming presence with our dear and greatly honoured Governor, who was himself the soul of hospitality and thoughtful kindness.

"Government House became further the centre of much literary work. She took the greatest interest in a series of Shakespeare Readings and in more general Reading Circles held at Government House and led by her

daughter, now Mrs. de Bunsen. She herself used to read aloud to us the poems of her beloved brother, Mr. Roden Noel, one of the aims of her life being to popularize his works which were far too little known.

“Needless to say, the ready sympathy of Sir Fowell and Lady Victoria went out to all the religious life of the place in all its aspects. Year by year the clergy and laity assembled for Synod were entertained at Government House, and on one occasion I remember the Sunday School Teachers of Adelaide being invited to spend a long summer’s day at Marble Hill, the Governor’s summer residence.

“Enthusiasm in the cause of Missions, so characteristic in their life at home, extended itself to the work specially connected with Adelaide, and Missionaries to Melanesia, New Guinea, and to the Aborigines of Australia were made very welcome.

“I touch last upon the Philanthropic and Spiritual work which came more immediately under the guidance of Lady Victoria. Very soon after her arrival, she realized the needs of the Factory girls in Adelaide, the result being the inauguration of the ‘Lady Victoria Buxton Girls’ Club,’ a club for working girls, the first of its kind started in South Australia. That work has grown and become a real power for good, and still, year by year, the birthday of the gracious Founder is celebrated.

“But I suppose the cause of the Mothers’ Union was that which was closest to her heart, and I venture to think that some of the happiest hours of her more public life were spent in the development of this movement. The Association was started just before she arrived, but on the understanding that she would lead it. She was a pioneer of the Union at home, having from the first recognized its tremendous importance, having herself taken a leading part in its development both in London and at Warlies. The branch in Adelaide was indeed fortunate in having her as its first President. Immediately on arrival she threw herself into this work,

realizing the peculiar opportunity for its growth in Australia owing to special characteristics of the new country. Briefly these are (1) the supreme importance of the home teaching, owing to the lack of religious education in the State schools ; (2) the special need of strengthening the home life generally, in consequence of the climatic conditions, which do not, at a possible 110° in the shade, tend to attract the family round the fireside. (3) The greater independence of the young people owing to the necessarily free life ; and (4) the extreme loneliness of mothers in the Australian Bush, many being cut off from any Church privileges, from Sunday Schools, from helpful literature, and from intercourse with other mothers. It is small wonder that our President longed to extend this great Union of Fellowship and Prayer. She gave of her strength unstintingly to the work and it was greatly blessed. In the three years of her Presidency thirty-nine branches were started with a membership of 1250 mothers. In the first Annual Report we read of a first General Meeting very shortly after Lady Victoria's arrival, when she was welcomed and 'gave an interesting account of her personal experience of the work in England.' At the close of the Report it is announced that the Union 'owes a deep debt of gratitude to the President who has been indefatigable in her efforts to help on the work in South Australia, and has herself inaugurated nearly all the branches in Adelaide and the vicinity.' In the Second Report there is an account of the first service in the Cathedral (1896) at which over four hundred out of the six hundred members were present. The service was preceded by a meeting of enrolling members, when the President urged that the Union should be used for the good of all mothers in the Colony. She also alluded to 'the welcome we should give to any voice which, in the midst of our increasingly full and difficult lives, calls us to watch and pray.' She used to impress on her audience the importance of spreading the movement among the more *educated* classes. In words

which pointed to further developments at home she advised the giving of lectures on special practical subjects which would assist mothers 'in the more careful training of their children, always guarding against the neglect of the high and holy aims of the Union, which was above all things a Union of Prayer.'

" 'On her return to England in September, 1898' (so the Report runs), 'we had a good hope that she might come back to us, and the members of our Council presented her with an address expressing our gratitude for all she had been to the Union. It is impossible for us to express all that we owe to her wise leadership and to the indefatigable way in which she has worked for the Society, having been truly the centre of its life during its early years. Her name will always be associated with the work here, and a sense of deep gratitude to our first President will ever live in our hearts.'

" Such are the facts as given in the Reports, but they seem very bare to us who can read between the lines and who know something of the sacrifice which the work entailed upon our dear President. Few could, I suppose, realize this better than one who like myself had been closely associated with the movement from the beginning, and who had the great privilege of frequently accompanying Lady Victoria in her expeditions to inaugurate the branches. The effort of getting about was so great, involving often, I fear, much pain and discomfort, always in her invalid carriage and driving in a recumbent position. But it was indeed *worth* the effort. I shall never forget those meetings: the hush consequent upon the entrance of the wife of the Governor: the gracious and motherly presence which seemed at once to take possession of the audience: the dignified presentation of the objects of the Mothers' Union disarming immediately any feeling of patronage which would have been greatly resented and the holding up of the high ideals of home and family life which seemed to come so fitly from one who was herself the ideal wife and mother. Her position

in the State naturally counted for much, but it was really her own strong and sweet personality and the spirit behind it which gave the power to her work and words.

"When we had sadly to accept the fact that she would not return to us, and women of all classes in the State united in bidding her farewell, we felt that no address ever carried with it more genuine regret and more heart-felt gratitude. Even the branches which had never had the privilege of meeting her were eager to testify to their appreciation.

"Certainly the impression made by those three short years of exile from her English home was a wonderful example of what a consecrated life of exceptional gifts, graces, and opportunities can accomplish.

"We and all who love Australia must always thank God for the blessing of her influence, and humbly trust that we may retain something of the spirit of one who herself ever lived as seeing things invisible, and that we may realize more and more what it must be for that eager Personality, free from the limitations of this life, to pass into the Fuller Life beyond."

A daughter supplies this note :—

"Under the influence of the Cathedral services at Adelaide which she loved, and of the friendships she made in a colony where the Church was carrying on pioneer work, my mother's religious views were distinctly developed. Though she had always loved the Anglican liturgy, and for many years when we were children had given us regular Sunday lessons on the Collect for the day, she now began to realise as she never had before the value of tradition, of continuity in worship, of ancient and beautiful ritual. 'Nothing can be too beautiful for the Sanctuary of God,' she used to say, adding frequently how she regretted that she had not taught us better to appreciate our rich inheritance as members of the Church, nor encouraged us to study its

history. She loved the word 'Catholic'; the symbol of the Cross was intensely inspiring to her. It was a real grief that, owing to the uncompromising complexion of the Parish Church with which Upshire is linked, she was debarred from placing on the Holy Table of St. Thomas' the cross she had carefully chosen for the purpose. As time went on she constantly said how little it mattered what party in the Church one belonged to. Each doubtless 'expressed some different aspect of the truth.' "

*Australia, 1895-98. Disconnected Reflections on
Returning to a Quiet Home Life Again*

(By Lady V. B.)

" It is two years since I wrote in this Magazine¹ my impressions of what I can now call *dear Adelaide*, connected as the place will ever be in my mind with many peculiarly happy memories, 'peculiarly happy' I say, because for the first two years I was as well and as clear in mind as I ever expect to be—and therefore was able to *enjoy* my life to a certain extent, *and* because also, owing to one's circumstances, one could feel that one was often giving a certain amount of pleasure and doing a certain amount of good. One felt that one was *far more wanted there than at home*, and the feeling that one is wanted and appreciated is perhaps the happiest that this world affords. I can never forget the kind feeling shown to us before we left, and Wordsworth's lines often came unbidden to my mind, during those last busy days, when speaking of men's *ingratitude*, so often complained of in the world, he adds :

Alas ! the *gratitude* of men
Hath oftener left *me* mourning.

" And now our connection with the Colony is severed for ever, and we have returned to the crowd and turmoil

¹ *The Warties Magazine.*

of the dear grand old country, and to its dark skies, too ; and since I landed I have felt so incapable in mind and body, that I have often compared myself to a leaf in a whirlpool, drifted hither and thither, with no strength to hold its own *anywhere* !

“ One longs now to take up quiet home work again, and—

Along the cool sequestered vale of life
To keep the noiseless tenour of our way.

“ How I loved those lines in happy old days at Exton when I was a girl and felt them true of myself ! and how I hope that they may be true again in my experience, as father and I enter on that decade which Jowett said might be the most fruitful in life, the one from sixty to seventy ! May I suggest to those of our children who are grown or growing up that their Parents increasingly long to be their *Friends*, and that though they (the parents) may be lacking in much of modern knowledge and culture, yet they at least have a long and wide experience of life, which their children may as well often draw upon and make use of as they go through life. Let us always keep in touch and in *sympathy*, and be *as loyal to each other* as to the old Home.

“ A word more about South Australia. Our three years there seem like a pleasant sunny dream to look back upon. I regret that there was no winding up and no proper leave-taking, for this makes us feel as if the task we undertook was unfinished and the work we set ourselves to do scarcely *accomplished* properly. But there are a few things, certainly, which I look back on with satisfaction. One is that the good Christian people ‘ had their turn ’ at Government House, and that we were privileged to entertain many there who had not been received within its walls before. Our Garden Parties for State school-teachers, for the police and their wives, the hospital nurses, the market-gardeners and their families (in the hills), the Anglican Sunday-School teachers, and such like, one looks back upon with *real pleasure*, and also

the parties of the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A., the G.F.S. and the Ministering Children's Leagues, the Home Reading Circles, the Missionary meetings, etc., these gatherings were all most pleasant to ourselves and others.

"We cannot forget that it was at Adelaide that we celebrated the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, and witnessed the largest gathering of children in her dominions on that great day. That it was in St. Peter's there that Harold was confirmed and Connie was married, and that we made such delightful friends as the Bishop of Tasmania and Madame Albani and others. There, too, we have formed several real and life-long friendships. *God bless South Australia*, then, we have good reasons to say ! Let it henceforth be our *special* duty and pleasure to welcome Australians to the Old Country, to treat them as real brethren and fellow-citizens, and to do all in our power to cement the close union that ought to exist between England and her great Colonies. *We have experienced* Australian warm-heartedness and hospitality. Let us return it whenever we have an opportunity.

"Long will the picture of her green hills, sweet yellow Wattle blossoms, blue seas and skies, and wealth of fruit and roses live in our memories. Still longer will her kind, friendly faces and loving words and deeds live in our *hearts*.

"Advance, Australia !"

CHAPTER X

TOWARDS THE SUNRISE

“The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”—SOLOMON.

THE return from Australia marked a definite stage in the life of Fowell and Victoria Buxton. He had now accomplished the most conspicuous service which he was permitted to render to his country ; and she had given the crowning illustration of her power to overcome physical difficulties, when a venture of faith demanded the effort. Seventeen years of united and beneficent life still lay before them, and it may be truly said that the eulogy pronounced on the Path of the Just was theirs, in increasing measure, to the end.¹

It was during this period of Lady Victoria's life that the present writer made her acquaintance, and was honoured by a friendship which he must always remember among his highest privileges. An hour spent in her quiet sitting-room was enough to give one an entirely new view of illness and its possibilities. There were indeed the outward signs of an invalid's condition—the “prone-couch,” the sofa, the walking-sticks always at hand, the little meal brought in on a tray at 5 o'clock. There were visible in the worn face and attenuated frame—even more touchingly in the fading eyes—the unmistakable evidences of long-continued suffering. But all this was only, as it were, the setting of the picture—the central figure was a spiritual presence, which bodily pain and lassitude were powerless to affect. “Spirit and soul and body” is St. Paul's phrase for our threefold nature ; and in this

¹ They now established themselves at 2 Prince's Gate, where, as also at Warlies, they were most devotedly aided in all the activities of the home by their one unmarried daughter, Mabel.

shrine—for it was nothing less—one saw the complete victory of the two component parts over the third. Not a word was said—indeed it would scarcely have been tolerated—about illness or limitations ; but there was the liveliest interest in life and all its doings, a vivid enjoyment of happy recollections, and a sparkling humour which knew no limits except those prescribed by reverence and charity. The visitor could scarcely tell whether his hostess was more keenly interested in the past or in the present. Start her off on the memories of her early youth—her beautiful home, her travels, her glimpses of Courts and Society ; or, in quite another line, the preachers to whom she had listened or the Bible-readings which she had frequented—and one felt that one was living, with her, in the past. But in an instant the topic might change to a recent debate in Parliament, or a projected marriage, a speech, a picture, a book, or a discovery ; and one felt that no one, even living in the mid-torrent of the world's activities, was more really alive to its present concerns.

When, by a natural transition, the conversation turned towards Religion, the wan face, always so full of sensitive expression, was lit up by a fresh intensity. Here, evidently, the spirit felt the atmosphere of its true home, and moved in its native element. For a moment we stood together in “those sublimated spaces where soul meets soul unfettered by flesh.”¹

One instance dwells in my memory with a peculiar clearness. I had been reading aloud, by her request, some hymns of Frances Bevan, which I specially admired. They all described, with vivid feeling and expression, the rapture of the soul when at length it finds its earthly pilgrimage accomplished, and its faith transmuted into sight. The last that I read ends with these two stanzas :—

He, Who in His hour of sorrow
Bore the curse alone ;
I, who through the lonely desert
Trod where He had gone ;

¹ H. A. Vachell.

He and I in that bright glory
One deep joy shall share :
Mine, to be for ever with Him ;
His, that I am there.

When I had finished reading, there was a moment's pause, and then Lady Victoria said, in her quiet yet eager tone, " Yes—it is beautiful ; but is not that rather a selfish thought—the happiness of one's individual soul ? We should wish all the others to share the happiness."

Those may not be the precise words which she used, but most certainly they express the sense of what she said ; and it struck me as a supreme instance of that all-embracing sympathy which was the motive power of her life. For the moment, the shrine seemed full of music :—

Music that sorrow comes not near,
A ritual hymn,
Chaunted in love that casts out fear
By Seraphim.¹

A fresh interest was added to the life of Fowell and Victoria Buxton by the determination of their second and third sons to enter public life. Some letters bearing on these sons' electoral contests have already been given ; and at this point the details of date and place may be suitably inserted. Mr. Noel Edward Buxton stood for the London County Council in April, 1898 ; as a Parliamentary candidate for Ipswich, in September, 1900 ; for Whitby, in May, 1905, and January 1906 ; for North Norfolk in January and December, 1910. Mr. Charles Roden Buxton stood for East Herts in January, 1906, for Mid-Devon in October, 1908, and in June and December, 1910. In these contests and their varying results both parents took the keenest interest, although their political views by no means coincided with those of their sons. Mr. Noel Buxton says : " It was characteristic of my Father's good

¹ Wordsworth.

nature that he came on my platform more than once, explaining that he did so on personal grounds."¹

Queen Victoria died on the 22nd of January, 1901, and her god-daughter thus recorded the event :—

" We went to Evensong at the Abbey on Wednesday—there were such crowds of people, and the Dead March was inexpressibly solemn and impressive in the deepening gloom of the winter afternoon.

" I hear the beloved Queen had been failing for many weeks, and that the Windsor people could all see it as she took hardly any notice of things when she was driving about and seemed half asleep. So different from what she usually was ! It is also said that before leaving Windsor she assembled some of the servants and told them how ill she was, but charged them to *tell no one*. I suppose she dreaded a fuss—and it was far better as it was. I hope you have been seeing the *Times* or some good paper ? The accounts of everything are so immensely interesting and *historical* too. When you come I will read you bits of Granny's early journals. I shall try and see Miss Stopford² soon and hear more."

At the end of 1901 Lady Victoria wrote the following memorandum :—

The New Mission Church

" It was for many years my dream to have the privilege of building a Church ; but for a long time there seemed to be no prospect of this wish being gratified. Of late

¹ Political allusions are rare in Lady Victoria's letters, but the following words, written in 1909 (when the House of Lords threw out the Budget), are eminently characteristic of the view with which she regarded the contests of parties : "The political situation is thrilling, and I think I see all round. Asquith is splendid. How we need to pray the 'Parliament Prayer' now, constantly ! Things are going so fast, and we do so need the guiding Hand."

² The Hon. Horatia Stopford, Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria from 1857 to 1877, and subsequently Woman of the Bedchamber.

years, however, many of the family have been feeling with me that the time had come now when it would be well to have a more suitable place of worship than the school. The population was fast increasing, and various classes for adults, and meetings, controversial and political, and entertainments, some of them comic, were multiplying. Often on Sunday mornings in winter, at our monthly morning Service, it was felt that the dirty, muddy floor, and hot, close smell (the Sunday School children having just turned out) were most unsuitable and repulsive surroundings for our solemn Communion. The careless and irreverent behaviour, too, of many members of the Choir had some little excuse, we felt, when their surroundings were so little calculated to elevate the mind, and the conveniencies for kneeling were small. There was much unbecoming sprawling and sitting during prayers.

“And so the ever-generous father of the family made up his mind to build a Church, of which the foundation stone was laid on Saturday, Dec. 21. We all know that it is to be licensed by the Bishop and not fully Consecrated at present. But we shall have a beautiful building, all the materials employed of the best. It will be used solely for the worship of God, and for what concerns the advancement of His Kingdom, and associating the mind of the people with Holy things. This will, we hope and pray, tend to reverence of feeling and outward behaviour, and will help to raise our thoughts and hearts Heavenwards.

“We are glad to hear that our poorer neighbours also are rejoicing in the thoughts of having a Church, which we propose to call St. Thomas’, the foundation stone having been laid on St. Thomas’ Day.

“It has been thought that many would like to contribute to the furniture and decoration of the Church. The Holy Table, reading desk and pulpit, a curtain, and many things, will be required for the completion of the inside of the building. It is thought that, after the members of the family have made up their minds whether

they would like to give and what form the gift should take, many of the inhabitants of the district would like to have a share in providing the remainder.

"If, in future years, it should be necessary to enlarge the Church, it could be done by adding a Chancel to the East end and a Tower to the West end.

"There are many small matters to be thought of still, and it is hoped that a family conclave may be arranged for as soon as possible. It is proposed to hold an 'Octave' of special Services with special Preachers when the Church is opened in the early autumn."

One of her daughters writes :—

"She loved the Church built by my father, where she had a private corner for her 'prone couch' and kneeling chair out of sight of the congregation, where one of us sat with her. The clergyman brought her the Sacrament there, and my father, who usually sat in front, always knelt by her at the service."

Memorandum by Lady V. B. written at the end of 1902 :—

St. Thomas' Church and the Poems of Roden Noel

"To me the chief events of the past year have undoubtedly been the opening and dedication of our Church and the publication of my brother's *Collected Poems*. Both were fulfilments of long-cherished wishes, and both events, curiously enough, took place in my favourite month of September. The first was indeed, and without cant I may say a blessed event, both for ourselves and the other inhabitants of this district. For whatever helps to raise our thoughts to spiritual things and increases our feeling of reverence is a distinct blessing.

"I think we are none of us likely to forget that beautiful autumn morning when we went to dedicate the Church to the worship of God, the still soft air, the lovely

familiar views seen through the blue autumn haze from the open doors of the quiet and beautiful building, the large thankful congregation, the special prayers and thanksgivings which had a real and definite meaning to us, the simple address of the saintly Missionary Bishop,¹ urging us to seek for nothing less than the Divine Presence in our sanctuary, and at all our Services, above all the Eucharistic Feast celebrated amid such lovely surroundings of palms and magnolias and bright autumn flowers. All this will dwell in our memories. God make the Church a blessing for many generations to come, and we would all wish to add, God bless the generous giver !

Here awhile our weary sails are furled,
Here in a haven folded from the world,
Here we may taste awhile the Bread of Life,
And breathe an atmosphere aloof from strife.²

“ And now for *the book*. I have but little to say, only a few disjointed thoughts, but would take this opportunity of thanking the son who has given so much of his time and taken so much trouble to accomplish my wish, and who, while engaged in this labour of love, has learnt to care for his uncle’s poetry. Already I can see that the publication of the book is tending to make the ‘ great neglected work ’ better known, and that a certain number of modern minds find it appeal to them. We have now done what we can to keep our Poet’s memory green, which is a joy indeed to me. I feel, however, that the work will never be generally popular and that for several distinct reasons.

“ I. Because his mind was set in a minor key. He saw the sadness of the world and dwelt much upon it. His poor health and constitutional shyness, and in later years the loss of his little son, no doubt contributed to this sombre view of things. *And yet* how humorous he was, and how he enjoyed Dickens, and how splendidly he read it, and how he loved to *play* with little children, and to

¹ Joseph Hoare, Bishop of Victoria, Hong Kong.

² Roden Noel.

see a comic opera or a pantomime. This *we* all know. But this does not come out in his writings at all.

“ II. Because he had a quite *unique* love for nature (a love peculiar to himself almost) and revelled in studying and examining her most minutely ; and very few people care for nature in this peculiar way.

“ III. Because he was a very serious, philosophical, religious poet ; and this too will not attract the multitude. His poems need to be studied. To my mind these peculiarities will always prevent his Poetry being widely read.

“ His love of *the sea* in all its different moods was, I think, absolutely unique. He wrote at least 24 poems about it, 16 on the Spring, 10 on the mountains, 14 on children (besides those in *The Little Child's Monument*). He wandered much about the fields and woods of Warlies and its neighbourhood, especially about the brook and Obelisk Wood, and the forest, when he lived at Webster's farm ; and wrote a great part of the volume *Beatrice* while there. One more thing I would add. It seems to me that he was a very uncommon Optimist. It is all very well to call Browning an optimist, but then *his* nature did not apparently incline him to look the worst evils and mysteries of life in the face as my brother's did. Browning evaded them. There was no ‘ World-Gorgon ’ my Brother shrank from ‘ looking in the face.’ And yet, *how constantly* he wrote in the strain of the following lines :—

It is well to wait in the darkness for the Deliverer's moment,
With a hand in the hand of God, strong Sire of the Universe. . .
Discover but thy task, embrace it firm with a purpose ;
Find, and hold fast by Love, for Love is Eternity.”

A delightful sketch by the same hand of daily life at Warlies belongs to this period :—

“ It is a hot summer's day in our little valley, and the geraniums and begonias are blazing in their glory.

Cushions, deck-chairs and grand-children's toys lie scattered under the plane and ilex trees; the little Church gleams white on the hill.

"Sir T. F. B., who has just returned (riding) from the Magistrates' Meeting at Epping, advances towards the shelter, *Times* in hand, to speak to his wife, who lies prone on a couch inside, while — sits writing at a little table in the rear. The conversation is of the approaching School feast, Convalescent Home, letters required, Mothers' Union Meetings and speakers; and notes are being dictated to Clergy and good ladies who are asking for parties to come to Warlies from Spitalfields and other slums; to Mrs. — about provisions for the same, to Mr. — about conveyances, to Mr. — about donkeys, etc. etc. These proceedings are interrupted occasionally by visits from Mrs. — and Mrs. — and the flaxen-haired —, who discourses about her own love-affairs. These ladies take chairs opposite to the shelter, and — takes the opportunity while *they* are there of fleeing to the table in the hall to have a nap.

"Under a distant bush lies — on a deck-chair, smoking and reading in solitude. — and her friends, with baskets on their arms, are cutting vast quantities of roses, the petals of which are afterwards seen lying in fragrant heaps about the house, waiting to be made into great quantities of *pot pourri*, whose ultimate destination forever remains a mystery. She may afterwards be seen with her friends extended on deck-chairs under the plane tree, eagerly listening open-mouthed to —, who discourses on the wickedness of the Liberal Party and of Protestants, and on the merits of Socialism, the Labour Party, and Catholics.

"Then Tor appears on the scene, released for a brief day from Salisbury Square, riding, and accompanied by his seven children also on horses and ponies. They group behind the railing to pay their respects to the grand-parents and then speedily canter away.

"Then, if it is Saturday, visitors arrive—'a motley crew,' being the friends of different members of the family, all unknown to each other! They are presented to the mistress in the shelter, who kneels for the occasion on an arm-chair and is reminded (herself at least) most comically, of visitors to one of the caged inhabitants of the Zoo.

"On Sunday morning the family and visitors may be seen toiling up the steep little hill to Church, but the bell calls them there a second and third time in vain, alas! for they are all, unlike Gladstone, only 'oncers.'¹

"A serious word by the way about Sundays; you know that I do not advocate a Jewish Sabbath, for I see no evidence in the New Testament (by which I would wish in everything in my own life to be guided) that such an observance is required of us by our Lord and Master, but I do believe that it is for our highest good that the day of rest should be faithfully kept as far as possible, because, 1st (especially in the present rush of life), there is a serious danger that we should forget and neglect the cultivation of our spiritual life unless we fence round a special time for it, 2ndly, because therefore we cannot afford to do without this great sacred heritage of a quiet and restful day for serious thought, and, 3rdly, because Sunday has been observed by better Christians than we are in all ages as the day of worship and hallowed recollection, *which* we certainly are not good enough, in *our* day, to be able to neglect with any sort of advantage to ourselves. To conclude; the *unique* feature, no doubt, of the Warlies parties is the presence of a white-washed erection closely resembling a bathing-machine, inhabited by the prostrate mistress of the place, happily herself often greatly amused at her peculiarly undignified situation! 'Patience is a virtue; a little won't hurt you!'"

"V. B."

¹ The phrase, "a oncer," to express a person who attended Divine Service only once on Sunday, was quoted by Mr. Gladstone from his friend Sir Thomas Acland.

On that theme of Patience, a beautiful meditation, in a graver spirit, was written on Palm Sunday, 1905.

“How thankful I ought to be that I have no very painful or horrible *disease*! that I have every alleviation I could possibly have—every blessing—every comfort—and, above all, the love of Husband and children—and friends—yet, in spite of these things, my life is very limited. I am cut off from many, many things I should love to do day by day (and many sights I should love to see—and that *not* from old age!) I have the humiliation of being partially useless in my own House and Home, etc. etc., and I *feel it all keenly*. I long and fret too sometimes, to be ‘up and doing,’ to be of use, to minister to others. I am tremendously sensitive. I feel any marks of indifference even in those I love, painfully, and any proofs of love and thoughtfulness in them are a *wonderful* delight to me. I feel like a bird in a cage, struggling to be free and to be living a healthy active life. This, and much more that God only knows, and things do *not* improve—and use is *not* a ‘second nature,’ and all seems increasingly hard sometimes, and I am rather hopeless of getting better, etc. etc. etc., and Time is flying—and *another* life approaching. *Does my religion comfort and strengthen me?* It might do so far more, I know, but *it does certainly*. To me all is mysterious and inexplicable.—*Why* one is allowed to be thus—why some are so strong and prosperous—and others laid aside on the shelf—lying on the back, helpless, while the stream of life flows on in sight. *Why* this is I know not. It often seems hard when one feels *capabilities* of doing and being to others so much—when one had looked forward to a happy, normally healthy, useful old age—when taught and fortified by experience—one might have made good use of one’s powers to others. Visions of happy visits to one’s children (and being *helpful* to them and to one’s grandchildren)—Mothers’ Unions, visiting and comforting the sick—happy, blessed times of worship in church. More sights of this *beautiful world*, which I might have seen again, in travelling, etc., float

often before one—and now *this* short life, ‘full of opportunity and wonder,’ approaches its close, and there is little more time—and it rushes on faster and faster. It often makes one sad, melancholy, and *yet* my religion is a solid comfort and support—and *how*. I think simply in this way—that the Almighty Saviour I trust in—is my strong, ever present—‘great Companion.’—He is here—near me—always at hand—a living reality—tho’ I am ever conscious that, if I were less mentally and spiritually lazy, more prayerful, I might enjoy His presence far more than I do—and live in a calmer, happier more contented frame of mind.—*Yet* I know my God is always present—to forgive—to hear my prayers—to inspire—and I look to Him (tho’ not as constantly as I ought) and bring to Him all my cares and trials—and faults—and am often and daily praying to Him for my beloved children and grandchildren and friends, and many besides. What should I do without Him—in life or death?—The inner loneliness would be awful, in spite of all that human affection could do for me. We *need* a friend—above all a *Saviour*—in the depths of our being—and thank God we have one. ‘Lord, I believe—help Thou mine unbelief.’”

“ V. B.”

On the 18th of August, 1911, Fowell Buxton’s mother died in her 98th year, leaving 128 direct descendants. Lady Victoria wrote thus to her husband:—

“ Aug. 19, 1911.

“ MY OWN DARLING,

“ You know how I am feeling for you and *wishing* I was at the Cottage! to be *with you* and to hear everything.

“ Well, my Dearest, we may be thankful indeed for many, many things, first for the long, useful, blessed, life lived to the glory of God and the good of *so many*. Then for the comparative freedom from suffering, and from a long painful illness.

"Then that she was *herself* to nearly the very end, and did not linger in an unconscious state.

"What a bright, beautiful example she has left us all! Her goodness to me specially I can never forget; her thoughtful love for me was wonderful since the day I first saw her in 1862. You may be thankful, darling, that she has been spared to you so long."

The death of a mother who had lived in happiness and honour for nearly a century could only cast a transient shadow over life; and now the brightest day of the joint pilgrimage which had begun on the 12th of June, 1862, was close at hand. "How good!" wrote Lady Victoria to a daughter, "How good our God has been! Dear father and I spared to each other, and more and more united in heart and mind. Oh! for more gratitude to our dear Lord."

And to another:—

"MY OWN DARLING CHILD,

June 15, 1912.

"Thank you for your dear, dear letter to us both. I long to see you on Monday and hope you stay thro' the week. Your letter was such a pleasure, precious child—to hear from you how you have cared and do care for our love and how you have found help from our sympathy, that *is* a joy. Pray that we may be spared as long as we *can* help you and yours—and others too. For that is the great happiness of life.

"Au revoir,

"YOUR OWN MOTHER."

The Buxtons celebrated their Golden Wedding, not on the exact anniversary of the marriage, but at a date in August when all their descendants could be gathered together under the well-loved roof of Warlies. Of those descendants not one had been removed by death, and one only, detained abroad by naval service, was absent from the Golden gathering. Mr. Charles Roden Buxton (who as a boy had won the Prize Poem at Harrow) thus commemorated the occasion.

Take these our gifts, take this our thankfulness,
Take love and greetings for your wedding day,
Things that our hearts and not our lips express,
Too deep for words to say.

Take, for our golden day, our memories golden—
Memory of earliest thoughts by you inspired ;
Memory of childish steps by you upholden
With love that never tired ;

Memory of games upon the sloping sward,
Of sunlit evenings under the still trees—
Of all that is contained in that one word,
That magic word, Warlies !

Take all the memories of the passing years,
Your burden and your gladness intertwined,
Meetings and partings, happiness and tears—
Call every one to mind ;

And if such thoughts bring pleasure, then recall
How, in each scene, your influence sweet we trace—
How some were glad, some solemn, but in all
You held the highest place ;

Prompt, understanding, honouring the old,
Yet ready still to welcome in the new,
Young ever, while the changing times unrolled—
Our hearts went out to you.

Years passed ; new homes arose, and faces new ;
We come not now alone, but many another
Joins in our love ; father of fathers you,
And you, of mothers mother.

Our circle broadens, but whate'er betide
Of sorrow or of joy, one golden chain
Will bind us all, and still from far and wide
Will draw us home again.

Come ! 'tis the wedding day ; and now, between
A waving lane of rushes on each side,
Along the churchyard path we usher in
The bridegroom with his bride.

She comes, she comes ! The parting crowd makes way ;
This is the face we love, the smile we know—
Still beautiful, as on that glad June day
Just fifty years ago.

The occasion was "auspicated," to use Burke's fine phrase, with "the old warning of the Church, *Sursum corda*." There was a special service on Saturday the 3rd of August, followed by a celebration of the Holy Communion. Dr. Bright's fine hymn, "And now, O Father," was sung, and the Bishop of St. Albans gave an address on the 23rd Psalm. The festivities were extended over four days. There was a goodly assemblage of kinsfolk, friends, and neighbours; and the commemoration evoked a remarkable, though not surprising, manifestation of affection, reverence, and goodwill.

But though personal joys were abundant, there were national anxieties in all directions; and the little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, which was so soon to darken the whole world, was already visible in the political sky.

On the 19th of January, 1914, Lady Victoria wrote:—

"— gives a miserably sad account of Ireland. It all makes me unutterably sad too. If there is no Referendum or Election, there *must* be Civil War—and what will that mean? Unutterable misery. And even if the Government is beaten and it does not come, there,¹ what will happen in the rest of Ireland? Whichever way one looks here it seems as if there will and must be bloodshed—one must conceive such a calamity—and the people do not really want it now, and are only urged on by agitators. Oh, what a sea of misery we are drifting into! and who could have foreseen it?"

But the "sea of misery" was even angrier and more perilous than that into which the Irish Government was plunging; and at the beginning of August the storm of war "broke up the fountains of the great deep."

Of Fowell Buxton a daughter writes: "He hated war, but when it came he felt that everyone must sacrifice themselves, and when the coast was bombarded and people killed, he said we must remember how little individuals counted—we must only think of the Nation as a whole."

¹ In Ulster.

Lady Victoria thus commented on the outbreak of hostilities :—

“ Both Germans and Russians seem to have lost their heads when the Ambassadors left St. Petersburg and Berlin. The Emperor must be miserable over the whole thing, I think, for *he* never wished for War. And oh ! how wicked it is. Yet I do feel for poor France. *Could* we have kept out ? Perhaps you think we could. But had we not to think of the poor smaller nations that might have been swept out ? I do not know.”

“ He first deceased ; she, for a little, tried
To live without him, liked it not, and died.”¹

The great transition was now approaching. Christmas, 1914, was the last Christmas that Fowell and Victoria Buxton were to spend together ; they spent it at Wood-redon, their eldest son's home, and on the 28th of December she dictated the following letter to their children :—

“ I am afraid I cannot write to each, but you may care for a few lines about our Xmas, which in spite of circumstances was a happy one, indeed as someone was saying the other day, we have all more cause than ever to rejoice in our Blessed Saviour, our only Refuge at such a time as this. What *is* there to do but to pray ? It is rather sad for us to hear that the Roman Catholic Churches in France are far more crowded than ours with praying people. Maidie was telling me yesterday that when they were motoring from Boulogne to Paris, which took them six hours, they stopped at six different Churches (on a week-day), and each was crowded with people on their knees and evidently in great earnest. One wishes this was more our custom. We had a very happy Xmas dinner, and all the old family customs were observed in a minor way which was very interesting, though Leland

¹ Sir Henry Wotton.

would have been very contemptuous over the tee-total wassail, which I thought was very good !

" The speeches, too, were excellent. Father and Victor and the 3 boys. Jocelyn proposed the health of the absent uncles, and spoke so nicely of Noel, and Rupert read a poem of his own composition on the war. There was a little mild present-giving after dinner and plenty of merriment. They have not heard much from the front lately, and of course there is little to say, but Roden may be expected at almost any time. He last wrote from Cape Town, but did not mention Leland.

" Uncle Ted came over to see us, and I got to Church on Xmas Day and to Holy Communion. Everyone said the Church was beautifully decorated, and last night I was carried to see all I could. V.'s cloth looked very beautiful amongst the flowers and evergreens. Mabel sang at Holloway Jail in the afternoon. M. sang the Anthem at the Evening Service beautifully. She just stood outside the Baptistery near me—unfortunately it was not a fine night.

" What an awful way to celebrate Christmas by fighting in the air !—And now I must thank you for my nice cards and presents and letters, and you know how I long to write to you all myself, but my powers in that way are failing.

" V. B."

The Buxtons went to Cromer in September, 1915.

Fowell Buxton had always been exceptionally strong, but now his strength began to fail. One of his daughters writes :—

" I never remember his being ill the whole of his life ; but at Warlies in the summer of 1915 we could see that numbers tired him, and that he was often very stiff and uncomfortable. Once in the Cottage,¹ he never wished

¹ Colne Cottage, Cromer. Colne House (where the Dowager Lady Buxton resided till her death) belonged to him, but was turned into a hospital for wounded soldiers.

to get up. He would say : ' I can't think why I am so tired ; I have done nothing to tire me.' He would try to write, and then lie back exhausted. He was always thinking of Mother, and, when half-conscious, said to the doctor : ' Is it I or Lady Victoria who is ill ? ' He could not believe that he would require nurses for himself, and hated to use them in war-time.

" One day I was reading the Old Testament Lesson, and mother looked in. ' We are having a delightful O.T. reading ' ; and, if one read any special passages, he always said : ' But we have not read the Lessons.'

" The only sign that he thought himself going was that he said to Mother : ' And what will *you* do ? ' To lose his constant, faithful, untiring devotion was indeed an awful loss. His whole life-thought was for her."

She often lay on a small couch at the foot of his bed, and, as the end approached, she sometimes repeated hymns and verses of the Bible. Happily, she always found him peaceful and dignified. He had always " had a good night," and " had no pain." So she was saved the wanderings and anxieties of his sleepless nights. The end came quite quietly in the early morning of October 28. " He lay looking so dignified and grand, his beautiful, almost white, curls round the back of his head, and his hands crossed."

A friend wrote thus in *The Times* : " The death of Sir Fowell Buxton was an appropriate ending to his disinterested life. Those who knew him best will realize how fitting it was that his life should end in a small house, hardly more than a cottage, while wounded soldiers enjoyed the comfort of his own house near by. While every comfort could have been his, he always succeeded in evading such things for himself, though lavishing them on others. The thing he would most have disliked would have been to lead an invalid life, and to give trouble to those who looked after him : what came nearest to raising his indignation was that people should make a fuss of him.

All this he was spared. He lived his usual active life up to August, 1915, and the illness to which he succumbed was practically the only one he ever knew."

He was buried at Overstrand on the 30th of October.

Lady Victoria wrote thus to one of her married daughters :—

" *May 23, 1916.*

" I always think of you and of him together, for you were the one who was such a comfort and blessing to him in his last days ; I often think I see you together. I hope that we shall always be in the habit of talking and writing about him quite naturally. Some people are so reticent about those who have gone before, which I think is such a mistake. They may be very near us for all we know, and probably are, and we are only separated by a very thin veil."

The reunion of these loving hearts was not long delayed. Gladstone once said, in a letter to the present writer : " With growing years you will feel more and more that here everything is but a rent ; and that it is Death alone which integrates." That sublime integration was now at hand. Lady Victoria's health and spirits gradually failed, though her marvellous courage was unabated. In May, accompanied by her eldest granddaughter, Helen Scott, she started on a round of visits to her eldest son and married daughters ; but increasing illness compelled her to return to Cromer in July. The end came, after three weeks of calm decline, in which apparently she suffered no pain, on the 8th of August. Her last sign of consciousness was when her son Harold took her the Blessed Sacrament. As he put the Chalice to her lips, saying, ' I am going to give you the Communion,' she bowed her head as if in reverent assent.

" Her face after death looked grave but not distressed ; but when we looked next morning a wonderful radiance had come upon it. It seemed lit up with a heavenly

light as though all the weakness were but an evil dream, and she was satisfied."

She was buried by her husband's side on the 11th of August, 1916.

"The day was radiant,¹ throbbing with living light, a light seldom seen in this sombre Yorkshire atmosphere. A glowing haze of glory hovered over everything, over the wealth of rambler roses in the garden, on the deep brown of the river, over the midsummer heaviness of the great trees, over the gold on the children's hair. It was the consummation of midsummer, the supreme moment of its greatest perfection. It recalled her birthdays in the old days, the regal glory that haunted them at Warlies, the scent of hay, the roses, the rapture of the birds, the stillness of summer at its greatest hour, 'breathless with adoration.'

"There in the shadow of the little Chapel, the air off the river below was cool, the trout jumped lazily at flies too sleepy to buzz, the river moved darkling under the golden green of the great overshadowing elm, the roses on the little stone balustrade filled the still air with fragrance. 'How bright those glorious spirits shine!' They were singing that at this very hour in the quiet churchyard by the sea, and the 'Hallelujah' 'For all the saints who from their labours rest.' 'The Lord is my Shepherd' the children chaunt. Then there is silence, and the splash of the rapids can be heard, far away up the river. When all other beauty was forbidden to her, her blind eyes could see our river. This year I dreaded her coming for fear she should find she could not see even that. She did not come. She went to her sea instead, and as she lay dying its murmur sounded in her ears.

"Of all these days of matchless summer weather, this day has been the crown. This is a gift to thank God for.

¹ Written by a daughter living at Knaresborough, who was prevented by illness from attending the funeral. The river referred to is the Nidd.

It shall not 'knock at our stubborn hearts in vain,' nor shall the gaiety of the children, the intimate appeal of the poems she loved, the mysterious beauty of this shadow-haunted place, which her coming has made holy.

"It is all so befitting her, 'its Queen,' as her own poet called her in his homage long years ago. Was she a cripple? Was she helpless, always in pain, bound wearily to couch and chair? If it was so, it is not suffering and sadness that speak of her. Rather it is the beauty of sunshine and roses, the shimmer on the river, the blue haze on the summer sea. These things speak of her, not those others. They belong to her by right, to her whose whole nature turned to the sunshine like the flowers. and drooped at the faintest breath of dankness or gloom.

"To-day is her festival, her coronation. She is coming into her own to-day. The loveliness of midsummer is hers by right. Never did she resign herself to be balked of her birthright. She was always 'going to get better,' it would always be 'next year.'

"To-day she claims her heritage, she grasps it with a smile. And the glory lingers strangely long to-day. Early in the morning it had heralded her coming in the glistening dews. All day long the pageant moved majestic through the glowing hours. And it seems it cannot die. 'Twilight and evening bell' have past, and now up over the dark ridge of Birkham Wood, the great moon rises, full and red in her splendour, tearing aside the banks of mist that have gathered, sailing resplendent up into the blue. It is daylight still, but not an hour must fail to do her homage, and as the darkness falls, the stars throb out in their loveliness, and the river is aglow with their festal lamps."

8TH AUGUST, 1916

Pain, sorrow, long inaction, took their toll ;
 But that mysterious bondage could not dim
 Your gallant spirit, or your bright gay smile,
 Your quick adventurous mind that would not keep
 The grooves of custom, ever reaching out
 To some new thought, the herald of new days ;
 It could not quench the deep perennial springs
 Of youth in you ; it could not even impress
 One wrinkle of impatience or complaint
 On that calm brow of yours.

And where you lay—
 In that loved hollow of the Essex hills,
 Or by this cliff, remembering him who sang
 " The buoyant, bounding splendour of the sea,"¹
 Or in the crowded town—be where you might,
 There was the hearth, the centre of us all ;
 There was our home ; thither we brought to you
 All that we did, in free familiar talk,
 All that we felt, sure that you too would feel,
 All that we purposed, knowing you were there
 With winning speech and eager questioning,
 With welcome still renewed for all we brought—
 Our joy or sorrow, failure or success,
 The balanced choice, the doubtful enterprise.
 And still the grave would merge into the gay,
 And round you rang the laughter and the jest
 (The ancient jests, made lovable with years)
 And many an oft-told tale was told again.

And that strange bed of pain became a throne,
 O Mother, and you a queen, whose lightest word
 Could bind us all with sweet invisible chains,
 Obeying, loving, yielding to the spell
 Of the pure life, unspotted from the world.
 And far afield, in ways you never knew,
 You bore unchallenged rule in many a heart,
 Where your unspoken will was guide and law,
 And to offend you had been sacrilege.

Yours was, and is, the City that abides—
 Yours then, when in the prison-house you lay,
 Possessing undisturbed your stainless soul ;
 Yours now, when in the rapture of release
 You see the vision of the Saints unfold,
 And lay your burden down with reverent hands,
 And in the Radiant Presence stand erect.

C. R. B.

¹ Roden Noel.

A DAUGHTER'S TRIBUTE

BY VICTORIA DE BUNSEN

WHAT I want to do is to try and record in a few words something of my Mother's relationship to her children. Others have told what she was as a friend, as a hostess, as the wife of a Colonial Governor, as a lifelong invalid. I will try—and mine is the most difficult task—to discuss something of the secret of her influence as a mother. I believe that influence was partly due to the fact that she loved and understood her children, not primarily because they were her children. I think it is true that she never had what may be called the essentially maternal instinct very strongly developed. This will explain perhaps the very little interest she took, when her children were young, in their clothes, their food, their health, in all the material necessities which are the primary concern of most mothers. The custom in those days was of course to leave such details largely to nurses. Yet many mothers were greatly preoccupied with this side of their children's lives, and I do not think she understood them. She was rather amused, if anything, at the hints she sometimes detected in her friends' guarded remarks on this subject. For instance, my Grandmother, with great concern for the health of one of the children, was said to think that "Victoria was not sufficiently alive to Charles's delicacy." My mother treated this as a joke. She never resented the imputation in the least.

Twice a year—in spring and autumn—she gave up a week to the subject of the children's clothes. The back drawing-room at Grosvenor Crescent was crowded with boxes from Swears and Wells, and Marshall and Snelgrove, with their respective attendants. Child after child came in to be fitted. She superintended the whole business from the sitting-room. But except for these crowded days, and the ten children once

provided with the clothes she approved—she had strong views on the subject—the matter ceased to engage her attention.

It cannot be said that we were exactly intimate with our mother when we were very young. I do not think most of us confided our small troubles and embarrassments to her. We did this to our old nurse, to whom we were deeply devoted. But a steadily growing intimacy took the place as we grew of the passionate devotion to something radiant and rather apart—something beautiful and inspiring—which to me at least expressed the relationship of early childhood.

My Mother always treated us as responsible and rational people. In this fact again, I would trace the absence of the conventionally maternal habit of mind. She never used baby-language. She never called us by the familiar terms of endearment. We were never “duckies,” or “lambkins,” or “Mummy’s darlings.” We were sometimes “petling,” occasionally “my treasure,” and her babies were always her “picaninnies”: but these were the limits of her endearing phrases. Expressions of great affection were rare with her, and they meant proportionately more than when, as with most mothers, they have become mere matters of habit. Perhaps nobody who was as youthful in sentiment and outlook as she was could have the maternal instinct very strongly uppermost in her personality. This youthfulness of hers was manifested in many ways. She never could grow old; she was always so vividly alive. She lived largely in the present. When she was unhappy she suffered with the poignancy of youth. When she was glad, she forgot altogether what it was like to be unhappy. Advancing age never deadened her sensibilities, never dried up the sources of her impetuous vitality. She had to the end of her life the instinctive aversion of the young to suffering and death, to the sad side of life altogether. Her instinct was to forget it, by absorbing herself in other interests. She hated conversation about her health. Her friends well remember the evident constraint with which she answered their sympathetic inquiries. As soon as a change of subject was consistent with politeness: “Now we have talked quite enough about that,” she would say, “let’s talk of something *interesting*.” The last

time she stayed with me, just three months before my father's death, I read her a poem by an invalid friend, in which she speaks of offering up her suffering to God, as her best gift, of "kissing the cross" she had to carry. We discussed this view of facing and accepting great limitations, such as physical pain. Would it not bring greater peace of mind than the continual struggle to silence its insistence by other interests? She admired this attitude, she said; but it could never be hers. "No," she added emphatically, "I shall *always* try to forget my health; I shall have crowds of interests; I shall do it *to the end*." Only too various and numerous were her enthusiasms. Her children often found it difficult to keep up with them. There was a sense of lagging behind, of a breathless trying to keep pace. How stale and dull we felt ourselves beside the rapidity of her grasp of things, the scope of her interests. How trite and commonplace were our criticisms by the pointedness and humour of hers! With what zest and enthusiasm she would tell of the new interests of the moment—the Mass Movements of India it might be which had captured her imagination—the venture of the Church in the Australian Bush; the wonder of the awakening of China. A keen imagination and a vividly dramatic sense enabled her to visualize movements such as these, in all the romance of their setting.

Like all young people my Mother had strong likes and dislikes, and she understood them in other people. There was never a dull moment in her presence. The only thing she really resented was apathy and lack of interest. Her tastes were characteristic of her individuality. She loved everything French: classical French literature; the Protestant curés she had known as a child; the smart French "bonnes" in the "Bois"; she spoke French with a Parisian accent. Characteristic, too, was her love of old English songs, Bishop and Arne especially; of the slow dignity, too, of the German Chorales. She loved old-fashioned gardens with red walls, and trim flowering shrubs. The modern garden with its bulbs in long grass, and its studied disorder, never appealed much to her. She would dilate with enthusiasm about very little things, for no smallest pleasure "knocked at her heart in vain." How good was the damson cheese for tea at the Vicarage in old

days at Exton—how lovely the shells she had picked up as a child at Montpelier—how enchanting a picnic in Monk Wood ! She loved dogs with the same intensity with which she disliked cats ; pugs were her favourites, and she kept one till the last. Good acting was one of her strongest tastes. Had she been altogether unrestrained by health and conscientious scruples, the theatre would have been her favourite amusement. The old-fashioned charade—she despised our amateur attempts—was a real delight. Her dislikes were equally vigorous. She hated slang, the discussion of health, uncalled-for familiarity. She hated inquisitiveness, and indeed she was without a trace of it in her own relationship with her children. Here, I think, is another clue to her influence. With all her intense interest in her children's development, it never occurred to her to expect them to tell her all their secrets. Indeed, if they had laid bare their souls before her out of any sense of filial duty, she would simply have been embarrassed. Hers it was to prepare the soil for her children's growth, not to examine that growth at every stage. Of the same nature was her total lack of jealousy. Handicapped as she was by physical incapacity, unable to control in detail her children's doings or choice of friends, it would not have been surprising had she sometimes resented their intimacies, and dreaded that her authority would be weakened. I do not think this ever even crossed her mind. She thought too little about herself to worry about remote contingencies, and as a matter of fact her children gave her increasingly more of their confidence than she ever claimed.

This youthfulness of my mother's was largely accounted for by her agelessness. She was not the creature of any particular age, or generation, or way of life. If the setting of the country-house in the mid 19th century, with its powdered footmen and its orderly dignity, became her best, she could adapt herself with equal facility and lack of self-consciousness to the small modern *ménage* and the altered relationship between the classes. This was because she was always herself, and never the slave of circumstance or habit. And to that self, all the realities and all the values were spiritual. She judged things and persons only by those standards ; hence the outward conditions of life were of

little concern to her. Among such externals were included implicitly the accidents of birth, and age, of material circumstance, of class. Worldliness and snobbery, though she was slow to detect them in others, excited her incredulous ridicule. In their less evil aspects, they caused her unbounded merriment. Her favourite anecdotes were of harmless snobs—such, for instance, of her own old governess, who, objecting strongly to her pupils being allowed to drive in hansom cabs, declared that Lady W—— allowed her children this concession “*sometimes*, the Duchess of B—— *never!*” Yet she could hardly understand what her friends meant when they told her how unworldly she was herself. The subtler forms of worldliness conveyed no meaning to her at all.

My mother often used to say, when she was very suffering, that if it had not been for her health, she would be “the happiest woman in the world”—she had “such good spirits.” The deliberate purpose with which she turned away from the contemplation of pain, and evil, and ugliness in life was certainly made easier to her by her high and elastic spirits. She was easily distracted by the humours of a situation, especially if she herself was an actor in it. She had no *arrière pensées*, and the enjoyment of the moment was never blighted by the pressure of insistent worries in the background, nor by the fear that to show merriment and express enjoyment might detract from the impression of suffering she made upon others, and diminish the sympathy her friends felt for her.

At the same time she was conscious quickly of any real lack of sympathy towards her. She often said how unsympathetic and callous exuberant health and prosperity sometimes made people ; and in one of her private papers she reveals a pathetic sensitiveness to any failure on the part of her children to express it.

Worries there must have been, especially in the days when her large family was young, and when the arrangements for the education of the seven or eight at home together were left entirely in her hands. On two occasions when my father was travelling she was left for a whole winter in charge of the place and family, a strain which would have told on the strongest. But she had to cope with it all from the sofa—the schoolboys’

holidays included. She was never apparently burdened or harassed by her duties as a mother, and her influence was, I think, largely unconscious, not exercised deliberately. She loved the young as friends and equals, and they were drawn to her irresistibly, as they might be to any outstanding personality who possessed the added attraction of long experience.

When we were young we relied on her unfailing spirits as on the sun rising. Whoever found her preoccupied or depressed at any of the family gatherings—at tea in the hay on her birthday, or on the long annual journey to Cromer, or at Christmas time with its overwhelming duties in house and village? Little contretemps and hitches simply amused her; they never seemed to put her out. And the fact that she never had any difficulty in making her children obey her, must have smoothed for her one of the greatest of parental worries. She had not to raise her voice to command their implicit obedience. Of late years when blindness was added to increased suffering and discomfort, she still had the same faculty of throwing off cares. A family birthday, the reading of *Black Beauty* or *Wandering Willy* with a grandchild, the discovery of some new friend, would drive away worry completely. In the same way she never allowed her children's failings to depress her greatly. She had the sagacity to realize that no stage of development, whether moral or physical, is final in the young, and to look forward to the next stage with hopeful curiosity. This was more possible to her because she would not believe that any of them deliberately fell short, or wilfully sinned against the light. It would all come right, with the teaching of experience, and the grace of God. The high standard she implicitly assumed for them, without talking much about it, was their best incentive to effort. It was impossible to her to impute low motives, because she had none herself, and could not have understood them. When her children began to think for themselves, and to strike out new lines, to make it plain that they disagreed with their parents' views, she never attributed their independence to unworthy motives—to lack of affection on their part, to vanity, to moral slackness, not even—to her the supreme test—to lack of "love of our Lord." Such occasions arose in the preoccupation of

certain members of the family at different times, with views of which she did not wholly approve—Christian Science, spiritualism, modernism and so on. She would defend her own case with enthusiasm, but would generally end up by ranging herself alongside of the enquirers. "We are *all* so much in the dark." "How mistaken we shall all find we have been, some day!" She never put moral pressure on her children in the matter of religious beliefs or practices. Her desire was that they should come of their own free thinking and will to the views she regarded as vital. But to hedge them round with barriers, to prevent their knowing and hearing of different views, after once they had reached a responsible age, was foreign to her whole nature. A case in point is the theatre. Even in the days when she felt strongly on the subject, two of us girls were sent to Dresden for three months, where we were to go to the opera if we wished. It cost her something to come to this decision; she wrote to us at length on the subject, putting her own views, and urging us to take this opportunity of making up our minds about the matter. We were then 18 and 20.

Her children were never made to feel they were in any sense disloyal to her personally if they could not see eye to eye with her. All she demanded of them was appreciation and respect for the motives of those from whom they differed. A lack of this in her children really hurt her, for it destroyed the unity of the family, which it was her special desire to maintain.

Her confidence in her children led her to allow and even to encourage them to undertake difficult enterprises "on their own." In days when it was the custom for girls to stay at home, she gave every encouragement to a daughter of 20 to try her hand at nursing. She entered with enthusiasm into the plans of another for travelling through Asia Minor with a girl friend, and she sanctioned the wish of a third to study singing in Paris for a winter, and to go about alone there. She was wholly oblivious of the restraints of Society's conventions. The *adventurousness* of her own spirit responded to the same quality in others, and I never remember her dissuading any member of her family from a difficult or doubtful enterprise, a risky journey, or in another sphere from the pursuit of a "lost cause." She encouraged my father to go to America

and to India for two whole winters. She loved the adventure of going to Australia herself, of surmounting the incredible difficulties and limitations of a Governor's wife who was a confirmed invalid. She loved the voyage out, the expedition on the River Murray in the midsummer heat of the Antipodes, the exploring of a remote district of Tasmania, on her back, in a trolley, through the Bush. She thoroughly enjoyed the risks she ran in the great floods in Norfolk in 1910, when she was stranded in a railway carriage outside Norwich for a whole night and day.

This feature in my mother's character was one which appealed particularly to the young and enterprising. Another, I think, was her humility.

She was always ready to admit herself in the wrong. Given her ardent and highly strung nature, it was natural that she was quick-tempered. If anything wounded a sensitive spot, she was quickly roused, and occasionally a vehement outburst would follow. The suspicion of disparaging a character she admired, or of misrepresenting opinions which those she loved best had held, was often the signal for such outbursts. But after the heat of the moment she was always deeply grieved if she had wounded anyone's feelings, and insisted on saying how sorry she was. When one expostulated for very shame, she used to say, "No, I always *make a point* of apologizing if I have been angry. I know it's right, because it is so *very difficult*." She never omitted to do it, even when her opponent was only a child. I remember the burning sense of shame and remorse with which this used to fill one in early youth—it *must* have been one's own fault, not hers?—and the profound impression it made.

Though my mother assumed no conscious authority over her children after they were grown up, they gave her, as the years passed, more and ever more of their confidence. It is indeed no exaggeration to say that she was the intimate friend of each of her ten children. With her daughters the relationship was rather that of devoted sisters than of parent and child.

Edward Clifford used to say it was my mother's sense of humour that distinguished her altogether from the other good ladies of their mutual acquaintance. He was using the word

in its widest meaning. For this sense of humour was the source of all her other qualities—of her light-heartedness, her hopefulness, her humility, her imagination. It was one of the elements of her intangible charm. It was her unfailing strength and support throughout a life of constant suffering and discomfort.

She possessed the priceless gift of being able to see herself from outside, and to realize—the picture was generally coloured by a vivid imagination—the impression which an invalid surmounting physical difficulties must make on casual lookers-on.

She could enjoy to the full the curiosity and admiration of the little crowd who gathered on the opposite bank of the river at **Knareboro'** to see her carried into the garden. She ridiculed herself as she drove in state with the Governor to some function at Adelaide, lying in the carriage, and springing up to have her bonnet arranged while the first notes of the National Anthem were already to be heard ; or as she entered a Mothers' Union meeting in the Australian Hills, the Bishop's wife carrying her cushion, an A.D.C. laden with her books and hot-water bottle in the rear. One of her truest pleasures was when one or other of her clergymen friends paid her "pastoral visits." Sometimes they proposed to pray with her. She valued this very greatly, but her constant apprehension lest the footman should burst in with the coal-skuttle or the luncheon-tray generally prevented her from full appreciation of the privilege. And the thought of locking the door to prevent such an incursion, and having to remount the prone-couch before the prayer could begin, was generally too much for her sense of humour. Her hatred of sentimentality, her shrinking from any great uncontrolled manifestation of affection, was the natural consequence of this sort of humour. Such exhibitions put her at once on her guard. They offended her sense of dignity, and of self-restraint. They also keenly appealed to her sense of the ridiculous. But apart from such subtler forms of humour, my mother enjoyed mere simple fun. She appreciated witty sayings, but funny incidents amused her much more. She laughed a great deal, a ringing infectious laugh, and she enjoyed laughing intensely. It no doubt did her actual physical good. It was the unthinking habit of her children

to store up funny things to tell her. Nobody else one had ever met had the same eager appreciation of them. She had a real thirst for fun and laughter. None of her children ever revelled in the Christmas "mumming" at Warlies as she did. We used to act any amusing incidents of the year in which the family had taken part, scenes from a Parliamentary Election, a Missionary Conference, a journey, a week-end party at Warlies. And yet these delightful doings gave rise to many qualms on the part of her children, for though she would intensely enjoy them at the time, and go into fits of laughter, they were often the cause of compunction. Her conscience would suddenly strike her with remorse; she feared she had been betrayed into some disloyalty to traditions she revered, or to good people whom she admired so intensely, while yet she *could* not help seeing their funny side.

My Mother's sitting-room at Warlies or at Prince's Gate (I except the last year) was not only the centre of the family life, it was the centre of all its fun and relaxation. After a rather frigid meal downstairs, there was always a rush to the sitting-room, for however cast down she might be for the moment with pain and weariness, her face would light up with its humorous smile, as she threw herself once again into the family life, with its jokes and its laughter, its grumblings and arguings. What invalid's room ever rang with laughter so uproarious, and fun so infectious as hers?

We possessed, I think, one quite peculiar advantage in relation to our mother. This lay in the fact that when we were all just growing into men and women, she herself was experiencing the chief intellectual development of her life. Her brother Roden Noel died in 1894, and in '95 she went to Australia. Both events were mentally stimulating. The Australian incident marked the end of her strenuous life as the mother of young children. Her youngest boy was now ten, and the girls were grown up. Nursery and schoolroom days were passed. For the first time in her life in spite of the many and absorbing duties of the life at Government House, she had leisure to read, to think, and to make friends. The strong friendships she made there left all the deeper mark upon her character that they were made at a comparatively late age. She threw herself with enthusiasm into the detailed

study of her brother's poetical work, and the effort to make it more widely known. She took a leading part in the meetings of the Home Reading Union at Government House. She attended scientific and literary lectures at the University. She learned to appreciate a new aspect of Church life through the Cathedral Services, which she so much loved. Now that she had more time to think, she began—always with the utmost diffidence, the tenderest loyalty to those who had gone before her—to criticize the opinions in which she had been brought up. Her views on many subjects—the Church, the inspiration of the Bible, spiritual healing, the theatre—were developed and modified. She used to say, "I never began to think till I was over fifty." This it was which kept her so young in heart and mind. She was an inquirer. She was finding out things, always learning—unlearning too. She never took up the attitude that her views on any subject were final. She never posed as our oracle even when we were little. She was open-minded always, expecting and hoping to discover more truth as she grew older. We were comrades in the same quest ; only she had had more experience to guide her. And she shared to the full the thrill of the discoveries which the young are always making for themselves. Not, of course, that she became in any sense a student. Her tasks were too numerous, her interests too diversified for that. She had to meet so many people's minds at so many different points. She must study Foreign Missions that she might enter into the interests of one son, politics for the sake of another, social conditions, colonial affairs, educational problems for others. We made great claims on her mental activities. So strong was her sympathy, that she was bound to see two sides to all these questions. She did not hold very definite views on any of them—how could she ? Besides, if she devoted her attention too exclusively to the interests of any one child, we accused her in the family of making a "favori." I think that the problems of her children's grown-up lives really interested her far more than the more material urgencies of their childhood. Should her clergyman son go out to serve the Church in Burma ? Ought a daughter to make music her profession, or ought home-claims to stand first ? Was a son to stand for Parliament, or keep to his chosen profession of business or the Bar ?

Should another undertake a political journey to the Balkans? Such problems absorbed and stimulated her deeply. Life was intensely full and urgent in the little sitting-room. Yet none of us could quite come up to her standards of work, nor satisfy her vehement desire that her children's lives should be devoted to the service of their fellows. She gave indeed full measure of sympathy; in illness and trial can we ever forget what her presence carried with it, the uplifting quality, the intangible radiance, neither wholly physical nor wholly spiritual, the healing touch of angels? Yet she never counselled soft things. Rather she spurred to endeavour. When one hoped that one's lurid account of a full day had satisfied even her demands, she would end up with, "But couldn't you get in some little bit of *practical* work? Couldn't you visit a hospital, for instance? Oh how *I* should love to do it!" She made no distinctions in work, public, philanthropic or religious. To her it was all "work for God," when it was done with the right motive.

My mother's religious views have been touched on elsewhere. But her religion was her life, and the slightest account of her which omits a reference to it, is not only inadequate, but misleading. In connection with her influence over her children, two aspects of her religious life seemed to stand out as making a peculiar appeal. One was its hopefulness, its attitude of looking forward, of "pressing on." Religion stood to her for hope. It was hope, unquenchable, though not always burning with equal brilliancy. "*Une immense espérance a traversé la terre*" she loved to quote from Pascal. Buoyed up by that hope, undaunted by much suffering, and many irksome limitations, she lived out, simply, and very splendidly, the spirit of her favourite text: "Forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching forth unto the things that are before, I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

The second aspect of my mother's religion which drew a ready response from many of the young who loved her—and among them I include her grandchildren—was its occasional note of sadness, its deep sense of the mystery of things. The fact of her optimism made it all the more apparent.

My mother's own suffering was not the chief cause of this

note. She was very conscious sometimes of the apparent uselessness of trying to do right, of the repeated frustration in practice of her efforts to do the right thing, often at great cost to herself. She felt, I think, that the things she had done best in life were those she had done quite naturally and spontaneously, without much thought or effort ; and this troubled her. It offended her sense of justice, her faith in the Christian doctrine that "to him who hath shall more be given." But apart from her personal experiences, she felt very vividly the sadness and mystery of the world, and it is remarkable when one considers how cut off she was from actual contact with it.

Like her poet brother she pondered over the insoluble mysteries, the suffering of children, of innocent people, of animals—the prosperity and happiness of the apparently frivolous—all the human side of the age-long problem of evil. Yet she used to say, "But I suppose there is *on the whole* more happiness than unhappiness in the world." She would speak with reverence—almost with a touch of envy—of those to whom abundance of faith was given. She always referred to it as a "gift." She wondered sometimes if those who possessed it really did face the facts of life. She often repeated, with evident sympathy, the story of a literary man of her acquaintance whose wife's abounding religious faith was such that her spirits never flagged for a day. "But then," he added, "my wife *never thinks*."

There were days—sad days they were—when her faith was tuned to the minor key ; when the note it struck was one of wistful yearning, of a blind "holding on" in the dark, not any longer of victorious progress "from strength to strength." In the last sad year, when those who loved her longed and prayed for some very special vision of faith and conviction to support her—she, who all her life had staked everything on the venture of faith—it was not given. She carried that cross to the very end.

As life went on, she used to say that "she believed fewer and fewer things," and this sometimes grieved her. Yet those she did believe "meant more and more to her." Her devotion to the Person of Our Lord was the foundation-stone and the pivot of her religion. The absence of it in others, was

a real barrier to deep friendship. Her desires for her children were all summed up in it. To this she clung with ever stronger grip as, one by one, the things of sense faded from her vision, and far off "the moaning of the bar" sounded in her ears. She was going to "see her Pilot face to face." Of that I am sure she never doubted.

APPENDIX I

FRAGMENTS WRITTEN BY LADY VICTORIA BUXTON

MEMORIES OF HOME

THE departure of dear Cecy¹ brings back crowds of memories, as she was, I think, the last person who lived with me in my childhood at Exton, that dearest of Homes. I have never loved a place as I did Exton. Indeed, it is the only place I have ever really loved much, though I am, of course, fond of Warlies, associated as it is with my Husband and children, the grounds having been altered and improved by us both and the inside of the House being really my creation, every bit of furniture having been bought by or given to us, every picture and ornament having a history and being arranged by me. And how many dear ones have lived with us there. *But* there is no place to be compared with the home of one's childhood, where one lived in the unconscious bliss of the presence of one's parents and dear ones, where one first drank in the beauty of the world and was utterly devoid of care or responsibility or anxiety of any sort or kind. And who could have lived in a more lovely corner of the world than I did? Who could have been nurtured and taught by so saintly and beautiful a mother or have been told of God and Christ and trained so fully in the right way? To her I owe everything that I am. Without my early environment, what should I have been? One of the dearest spots in that lovely home was the old Church where my Forefathers had worshipped, whose monuments were all around and whose tattered banners, carried at their funerals, were hanging from the walls, whose beautiful old bells called us to prayer; where my dear old Uncle preached to us Sunday after Sunday in his gentle monotonous tones; where, too, I worshipped so joyfully and truly with the simple faith of youth, and where I was christened and married. Then there was the old vicarage, where lived my Uncle Leland and Aunt Mary and Cecy,

¹ Emma Cecilia Noel, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Leland Noel, Vicar of Exton, died 1913.

who has now departed to join the great majority beyond the veil. When I was a child I spent my afternoons mostly with my mother in the garden and farm, she standing amidst her flowers and poultry, or driving with my parents in the pony carriage, the cream-coloured ponies cantering over the grassy slopes amidst the beautiful deer who lay under the old trees in the Queen of Bohemia's Walk, or rowing in the boats on the waters of Fort Henry. There I had my little garden, and wandered amidst the plantations or gathered mint or water-lilies by the waterside while my dear Father and Mother were busy thinning trees and beautifying the place. When I was older I visited in the Village, when, often with a basket of food on my arm for the cottagers, I read the Bible and repeated hymns to dear, clean old men and women (some of them who had been old servants in the family). After these visits I generally repaired to the Vicarage to tea, and, oh! the delights of those teas and the talks, above all, with Cecy. She was so clever and amusing and, though never unkind, was the best of mimics. Her letters, too, were nearly all worth publishing, they were so full of interest and humour. Sundays were busy days. I had my Class in the morning, sometimes visited a sick person in the afternoon, and had a class of older girls, which I greatly enjoyed, in the evenings. Then I played the organ at Family Prayers, my Father and Mother marching in arm in arm, as was their custom. That page of life has long ago turned over, but remains perhaps more fresh and precious in my memory than any other, for was not that period of youth the beginning of a long and happy life, when I received my first impressions of good and beauty? I must not forget either the society of that dear and blessed brother who was my childhood's companion, and who taught me so much in after life, and revealed to me, through the reading of his poetry, the depths of his unique mind. He was a lover of all that was beautiful in the world, had a deeply affectionate nature, and was such an earnest seeker after God that I can have no doubt that many things that he doubted and never understood on earth are now made clear to him. I recall the delightful historical games in the garden, and sometimes in the garden of Cavendish Square where we lived, rowing in the boat on the Exton ponds, and the journeys together abroad, collecting stones as children in the Baths of Caracalla when at Rome (now made into two tables which I possess). Then, later, happy weeks with our mother in a chalet near Bex, in Switzerland, where we often had our tea on the little balcony looking on the Dent de Midi, he reading me Shakespeare's plays in his beautiful melodious

voice, so like our father's, who was a great reader of Shakespeare and who used to make me, as a child, stand on a chair and repeat to him Campbell's

" On Linden when the sun was low
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow."

A hymn he was fond of was Addison's " The spacious firmament on high," which I used to repeat to myself on fine starlight nights on the deck of our steamer on the River Murray in Australia, where the stars shine so much more brilliantly than at home.

And now Farewell to the past, and may I be pressing on in faith to the future, and a follower of those who now inherit the promises and have set us an example that we should walk in their steps.

SOME INTERESTING PEOPLE

IN the days when we dined out in London a few interesting figures rise specially before me, and for the benefit of my children I will say a few words about them. Amongst them the Dean and Lady Augusta Stanley. I well recall his little restless figure, his refined, aristocratic-looking, intellectual, eager, face, his ceaseless talk, his apparent forgetfulness of self, as in his red ribbon he sate talking in his own Deanery at the head of his table, or stood in our drawing-room, or in the Arthur Mills's, where we often met him. On one occasion he and Lady Augusta came to tea with us at the Brewery. It was on a Sunday. He had previously preached a Funeral sermon at Spitalfields Church, to Uncle Charles's Volunteers, in memory of him. One day he took us over the Abbey, explaining the monuments, when we were also accompanied by Tait and by Charles Kingsley, and the last time I saw him was at his beloved wife's Funeral, when Dr. Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff, preached a most touching sermon. We afterwards saw the poor little bereaved Dean accompanying the Queen to her carriage, having pronounced the final blessing at the conclusion of the service himself; the Queen attended the Funeral in a gallery.

We often dined at the Deanery, generally every year, and I well remember the delight of receiving the invitation card, for I always knew it would be an interesting occasion and loved dining there. One evening I specially remember finding myself the only lady besides our hostess. The room seemed full of Clergymen and Ministers, and dear Lady Augusta said to me behind her fan that the Dean " liked to bring together

men of different views." We found there Newman Hall and Stoughton and old Samuel Martin, besides Church, the Dean of St. Paul's, and other High Churchmen. After dinner Lady Augusta introduced "Mr. Martin" to me, "Who," she said, "divides the responsibilities of Westminster with the Dean." That was the way to make the Church popular. Mr. Martin had the Chapel in Buckingham Gate, and was a great light among the Dissenters.

After dinner the Dean talked incessantly. Torrents of information poured out of his mouth; he gave one the impression of having so much to communicate that he did not know what to say first or how to say it fast enough. He had no sense of taste, so that eating was no pleasure to him. He ate untidily, and evidently only to keep body and soul together, and because others did so! His reading of the Old Testament in the Abbey was very fine indeed, there was great reality and magnificence about it.

And I must say something of dear Lady Augusta, too, whom I had known in Paris (before my marriage and hers). There she lived with old Lady Elgin, her Mother, whom we used to visit (her salon before had been a well-known one). My mother loved Lady Augusta. I knew her well, and she was always kind and charming to me. She was plain, and yet one of the most delightful people I ever met. So sympathetic, so good, so unworldly. To give an idea of the sort of person she was, she had on one occasion sent a poor girl in whom she was interested to my mother's Convalescent Home at W., and we had corresponded about it. Soon after we met at the Prince of Wales's garden-party, and she rushed across the lawn to greet me with some such words, "And how is poor Mary?" and began asking so many questions about her. Mrs. Charles' little book about her relates some little similar anecdotes, which show something of her sweet and kind nature, so unspoilt by the great world in which she lived so long. On the evening of the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's for the Prince of Wales's recovery, when my mother accompanied the Queen, she wrote to me, "I loved to see your dear Mother to-day, like a Guardian Angel with our Queen."

The good *Lord Shaftesbury*, too, I remember well, and remember the indignant tones of his voice, when, with his usual intensely emphatic manner, he was at Exeter Hall commending those who out of their poverty contributed so largely to good work, with the stinginess of the many who "were clothed in purple, etc." I heard much of "Uncle Ashley" in my youth, from my dear cousins the Jocelyns,

my aunt, Lady Jocelyn, being sister to Lady Shaftesbury (they were both daughters of Lady Palmerston by her first marriage, and both very beautiful). He dined with us once at 14, Grosvenor Crescent, and, as we walked in to dinner, I had all our children gathered to see the great philanthropist, and he stopped and said to them, "God bless you, my children."

I was often in Lord Palmerston's house in Piccadilly at one time, when my aunt and cousins lived there—after Lady Jocelyn was a widow—and used to see beautiful old Lady Palmerston at luncheon, always so sweet and kind in her manner. Her political parties were delightful ones, very famous in their day, as she had people of all sorts and was such a gracious hostess.

The present Archbishop (Temple) dined with us once with the Charles Roundells, when he was Bishop of Exeter. He rather alarmed me, and seemed very schoolmastery. By the bye, his predecessor, Tait, confirmed me at St. George's, Hanover Square.

I remember dining in company with Gladstone at Argyll Lodge, with the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, once also (when I was a girl and with my Mother) I dined with Lord Macaulay at Lord Broughton's in Berkeley Square. I remember he talked incessantly and everybody listened. I sate by Lord Derby, then Lord Stanley, at dinner. The *old* statesman, Lord Derby, I heard speak in the House of Lords on the repeal of the Paper-Duty, and I met him at Windsor Castle, where I remember him *most* amusing after dinner, keeping the Queen and Maids of Honour in fits of laughing, describing some Scotch journey they had taken together.

Matthew Arnold came to Warlies once with his wife, to inspect our school. They spent one or two nights with us, and he was very agreeable and kind and full of anecdote.

The Archbishop of Canterbury (Benson) and Mrs. Benson dined with us at Grosvenor Crescent, and he was most agreeable. He told me, I remember, all about Sassari's Bible, and we talked of the haunted room at the Trinity Lodge. Talking of Ritualists, I remember his saying "They think more of the Priest than the Bishop."

Mrs. Charles, authoress of "The Schomberg-Cotta Family," I had the privilege of meeting two or three times. She came to our house to hear Miss H—— lecture on Roden's poetry, and I afterwards called on her at Hampstead. She greatly admired Roden's work, especially a "Little Child's Monument," and I have letters from her.

Lady Ritchie (Annie Thackeray) I have also met several

times, and she and her husband have dined with us—a most clever, charming, bewitching person.

Amongst the famous people I knew in my youth before my marriage were *Guizot*—my mother and I went to his house in Paris, and F. and I lunched with him at Val Richer; *Merle d'Aubigné*, the Swiss historian of the Reformation; *Adolphe Monod*, the great French Protestant preacher, two of whose touching Adieux we heard (spoken from his death-bed); *Mrs. Somerville*, the astronomer, who we met at Naples in 1854; *Thackeray*, who spent an evening with us that year also; *Lord Stratford de Redcliffe*.

The following notable people I remember :—

Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, Napoleon III and the Empress, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Lord Macaulay, Dean Stanley, Moffatt, Sir G. Grey.

I must add a few words about my dear old friend, Lord Radstock, whom I have known since I was about eighteen years of age, his Father and Mother being friends of my parents, and I used to meet him at their house in Portland Place. He was then a very keen Volunteer. I used sometimes to dine with him and his dear, pretty wife at their house in Bryanston Square on Saturday evenings. I was often alone with her at a very simple little dinner and he would come in, in the middle, in his uniform after his drill. In the evening we had a small Bible Reading, where I have met Lord Congleton, Lord Reay, Lord Charles Russell, and others. It was very informal, and Lord Radstock used to lead it. They were very well off, his mother having had a good deal of money, but they lived in the very simplest way, as they gave so much

Mr. Noel Buxton supplies this note :—

Among the most frequent visitors from Saturday to Monday at Warlies were the W. E. Forsters. His extremely free and easy manners were a source of great amusement to my mother. Another Chief Secretary for Ireland who also stayed at Warlies while holding that post was Sir George Trevelyan. Those were the days of Fenian outrage, and when Sir George elected to attend service in Waltham Abbey, my father said to him, "I have got a revolver in my pocket." Sir George said he had got his, too, and that there would be a detective in the church as well. I remember also Matthew Arnold coming to stay, and Mr. Mundella, Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education. A visit that became memorable from its tragic sequel was that of Lord and Lady Frederick Cavendish, for before another Sunday came round the news arrived that Lord Frederick had been murdered in the Phoenix Park.

away. I remember the room being full of beautiful china at one time, given her by her aunt, the Duchess of Gordon, but after a time it disappeared, then her jewellery, then her carriage, and they moved into the country.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SCENERY

I THINK some of the earliest impressions of beauty made on me were of scenes in my dear and beautiful Home, Exton. The brilliancy of the flower-gardens which my Mother made, in the midst of which stood the pure white marble fountain and vases she brought from Carrara—then the slopes of “Gibraltar” full of wild strawberries and the beech trees dipping into the water—then the old Hall and the beautiful church—the flying over the glades thro’ the Queen of Bohemia’s Walk in the pony-carriage—my Father driving my Mother—the lovely deer lying under the trees or clashing their horns together—the happy boating at “Fort Henry” and wandering thro’ the plantations on the Hill above. Attending to my garden and the quiet beauty of it all I am sure impressed me, tho’ I did not realize what beauty meant, as I did later. Then special things impressed and delighted me later—the Harbour at Whitby, the lovely peaceful Abbey at Rievaulx, the glorious scenes on a mule ride round Mount Blanc with Roden, the sudden view of peaks rising into the blue sky at the Montanvert, the grandeur of the Mer de Glace with its deep blue fissures, the quiet lovely ascent under the stars, the Dent du Morcles in the Valley of the Rhone, shining like a ruby under the darkening evening sky.

Then at home, the pure white Needles rising into a deep blue sky while I sate in a boat on the quiet water.

Then later—the gorgeous sunsets on the Indian Ocean, entering Sydney Harbour in the early morning, the scene descending the Bulli Pass, near Kiama, N.S.W., the tree ferns right and left in the gulley on either side, the moon rising out of the sea, illuminating a splendid old white gum tree in the foreground.

These visions of beauty and many more remain indelibly printed on my memory. It is a beautiful world; can there be anything more beautiful? Let everyone cultivate the taste for dwelling on lovely scenes.

And now I shall see no more.¹

¹ Written when blindness was increasing.

APPENDIX II

APPRECIATIONS

FROM "THE TIMES"

LADY Victoria Buxton will be remembered for the force of her personality. She was throughout the greater part of her life confined almost entirely to her sofa and suffered constant pain. In spite of this, she accomplished during her lifetime more than many who have enjoyed vigorous health. One of her chief characteristics was her capacity for friendship. Although possessing decided views of her own, she showed a remarkable power of sympathy with persons of very different outlook. Her interests were at all times wide and varied, religious, political, and literary. The width of her sympathies was such that men so widely different as Lord Shaftesbury, General Gordon, and M. Venizelos found when they visited her that this confirmed invalid could talk to them freely and easily on the great public interests with which they were concerned.

BY THE LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM

My memories of Lady Victoria Buxton carry me over many years and to several scenes. Not in personal intercourse, but by way of near neighbourhood, I knew of her as the young and charming mistress of Warlies as far back as 1868, when a dear college friend, afterwards Prebendary Workman, of Birmingham, was curate at Waltham Abbey, and spoke much of the Warlies home and its possessors, then in their early prime. It was not till 1887, I think, at Cromer—our earliest visit to that delightful place was paid that year, from Cambridge—that I first was introduced to Lady Victoria, and felt at once the charm of her beautiful personality, so absolutely sincere, so warm and vivid, so welcoming, with a power of sympathetic interest which seemed at once to draw her friends near. Again and again we met at Cromer, at Colne House, at Colne Cottage, and once, on a lovely autumn afternoon, in the Runton woods. Then again we had the

happiness, my wife, my young daughter, and I, of repeated visits to delightful Warlies. In 1911 my wife and I were welcomed to Prince's Gate for the Coronation. And in 1910 (my memory I think serves me here aright) I met her in Mrs. de Bunsen's house at Knaresborough.

How much I wish I could fill this paper with the details of memory, with incidents of our intercourse, and particular talks! For indeed the talks, when they came, had a sweet yet strong charm and interest all their own; who ever surpassed her in the *life* she gave to every reminiscence, enquiry, or kind discussion? But what I can do is to pay my tribute of reverent love to that wonderful, moving, uplifting phenomenon, so natural, so supernatural—dear Lady Victoria's tranquil triumph all through her latter years over the tremendous burthen (is the word too strong?) of physical constraint, searching and exhausting pain, and the untellable bodily weariness which incessant and growing malady was always bringing. Such was her cross. I think, as I recall it, of the beautiful French motto, "*Que l'âme pleinement à Dieu porte sa croix avec amour.*" That was just what she did. And I think that when at length the Master tells up His "gains by trading," brought in by His beloved servants, it will be found that He received great wealth, the golden revenue of countless lives, taught and inspired by this most dear and admirable and self-forgetting *sufferer*, till they too learnt—for crosses, probably much lighter, of their own—the hidden sweetness of pain loved for Christ's sake.

Lady Victoria did a very great deal more than suffer. But I think that, even so, *that* was her *chef d'œuvre*, her supreme field of witness and of service. How dear it was, and is, to Him whom she loved, and who for ever, in His glory, as one of His "many diadems," surely wears still the wreath of thorns; "the Captain of salvation, *perfected through suffering.*"

I reverently thank Him that I was permitted to know one who with such entire simplicity of spirit, all unaware of her achievement, so carried her great cross *avec amour*.

BY THE BISHOP OF STAFFORD

No one could, I think, know your mother¹ well without feeling what a happy life she had almost to the end, and that in spite of much suffering and discomfort. I say "almost to the end," for she could not be happy without your father, and when the call came to her to "go up higher," she was

¹ Addressed to Mrs. de Bunsen.

glad, I am sure, to go and be with him. Some, too, of the happiest years in a happy life were, I know, those which she spent in Adelaide and South Australia. In almost the last letter I had from her she says "It (i.e. my letter to her) takes me back to those happy Australian days which my beloved husband and I spent together. We both enjoyed those three years very much, and made so many kind friends. I shall always look back upon them with sorrowful pleasure." It is to those years that my memory reverts as I think of her, for it was in Adelaide that I knew her first and saw her most. Since those days we have met at intervals, and there has been an unbroken interchange of letters. Your brother Harold, too, was for some years a special link with her, for he was—you will remember—one of a trio of curates who were my pride and joy in Gateshead days. But it was, as I have said, in Adelaide that I saw her most, and so it is to Adelaide that my thoughts first go.

The fact that she was so happy there brings me at once to a striking feature of her life—I mean her venturousness of spirit. Most of us shrink from being uprooted and transplanted in middle life. Not so your mother. Yet no one ever loved home, and the things of home, more than she did. For all that, the going out from the known to the unknown appealed, I think, in a special way to her venturous spirit. To begin with, she, like her poet brother, Roden Noel, loved the sea, so the voyage out and back was a pleasure and a rest. Then, too, there was the prospect of new experiences, new friendships, new associations, and of a new type of life and of character. All these possibilities, I think, appealed to her. The country when she was there was, to her eager idealizing mind, a great romance. How, for instance, she loved the Murray—the Mississippi of Australia—with its townships and village settlements, its willows and its fruit-gardens, its flowers and flocks of parrakeets! I remember so well a family expedition organized by one of your brothers when, regardless of heat and mosquitoes, she explored with eager delight the lower reaches of the river from Murray Bridge to the bar of sand which blocks its natural outlet to the sea. So, too, was it with the scenery of South Australia. She loved the sense you get there of space and air and infinity. She loved the early mornings at Marble Hill, and the mystery of their mountain mists. She did not, as so many do, compare and contrast the scenery of South Australia with that of home. Rather she felt that without its peculiar difference there would have been a gap in the display of God's creative power, and that the vast spaces and peculiar beauties of South Aus-

tralia were as essential to the manifestation of the " manifold wisdom of God " as are the ice and snow of Arctic or Antarctic regions. It was also, I think, in part her venturousness of spirit that made her heart go out to the pioneer work of the Church in the Dioceses of Carpentaria, of Melanesia, and of New Guinea. It was delightful to see and to hear her talking with the Bishops when they came to Adelaide. Their life and their work were to your mother at once an overwhelming reality and a thrilling romance. She took, also, the keenest interest in the work of the Bishop's Home Mission Society in the Diocese of Adelaide. She was always wanting to hear what the Church was doing on the West Coast, and in Yorke's Peninsula, along the banks of the Murray, or in the outposts of the North. The distances, the fewness of the settlers, the simplicity and the struggles of their lives, all appealed to a spirit so venturous as hers.

It was, I think, this feature in her character that kept her to the end so young in heart and mind. Surely not even her youngest grandchild could ever think of her as old. She seemed, indeed, as young in mind when I saw her last, only a few months before her death, as when I met her first just twenty years before, one lovely summer evening at the Bishop's house in Adelaide. Yet those years had been exceptionally full of changes, and it cannot be easy to accept and welcome changes as we grow old. She, however, did so in a remarkable way. When, for instance, Labour came into its own in the council of the nation after the elections of 1906, she watched this new development in the nation's life with eager interest. In a letter she wrote to me at the time she says, " It is a most interesting time politically—one longs to see how things will work—all will be so new and changed." So, all through her life, she kept abreast of things as it were. Yet she was the last person in the world to be for " ever wishing for new things." When, for instance, she became, on her return from Adelaide, President of the London branch of the Mothers' Union, venturous and progressive though she was, she viewed with dismay (as I know from one of her letters) the wish then arising in certain quarters to make changes in the constitution of the Mothers' Union. What the proposed changes were I cannot say. But this I do know—that it was the simplicity of the Mothers' Union and its bond of prayer which to her were always the secret of its success and of its strength. She had, in a striking degree, the gift, too, of " keeping old things for ever new." Thus it was delightful to hear her recall the memories of her girlhood—now a drive along the lovely Corniche road with her father and mother and ex-

cursions to the fascinating mountain villages of its hinterland—now reminiscences of Court life and of her mother's close friendship with the Queen—now memories of her poet brother and of their old home. Hers always struck me as a singularly even life—the years seemed bound each to the other so simply and so naturally. She loved the past, yet she did not live in it. She was always ready to greet the future. But if it was better than the past, it was to her by the past that it was better—with her past and future never shut each other out.

How quickly, too, her venturesome spirit caught and saw the humorous side of things! How amused she often was with herself—even with the restrictions and necessities laid on her as an invalid! How easily she would turn, where she was known and understood, from grave to gay, and from gay to grave. Your brother Charles has brought out this side of her life exquisitely in the two poems which you sent me. Some of those summer evenings at Marble Hill stand out in my memory as home life at its brightest and its best—her “gay and courageous” spirit was, of course, the centre of it all! No suffering could dim or quench it. No one, I am sure, ever heard her murmur or complain: In one of her letters to me she says, “It is difficult to be hopeful, when one ‘cure’ (so-called) after another fails. But I shall try to be hopeful, and I know that with God all things are possible. I had so looked forward to being well and active in my old age, and the enforced idleness is among other things *especially* trying. Now I am telling you all this, dear kind friend, that you may continue to intercede for me, though I do not doubt that you do.” Words such as these help one to understand what it cost her to be so bright and hopeful.

I have spoken at some length about her venturesomeness of spirit, because it was such a marked feature in her character, and because, to my mind, it explains so much about her. Next to it I should place the genius she had for friendship. Who that knew her can forget the way in which, in her more active days, she would hurry forward with quick steps to welcome a friend—her hand held out, her face lit up, her eyes “the eager tell-tales of her mind”? It has been said of some one that if she had lived for a thousand years she would have gone on, year after year, adding friend to friend. Your mother was like that. You know how an old oak tree adds ring to ring about its heart, and strengthens with every ring—well, so it was with her. She kept adding new friends, yet the old ones never lost their places. Friends, too, they were of every age and kind. One, I think, of the many reasons why she loved Adelaide and South

Australia with a special love was because of the rare and unique opportunity which her position at Government House offered of making friends. Entertaining was a pleasure to her. Even the shaking of hundreds by the hand at a big garden-party was to her no mere formality—she made all her guests feel that they were welcomed and wanted. No wonder that the heart of Adelaide and South Australia went out to her, as hers to them! The “demonstrative warmth,” of which Dr. Dale has spoken in his *Impressions of Australia*, drew out, I think, your mother’s gifts and powers. We at home are apt to be too chary of expressing our appreciation. The sun out there seems to give the South Australian some of the qualities of the Italian temperament, and so a sojourn there has the same effect on one side of one’s nature as visits to Italy—that one leaves a good deal of one’s heart behind one with place and people. Certainly this was the case with your mother.

Of course the variety of her interests and the width of her sympathy did much to extend her range of acquaintances and friends—she touched life, in consequence, at so many points. What a love she had for books, for scenery, too, and for flowers! The very last time I saw her she asked me if I could recommend her some new book, and yet she could at that time read nothing for herself. It was, I think, her habit of reading that kept her mind so vigorous and fresh. Those lovely hills, too, round Adelaide were a ceaseless joy to her—as were the wattle and the almond in their seasons, the wealth of roses and the orange groves! The people of Adelaide felt that she appreciated to the full their beautiful city (surely one of the most beautiful cities in the world), with its park lands and its squares!

Then, too, what a joy it was to her to brighten others’ lives. She has often told me what a happiness it was to join in the great annual service of the Mothers’ Union, in the Cathedral at Adelaide, and to hear hard-worked women from the hills join in the Magnificat with the mothers of the city and the plain. How her heart went out also to the girls! The Girls’ Club in Adelaide is a standing witness to her interest. In letters, too, written from Warlies, I find allusions here and there to parties of girls coming out on Saturdays from the East End to enjoy the garden.

It has been said of the Church that it is the window in the house of life out of which you look and see heaven. So it was to your mother. Church life to her was a big and spacious thing. She could not, for instance, think of Church work overseas as “*Foreign Missions*”—it was to her a natural

and normal part of an educated life to be interested in "Missions." She felt, as Bishop Westcott says, that "we go to other nations not only to carry a Gospel, but to claim an offering." As for the village church at Upshire, it was, I think, the very chapel of her heart! She constantly spoke and wrote to me of it. Never, too, shall I forget the Sunday I spent at Warlies one Easter-tide, and the sight of her in her chair at the west end of the church, just delighting in the simple village service. Sundays in the summer at Warlies were, I always felt, a special joy to her. Her letters are full of allusions to them and to her week-end visitors.

This letter is a long one. One's pen runs on as one thinks of her, and yet I have left much—very much—unsaid. But I cannot end it without speaking of the one great permanent relationship of her life, into which all else was gathered up—I mean, of course, her relationship to our Lord. It is the bare truth to say that love for Him was the ruling passion of her life. To her venturous spirit He was the hero of heroes. She had a special affection, inherited from her mother, for the noble Christ at Dresden, in which Titian brings out to my mind the thought of our Lord as our "Master." Her genius, too, for friendship found, I think, its crown and climax in the thought of His Presence and the sense of His companionship. To her a sermon missed its mark if our Lord's name did not come in it. He, too, was the Centre in whom she met her friends from their often widely varying points on the circumference. Evangelical she was by tradition and by personal conviction, yet how Catholic she was in her understanding and her sympathy! So it was easy to talk to her on religious subjects of any kind. Even when she did not agree, she could understand the other point of view. Take, for instance, such a subject as "Prayers for the Departed." I have a letter from her on this subject written after she had read a paper of mine on "The Church Invisible." Nothing could be more catholic in its sympathy. "The whole subject," she says, "is one of such intense interest and fascination, especially for those who have so many, as I have, gone before them. . . . I am often thinking of them, with, oh, so much love and reverence, and yet (curiously enough, perhaps) I have *never wished* to pray for them, much less to pray to them. I suppose because I feel so absolutely confident that God is doing the very best for them and that they 'cannot have drifted beyond His love and care,' and also because, from one's utter ignorance of their present condition, I feel that they have passed out of my sphere of *influence*, as it were. But I know that others feel very differently." I can never

forget, too, the large-hearted trust and confidence with which she welcomed your brother's wish to join our staff in Gateshead. "It is," she says, "such a peculiar joy to me that he is going to be ordained by Bishop Moule and that he will afterwards work under *you*, dear friend! I cannot imagine anything better. It is all *exactly as I should have chosen!* Is not that delightful?"

What fire, too, and what force came from that relationship to our Lord! She did more than "wear the white flower of a blameless life." To do that is much, for it is of the essence of a "saint" that he should keep himself "unspotted from the world." But it is not the whole duty of a Christian. "He maketh His angels spirits and *His ministers a flaming fire.*" There was warmth and fire about your mother. I think of her in these sad and overclouded days as a flash of something bright and beautiful which has come and gone and yet leaves behind a trail of light. She is one who comes to my mind as I read and re-read those beautiful words of Mr. Illingworth's, "They are ministers of the Spirit, invested with something of His awful power, of the refiner's fire, and the two-edged sword. Their presence in a company elevates and dignifies its tone: wins others to silent sympathy with all that is lovely and of good report: flashes arrowy lightnings of regret and shame into the dark places of sinful hearts. They are, in an especial sense, the generation of God's children. They go on their way brightening every scene through which they pass: lights of the world, salt of the earth, followers of the Lamb: living extensions of the Incarnation, living temples of the Holy Ghost: their flesh a sacrament, their voice a sermon, their glance a revelation of the spiritual world."

"*Vattene in pace, alma beata e bella.*" What she was to her own children we know through your brother's perfect tribute. Those, too, who knew her as a friend will never cease to thank God for His gracious gift. "Made perfect" she was "through suffering," like her Lord and Master. It is wonderful to think now of her eager venturous spirit free at last from suffering and pain, at work somewhere in God's "vast labour house," and as she works and worships there, "blessing back" her children and the friends she loved and loves.

Speaking for myself, I shall always count it one of the greatest honours of my life that she numbered me among her personal friends, and that when all that could die of her was laid to rest by your father's side, it was the wish of your family that I should say over her the Church's glorious words

of trust and hope. Alas ! I could not be there. Let me then pay now my tribute of respect and love.

BY BISHOP H. H. MONTGOMERY

I HAVE no hesitation in saying that for my part Lady Victoria stands as the most perfect example I have known of gallantry of bearing, almost amounting to gaiety, under constant and acute bodily suffering extended over a long course of years. I suppose she was depressed at times ; she would hardly have been human had she not been. But on the many occasions when I have had long conversations with her I beheld the same gracious personality, a woman hardly able to rise, apparently never out of pain, and slowly growing blind until her eyesight failed, yet gallant in spirit to the end. She never would speak of her ailments, brushing them aside as out of place in intercourse with others. Indeed, anything personal to herself seemed of little value. She even carried this reticence so far as to include in it her own individual opinions of persons and causes. I really do not know what her views were about modern tendencies, social or religious. Her own family seems to comprise every possible phase of earnest spiritual and political outlook, yet she never criticized them, accepting all such convictions as having much to say for themselves.

In consequence of this attitude she did not, in my experience, contribute much, if anything, of her own to any subject. She was always a learner, more than willing to be instructed by those who were ashamed to be teachers of such a noble character. New books, the latest news of the relatives of her visitor, and his hopes and fears, these were constant topics. Her room and couch were the centre of the household, and surrounded with a reverence never more worthily bestowed.

I suppose in her religious views she was what is termed Evangelical. Of late years it was a great effort upon her part to attend a Church Service. I can see her now, a pathetic figure at the West End of the Church, reclining or kneeling up for relief, and accompanied by the most devoted of husbands. To preach to that figure seemed to bring one to the limit of presumption. Wealth, of course, was to her a trust, and she reigned from her sick-room over all sorts and types of persons, leaving the same impression upon all—that of the gallantest of invalids, selfless, and full of devotion and trust in God. Her crippled and painful life exalted her till she was placed by acclamation by all who knew her among the select few who are only to be remembered with reverent thankfulness.

BY LADY BATTERSEA

I NEVER entered her room without being moved to intense sympathy for one who bore her sufferings so heroically, and I never left it without a thrill of very real admiration for so clear an intellect and so fine and unprejudiced a mind. . . .

She had the faculty of being able to listen attentively, and was thus able to interest herself, not only in the politics of the day, but also in subjects relating to the social welfare and improvement of the people. Deeper spiritual and religious questions appealed to her most strongly, and I was often struck by the broad and tolerant spirit in which she approached them. Her clear enunciation, her gentle voice added greatly to the charm of her conversation.

I also remember her saying to me, more than once, how happy and how thankful the knowledge made her that in these days men and women, the noblest-minded and best in the land, altho' separated in thought or in practice on points of religious belief, belonging even to different creeds, could still meet on grounds of human interest and could have much in common with one another. She repeated this remark to me almost at our last interview, and holding my hand said: "Surely we ought to be thankful for the liberal and discerning spirit of this age, that it has brought so many together who in old days, would not have been known to one another."

When I left her, as it proved for the last time, I realized more vividly than I had ever done before, how her spirit triumphed over her frail body, and how, deprived as she was of the blessing of sight, she was being compensated for this loss by an inward vision, such as is rarely granted to those who are engaged in the heat and strife of the day.

BY MRS. NOEL BUXTON

ONE of the chief things which struck me about her was her *agelessness*. One could not think of her as old, or even middle-aged. She seemed in a sense to belong to every generation. To the elderly she must have seemed to have an accumulation of wisdom amassed in years. To the young she still seemed looking forward, expectant, as eager (often more eager) for life and thought and progress as they. Her helplessness and invalidism never were forced home to one. Giving her her sticks, helping her up, etc., seemed part of a graceful ritual, instead of a concession to weakness or age. The

wonderful grace of her movements was another thing that struck me. She gave the impression of being supple and elastic instead of crippled, all her poses were so full of personality and character. She had a type of fascination and charm which I should think very seldom outlasts youth, and is rare even then. In all the greatest people something of the child is said to remain (as you know), and this was certainly true of her. She was so pleased at little things. Her sense of humour was wonderful too, and she was so wonderfully human.

L'ENVOI

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

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